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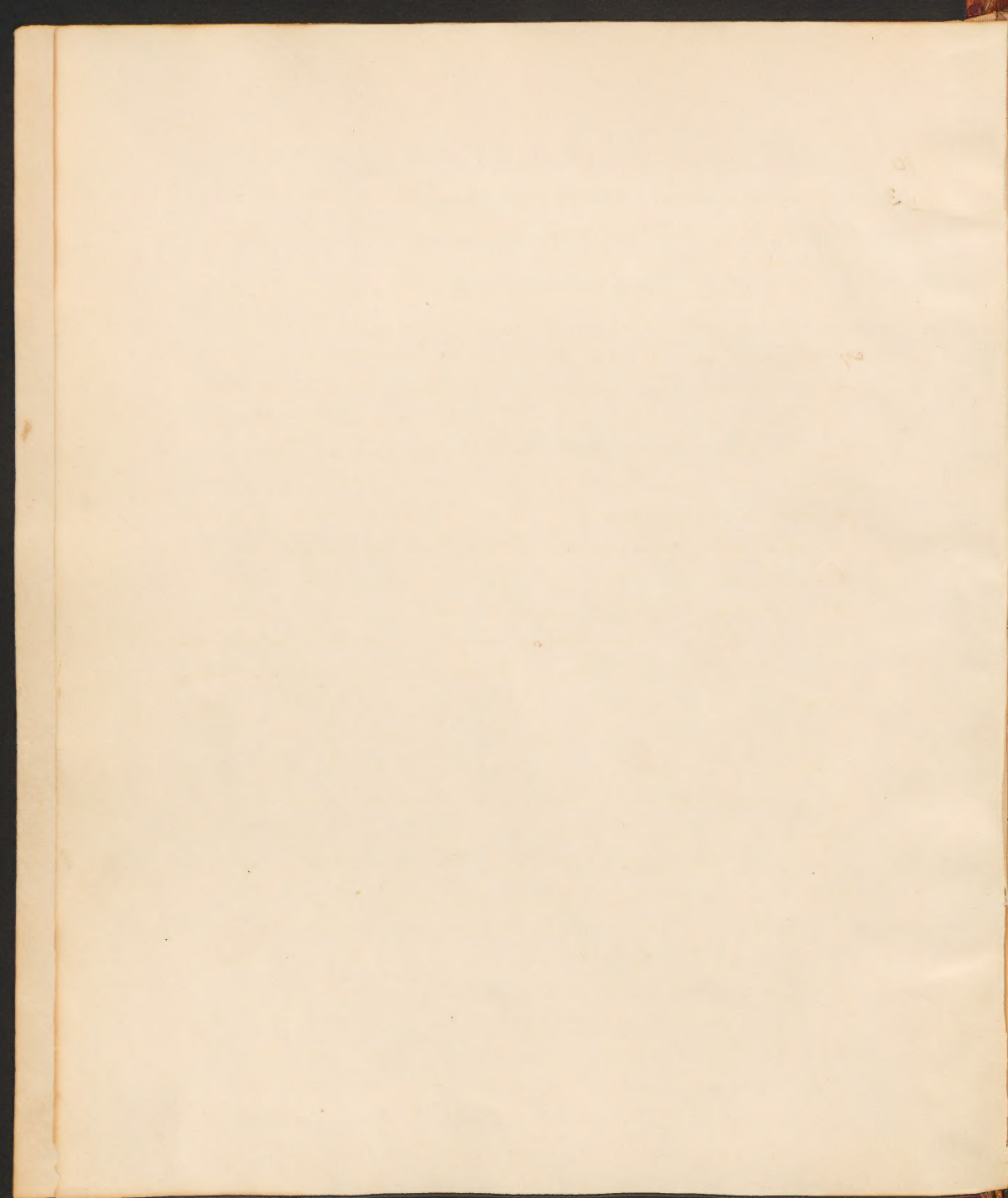
WILLIAM BREWSTER



SB-97.91.2 (4)

The important systematic notes are copied into
"Systematic Notes, Vols.1-68." I copied the notes
checked. Walter Deane, June 11, 1898.

William Brewster



Cambridge, Mass.

1890

Jan. 3

Cloudless with brisk but soft W. wind. A fresh Pond
remarkably mild, spring-like day even for this marshes
"open" winter.

Met Faxon at Hill's Crossing at 9.15 A. M. taking
my gun, our object being to make a thorough
examination of the swamps in order to ascertain
what birds are wintering in them this mild season.

We first encircled the Pond Pond swamp, seeing
two or three Song and Tree Sparrows, and then
entered the swamp opposite Barker's where we
found a large flock of Quinets containing about
25 Redpolls, five or six Gold Finches and two
Pine Quinets. They were feeding on elder seeds
the scales of which covered the ground beneath
the bushes. Faxon shot a fine red-breasted linaria.

There were several large birds in the flock which
I took to be rostrata. I shot at one of them but
missed. In this swamp the sprouts of Atlantic
cabbage were four or five inches tall and very green.
In a neighboring field Shepard's pines were in full
bloom. The grass was as green as in early April.

Passing the outlet of Pond Pond I "scraped" a
little when a Cistothorus palustris began holding Cistothorus
in a bed of dense cat-tails. After more scraping
on one part he showed himself twice and
finally came within a few yards of us.
As we could not find Faxon's bird this may
be the same but we think not as the
two localities are 300 yds. apart with the
Fitchburg R. R. and a double line of side tracked
freight cars between. Faxon's bird was at home.

Nov Brewster $\frac{2}{4}$

yesterday.

We next crossed the big marsh north of Hualala. No birds - The marsh as oozy & free from frost as in October. We half expected to start a Snipe or Rail.

Near Buck Island saw a Swamp Sparrow. It flew from the cart path into a bed of cat tails. He "scruffed" and made it show itself twice, once breast to. There were three Song Sparrows with or near it.

Next crossed Little River and looked for Meadow Larks in the fields beyond. Taxon saw seven there early in Dec. but we could find none to-day. In Robin roost Swamp found Woodcock droppings not more than a week or two old and saw a Tree Sparrow, three Chickadees & two Redpolls.

Next through the Maple Swamp. No birds there except a few Tree Sparrows and a flock of ten Chickadees in willows on the Hattestown Branch track where the path enters the swamp. 1

Finished with the Brickyard swamp when we heard a Song Sparrow.

During the day I counted nine different Song Sparrows & Taxon thinks he saw fully eight that I did not see.

I walked home from the crossing when I parted with Taxon.

Brookline, Mass.

1890

Jan'y 14

Clear and still. Frosty in early morning, warm at noon, the Spring-like roads muddy. The grass in many places, especially on springy day. slopes with a southern exposure, literally as green as in early Vegetation May. Cows grazing in the fields, cocks crowing lustily.

Met Faxon at the Punch Bowl Swamp by appointment Punch Bowl at 10 a.m. We hoped to find Marsh Wrens and Swamp Sparrows Swamp but in this we were disappointed for we ~~skipped~~ skipped the entire swamp without one of either species. Song Sparrows, however, Song Sparrows were more numerous than I have ever before seen them in abundant winter in this neighborhood. We must have started more than a dozen and others were heard chirping. All were in the cat-tails and long grass there being no bushes in this swamp. With them were a very few Tree Sparrows and very many English Sparrows. All three species seemed to be feeding on the seeds of the cat-tails. At least we saw them in the act of picking the heads to pieces, scattering the thistle-like down to the wind.

We came upon at least two cats in this swamp & the birds must suffer severely from their attentions. One served us a good turn, however, by starting up what we both agreed must have been a Sporilla socialis. It alighted Chipping Sparrows on a tall reed and for several minutes chirped at the cat excitedly and continuously. We had a good view of its breast, back and wings through F's glass at about 30 yds. Finally it flew across the swamp & pitched down into the cat-tails again. I left Faxon pursuing it.

On the eastern side of this swamp we saw a flock of five Red Crossbills. They kept flying down to the ground and back into some oaks & cedars. One of the cedars was also literally alive with Cedar birds. After feeding on the berries for a while they collected in a dense cluster

in the top of an oak where they sat a long time
sunning. I counted them twice & made the number 27.
Yaxen has been seen none before this winter.

We heard Crows cawing at frequent intervals
Redpolls flying over.

I went back to Boston at 11.30 leaving Yaxen
at the swamp, as already stated.

1890

Revere Beach, Massachusetts

Feb. 11 Morning hazy and slightly cloudy also. Afternoon clear and still. Thawing all day the light snow fall of yesterday (about two inches, rapidly disappearing.

To Revere Beach with Chadbourne by the 12 M. train leaving the cars at the Point of Pines. We examined the pines carefully for Crossbills and afterwards beat the entire point for Sparrows but could find literally nothing.

Brushed on the beach near the hotel the sea very calm, light swells rolling gently in and breaking on the sand with a restful sound. A few Old Squaws and Coots (*Oedemia americana*) fishing well out, also a bird with black back and head and honey breast which we took for a Murre. Herring Gulls "bedding" all the afternoon off Nahant coming from Point Shirley in a steady stream. When we left there must have been fully 2000 collected in one flock. They formed a band or belt fully three quarters of a mile long and looked like a long line of floating ice cakes on the blue

Oedemia. am.

Larus. h.

Gulls bedding

water.

Amelospiza
linaria

Following the beach back to Oak Island we came upon a flock of about forty Redpolls feeding on the seeds of golden rods. I fired a barrel into them getting seven, and afterwards a second shot at long range which failed to bring down any. Chadbourne killed one. All eight were linaria and not one in rose-breasted plumage.

Melospiza
melodia

Near Atlantic we found two Song Sparrows on the edge of a creek behind a barn in some tall sedge. Returned to the city by the 3.53 train.

Coccythraustes
vespertina

(Next day (Feb. 12) I saw at Goodale and Fraser's three Evening Grosbeaks (a ♂ & two ♀♀) which were shot at Crescent Beach on the afternoon of the 11th and hence probably where we were at or near Atlantic, a station less than half a mile from Crescent Beach. I remember hearing two shots in the direction of the latter place at about 3 o'clock.)

1890

Feb. 25 Clear and very warm. Ther. 72° at 2 P.M.

Left Boston at 6 P.M. last evening with C. and reached Washington at noon to-day, going to the Arlington for the night. The was blighing in Boston yesterday but the parks in Washington are nearly as forward as in April. Forsythia, in *Pyrus japonica*, *Spiraea van. hookeri* and various other shrubs in full bloom. Magnolia buds opening grass everywhere intense green, some even snowing with scythes on the Smithsonian grounds. Henshaw says Fox Sparrows are abundant & Chimney Swifts have been reported on fairly good authority. I saw a large flock of Crows. Blackbirds near Baltimore. Song Sparrows singing freely in Washington.

"26 Clear and warm with S. wind.

Drove about Washington in the forenoon with C. Started South by the 4.15 P.M. train. The late afternoon clear and still, the Potomac perfectly calm. Saw a few Ducks, probably Blue-bills, in the main river and a flock of what I took for Buffle heads in one of its connecting bays. At Quantico where the train stopped for a few minutes I heard Blue birds & Red wings singing. Saw many of the latter in the marshes scattered about singly and also a very large flock whirling over a field near the edge of the river. Crows everywhere in great numbers. No Bransards. The fields not much greener than in Mass. *Hydra pickeringii* popping out dunes.

1890

Charleston, South Carolina

Feb. 27 Clear and hot. Ther 80° at noon

Awoke this morning as the train was entering Florence. From this place to Charleston I spent much of the time looking out at the flying landscape. Vegetation wonderfully advanced fully a month ahead of the average season. Many hickory trees already in nearly full leaf and some of the deciduous oaks covered thickly with expanding foliage. The cypresses still perfectly bare as were also the black jack scrub oaks. The woods everywhere beautiful with wild flowers; yellow jessamine, dog-wood, red-bud, trailing blackberries, even the Cherokee roses in full bloom. Saw a few birds, Meadow Larks, a Sparrow Hawk or two, several Flickers and unrecognized Sparrows rising in flocks from the weed fields. At a station in the piney woods where the train stopped heard Pine Warblers & Bluebirds singing and a Great-crested Whistling. Curiously enough we did not see a Buzzard of either species until just as we were entering Charleston when three Black-bellied Buzzards rose from a vacant lot near the station.

" 28 Thin clouds drifting across a white blue sky and gathering into a thunder shower late in the afternoon. Cooler than yesterday but still very warm, almost sultry in fact. Two or three Song Sparrows singing vigorously and continuously in the garden at the Hugars. This morning the first I have ever

seen or heard in the heart of the city.
a few White-throats chirping and several
Yellow-rumps both yesterday & to-day. A
Cardinal this morning in full song, a
fine performer calling rita-rita-rita-rita
rita with great clearness and in peculiarly
tender tones. Heard Mocking-birds giving
the smacking kiss note and saw one
perched on the ridge pole of a house the
wind giving him much trouble with his
long tail but soon was singing. English
Sparrows very numerous & rising others last
year they were scarce.

visited the market early in the forenoon
only about a dozen Nutcrackers there. The
market men assured me that they are
not less numerous than formerly, but
their numbers vary greatly at the
market on different days.

Besides the species just mentioned heard
& saw Fish Crows flying over the city.
Did not visit the Battery to look after
the Gulls & Terns.

The city gardens are filled with a
profusion of roses, violets, azaleas and
various other flowers. There has been
almost no frost here this year &
the flowers have bloomed unintermittently.
It was odd to see snow-drops, crocuses &
hyacinths blooming side by side with roses
nasturtiums & calendulas.

Charleston S.C. to Sanford, Florida

1890

March 1 Cloudy with steady rain all day clearing at sunset and becoming cooler.

Left Charleston at 8.10 A.M. and went through to Sanford by rail reaching the latter place at 9 P.M. Saw very few birds by the way, a Kingfisher, two or three flocks of *Sturnella*, one large flock of Doves, a few Crows and only two Woodpeckers both *C. auratus*.

Near Savannah the woods were in half leaf and even the cypresses covered with young foliage. South of Jacksonville all the deciduous trees were in full or nearly full leaf and the woods as densely shady as in midsummer.

Near Jacksonville I saw sand lilies, a pink azalea, and blue flag in bloom. There was also a tall shrub covered with small white flowers, the foliage apparently evergreen. This was abundant in swamps everywhere between Savannah and Jacksonville as well as to the south of the latter place. I remember seeing it last year at about this time.

Sanford, Florida

" 2 Clear and cold with a high N.W. wind. Ther. 42° at sunrise. Morning spent about the Sanford House as there are no steamers to Enterprise by day and the lake is covered with white caps and hence too rough to cross in a small boat. The cold strong wind has driven most of the birds to cover but I saw a Shrike and a few Florida Grackles in the garden. No Boat-tails in the palmettos along the water here probably because

of the wind which is lashing their tops about violently. Going down to the wharf to see the old Steamer Fox on which I made the Melina trip in 1877 and which although no longer seaworthy still holds together and is used as a house boat by a cracker family, I found several Tit-larks humming about on the beach.

After dinner got a saddle horn and rode for a hour or two. First took the old road to Mellonville which I found nearly as in 1877 the only changes being that several of the houses and small stores had disappeared or become ruins. The hotel still stands but is sadly out of repair and seemed to be uninhabited. On the way over I saw four Loggerhead Shrikes and two Blue Jays, in the street directly in front of the hotel a pair of Ground Doves and a Sparrow which I took to be C. passerinus. To revive old memories still further I next followed the road back into the pine woods where in 1877 I took the nest of Vitta pusilla & shot my first Perceps. These places looked more or less familiar but the woods have been somewhat changed by fire etc. Saw a House Wren & heard Yellow-rumps but no Woodpeckers or Nuthatches.

Returning to the "city" of Sanford where I saw two or three Passer subis circling about a box & three or four Passerculus savanna sitting on the ridgepole of a cabin I next rode out a mile or more to the southward. Heard Bluebirds in the air (the sad fall note as at the N.) and in some scrub saw two Warblers which I think were H. celata. Back to town about sunset.

1890

Enterprise, Florida

March 3 Clear early morning frosty, warm at noon. A light N. wind all day. Therm. fell to 31° last night and all the tenderer plants were frost-bitten.

Starting at 9 A.M. I crossed the tracks to Enterprise in Mr. Brandin's little rapha canoe, having a delightful dash. On reaching the Brock House I found that Cory had gone to Titusville but he returned by the noon train.

I spent the forenoon rambling about in the palmetto hammock and also visited the Bodin place. Small birds were very numerous. In the orange groves Mocking Birds in full song and Boggshead Shrikes in pairs apparently not yet nesting. In the hammock Yellow Warblers, Kinglets (R. calendera), Parula Singing, Polioptilas (singing in their usual cotto cotto way), Cardinals, and a single ♂ Hummingbird dashing about from flower to flower of a wild orange tree chirruping loudly. I missed the Towhees, Doves and Boat-tailed Grackles so common here last year. There were also no Robins or Blue Jays. Perhaps the weather, still cold for this region, had something to do with their absence.

ShrikesPolioptilaTockies

The orange trees are just coming into bloom and were deliciously fragrant as well as filled with multitudes of droming bees.

In an artificial pond fed by springs on the Bodin place were hundreds of young beavers, beautiful little creatures of brilliant iridescent coloring & lively actions.

1890

Enterprise, Florida

March 4 Clear and warmer but yet cool enough for comfort.

Starting at 8.30 drove out beyond the de Barry place and spent about two hours hunting for Quail. Found none at all. Coy took only his red dog from the other two having been sent on ahead to Miami. This red dog is a tall, ruddy-looking fellow with a fine nose and handsome action but he is not a very good Quail dog.

During our drive through the pine woods (we did not once alight from the wagon) we saw a fair number of small birds including two or three Bachman's Finches (*Aedolopus ornatus*), several Bluebirds, Pine Warblers, Yellow red polls, Mockingbirds, Shrikes etc. One Great Blue Heron in a pond and a fair *Buteo borealis* circling over the pines. Started a single Carolina Dove and two or three Meadow Larks. The latter, Flickers, Pine Warblers, Bluebirds and Mocking birds in full song.

Took the 1.40 train for Miami a station within five miles of Titusville. Dago prairie was almost if not quite perfectly dry with fires burning over it. Saw five Fielding Bussards there. Also Meadow Larks and one flock of about thirty Carolina Doves.

1890

March 4

Mims, Florida

Reached Mims at about 3 P.M. It is simply a station in the flat pine woods with a small hotel, a store & one or two cabins; as quiet a place as I have yet been. The little hotel proved clean and comfortable, however.

Setting out my 20 gauge I started for a walk with Mr. & Mrs. C. We had the red dog with us and he found a small covey of quail within 200 yds. of the house. They rose badly and I got in only one barrel killing my bird. The previous took to pine orange trees. I drove on out for C. and he killed it. The others then flew into the pine woods alighting on the ground. I had a double missing my first bird and C. afterward shot a single bird.

There were many small birds about Mims. A flock of a dozen or more Florida Grackles and as many Red wings near the station, a large flock (probably 100) Chipping Sparrows, and the usual number of Mocking Birds & Shrikes. Heard one Sitta carolinensis.

" 5 Clear and rather warm.

When I awoke this morning Mocking birds, blue birds, Meadow larks, Florida Grackles, Red wings and Pine Warblers were singing about the house. We had breakfast at 6.30 and then started for Oak Hill hunting by the way. The dogs found four coveys of quail in the first few miles but both dogs and birds worked badly and are

got only eight or nine shots bagging four birds of which I killed two with two misses and C. two with three misses.

The drive to Oak Hills was very pleasant and interesting, most of the way through open pine woods with one fine hamack and in another place a bit of salt marsh bordered by extensive prairie dotted with palmittos as far as the eye could reach.

Saw many small birds but nothing of peculiar interest. Flickers, Pine Warblers, Blue birds and Meadow Larks were singing most of the forenoon. The Meadow Larks were very numerous about the salt marsh. I heard several whose songs closely resembled those of *S. neglecta*. About a large pond many Buzzard (all *C. aura*) were sailing and a flock of about thirty *Ardea canadensis* rose from the mud and board and circled over the place before alighting the young (white) birds (about half of the flock) making a fine contrast of color with the adults.

Reached Oak Hills at 2 P.M. Found a large rather shabby hotel perched on the top of an immense shell covered overlooking Hillsborough River. Fish Hawks exceedingly numerous, dozens in sight at a time. Saw five at one time on one dead tree eating fish. Saw a Brown Eagle chase one twice but each time he failed to make the Osprey drop his fish. Royal Terns, Kittiwakes, & Gulls in sight from the river.

1890

Oak Hill to Mims, Florida

March 6

Harry with occasional pale imitation. Warm & still.

When I awoke this morning Cardinals, Carolina Wrens, Mocking Birds and Red-winged Blackbirds were singing about the house. I also heard a Nighthawk and a Maryland Yellow-throat, there were only a few Ospreys in sight. I again saw one plunge head foremost into the water.

Started for Mims at 10 a.m. driving slowly for it was warm & the horses were tired. In the pines Pine Warblers & Flickers were singing. Saw several Sparrow Hawks and several large flocks of *D. palmarum*. A pair of Orioles in the orange grove at Oak Hill were beginning a nest.

On the palmetto prairie near the creek saw a pair of Eagles, one adult the other with a little white on the tail only, perched and shot an Osprey. They circled around him & on getting a little above him roosted & apparently struck him forcing him to drop the fish which the Eagle caught before it reached the ground.

At the bridge saw three *Fulica collaris*, one a fine ♂, swimming in the creek; also a Florida Gallinule. Shot a Dove from air a pair & fired at but missed a *Buteo albion*. Two or six Swallows (*I. bicolor*) flying about over the creek. In the hammock a flock of Cedar Birds doubtless feeding on mistletoe berries. In the pond only a single Heron, a white *Cairina*.

My shot at the Hawk tempted Robin to jump from the wagon. He ran along the road ahead of the horse a few rods and

suddenly stopped and pointed. Getting out we went to him and flushed a fine large berry of Quail. They flew into some low palmetto scrub on the edge of a marsh where we had a number of shells. Less than 200 yds. beyond the red dog found a second berry which lay very close by. The other two setters backed Tom hotly, the third standing nearly in line & presenting a beautiful picture. Within the next mile two more berries, one a very large one, were found. We both shot rather poorly but bagged 26 birds and shot down four more which the dogs failed to find. I made two doubles with the 20 gauge gun and killed 18 of the total bag.

During the drive we saw three Sparrow Hawks. They were all exceedingly shy. The commonest birds throughout the pine woods were Palm and Pine Warblers, Bluebirds, Flickers and Grosbeaks. Saw only two of these Sitta pusilla.

Reached Miami about dark and packing our trunks took the 6 P.M. train for Titusville. a ride of only five miles

1890

Enterprise to Oak Hill, Florida.

March 3-6

Melospiza migratoria
Mimus polyglottus
Sialia sialis
Petrochelidon caerulea
Regulus calendula
Parus carolinensis
Thryothorus ludovicianus
Geothlypis trichas
Arctophaga ludovicianus
Parula americana
Dendroica coronata
 " *caerulea*
 " *pinus*
 " *palmarum*
Geothlypis trichas
Vireo noveboracensis
Ortulus ludovicianus
Ampelis cedrorum
Progne purpurea
Tachycineta bicolor
Passerculus savanna
Spizella socialis
Peucaea aestivalis
Melospiza palustris
Pipilo alleni
Cardinalis cardinalis
Cyanospiza cyris
Agelaius phoeniceus
Sturnella mexicana
Muscicapa aglaia
 " *major*
Ceryle americana

Ceryle asperagus
Cyanocitta cristata
Spizella monticola
Scolecophagus
Trochilus colubris
Picus borealis
Geothlypis carolinensis
Colaptes auratus
Ceryle alcyon
Talea sparverius
Pandion carolinensis
Buteo borealis
 " *b. alleni*
Haliaeetus leucocapillus
Cathartes aura
Zenaidura macroura
Chamaea picta
Ortulus floridana
Ardea herodias
Agelaius vociferus
Gallinago wilsoni
Grus americana
Phalaropus lobatus
Sterna regia

1890

March 6 Clear and cool; wind N. to N.E.

Left Titusville at 8 A.M. with Mr. & Mrs. Cox in the little steamer "A. and S.". About the wharves in Titusville were over a hundred Scaup Ducks swimming fearlessly within a few yards of boats and men at work on the piers. They are not molested here. Crossing Indian River we saw very few water fowl certainly not over five hundred Scaups and less than one hundred Coots besides two or three Cormorants. As we entered Banana Creek we found Coots in immense beds but fewer Scaups than last year. The Coots became more numerous as we advanced and in all we certainly saw over a million. One flock covered about twenty acres & must have contained one hundred thousand birds. As the steamer disturbed them fairly filled the air and actually obstructed the view. They reminded me most of swarms of flies each bird arising and flying independently so that myriads were darting about us in every direction. While watching such a swarm I was amazed to see a Coot fall vertically into the water making the spray fly as it struck and lying for a moment on its back with feet kicking in the air. I looked at it through the glass & saw that it was badly hurt. The next instant the mystery was explained for my eye caught a second Coot beginning to descend in the clutches of a Duck Hawk. The two fell together for a few yards when the Hawk loosed his hold and the Coot struck the water precisely in

the manner of the first. It soon righted and
began to move and when the steamer approached
flew a little way fully.

1890

Banana Creek, Florida 1890.

March 8 Cloudy most of the day. Wind N. strong & cool.

At daybreak Carolina Wrens & Maryland Yellow throats were singing in the scrub about the house, Towhees (alleni?) calling. There are five or six Savanna Sparrows that resort at all hours to the clearing.

With my glass I could see hundreds of Ducks from my windows and opposite the boat house within 150 yds. a flock of seven or eight (at least 2 discors) most of them males in full plumage showing the white crescent on the head which gleamed in the sunlight as they turned their heads. Near them were several Shovelers, the darkies & ringed yellows with green black heads, many shoulder & flank bands and chestnut painted sides. They are the most showy Ducks at a distance that we have here.

Started off in a boat at 8.30 going first well down towards "No 70" into a small bay. A number of Scaup Ducks rose and passed high overhead. I fired a right & left killing with my first & missing with my second barrel.

Two Florida Black Ducks & some Shovelers rose from the mouth of a creek & I accordingly made a stand & let out my decoys there but as nothing came to them I took them up & started back up the bay. Three White Pelicans were sitting near the middle & after we had passed them they rose & came directly towards us showing off at about 70 yds. when I fired at them. They flew precisely like Brown Pelicans alternately flapping & sailing all together. I afterwards saw a flock of six sitting on the water looking up like great white swans.

I next landed opposite the steamer's anchorage at a point where some fifty Ducks were sitting on the eel grass. There were Widgeon, Gadwall, Shoveler and a few Pin-tails. There were also about thirty *A. carolinensis* both white and blue and a large flock of *Agelaius* besides some *Lanius major*. The latter two species being in madly making a great racket. Beyond the point was a bed of perhaps ten thousand Coots with many Scaup Ducks among them. Royal Terns were flying about in every direction. A few Boobies also soared or sailed along the shore and a Marsh Hawk was beating the palmetto scrub beyond the line of mangroves that bordered the water.

Our landing of course sent all these birds off in various directions but many soon came back after I had concealed myself and I passed several hours very pleasantly watching them. Only a few Ducks came to my decoys & my gun missed fire at the best chance I had - at a bunch of Blue winged Teal. I killed a fine drake Shoveler and shot down a single Teal which ran & flew off when I showed myself the gun snapping again. Behind me in a mangrove sat a white *Ardea carolinensis* with a broken wing. A pair of Shrikes were perched near me on a dead branch occasionally pouncing down among the eel grass. Some of the Boobies came directly over me within a few yards looking down at me curiously. The bed of Coots drifted in within a hundred yards at one time. I returned late in the Afternoon.

1890

Banana Creek, Florida 1890

March 9

Clear and cool with strong N. wind

Started down the bay at 9 2 A.M. in a dory with 2 colored boys to row me, Cory going also in the dug-out with Leasterman. The flats above the steamer's anchorage were bare and we had to drag the boats across off to the right getting in a dense swampy white mass were about fifty Royal Terns with four Brown Pelicans among them all standing rather erect with bills resting on their breasts like large Woodcock. They resemble the latter bird in general form still more closely when flying the neck always being drawn in & the bill pointing downward at about the same angle as the Woodcock's.

Cory turned into Alligator Creek which I kept on down to Banana Creek then turned to the W. & finally entered a bay where I made a stand on a point. About 200 Ducks mostly Widgeon & Gadwall with many Shovels also now & went out as we entered this bay & we passed fully 1000 more bedded with Coots in Banana Creek. I sent the boy Bob out in the boat to stir them up and they soon began pouring into my bay in a steady stream but all passed wide of me except one ♀ Pintail which came to the dreds but wide of them. I fired both overalls & missed. Another Duck, a Scaup I think came one in from behind with a Duck Hawk in close pursuit both birds passing within fifteen feet of my head the Duck's wings making a humming sound. The Hawk seemed unable to overtake it.

finally gave up the chase.

Off my stand a number of Bridgson and Gadwall collected and went to "tipping up". Among them was a Red-head, a pair of whose chestnut heads & necks glistened in the sunlight. He also tipped up like the rest & some scaups were doing the same thing. There was also a small bed of Coots, perhaps 5 or 6, a solid black mass dotted with innumerable white points (their bills) with flashes of gray arising at a hundred different places at once as they splashed the water on their backs.

I left this place about noon and drifted down Banana Creek for a while firing at or eight shots at high flying scaups & missing them all. Saw several Duck Hawks. One passed me down wind in pursuit of a scarp. The latter was going at frightful speed its wings making a loud humming but the Hawk went two yards to its one, overtook it with the utmost ease then turning slightly to one side, shot past it within a few inches, apparently, and with a sharp wheel soared straight upward fifty feet above it and let it pass on. It was decidedly the finest exhibition of flight that I have ever seen. The hawk evidently did not want the Duck & chased it merely for sport.

I next made a stand of wet grass on a point where two birds a Blue-winged Teal & a Lesser Scaup came to my decoys. I killed them both in two shots. Coming down up the bay saw a Goose. Water very low but no waders except from Tule down to day.

1890

Banana Creek, Florida 1890

March 10 Early morning cloudy threatening rain but the sun soon came out and the day proved fine and hot with a delicious sea breeze (S.E.) which began to fill up the bays & creeks.

Off at 9 A.M. with Cory on horseback, Quartermen and Roberts going with us on foot with decoys etc. Our route lay up the beach for about two miles. The tide was nearly high and the surf very fine. No birds on the sand - actually not one - but a good many flying chiefly Brown Pelicans which in long lines alternately flap and sailing followed the beach ridge with the utmost accuracy as far as the eye could follow. Their flight is slow but majestic and their great size and peculiar form and coloring give them an imposing and most interesting appearance. They trim their tails nicely to the breeze taking it "on the quarter" and evidently utilizing it to no small degree. There were also hawks which I took for C. argentatus & smaller ones which were certainly W. philadelphia several troops of the latter coming in over the sand-hills & flanging about like swallows occasionally hoodwinking down almost to the ground, I thought for Grasshoppers. A few Royal Terns were passing back & forth over the ocean.

We finally reached a chain of ponds where we took a boat & towed a mile or more seeing nothing but three or four stray Ducks & two Kingfishers with a Shrike or two.

Returning took to the horses again & rode about a mile to another pond. We had

scarcely dismounted when a large flock of
Sanderling whisked past and in there near a
dense cluster of larger birds into which I fired
bringing down three which proved to be Still
Sandpipers. The shores of this pond were literally
covered with the footprints of Coons, Opossums
and Wild cats. I also shot a Bonaparte's Gull.

We lunched here, the men very hot as birds
singing. A Shrike perched on a bush on the
edge of the pond.

Started back at 2 P.M. changing horses. My
animal began to rear & buck & I threw my gun
into the grass and dismounted. Robert then tried
it and the next instant both horse and man
went over backwards & sideways into a cluster of
Spanish bayonet plants. Both were severely punished
of course. We then took off the saddles & I
mounted & rode home bare back, the horse quiet
enough. A large bunch of Sanderling and two
Butter-heads on the beach.

Reaching the lower cove and I crossed the
creek in a boat. Found the flats literally alive
with waders chiefly "Peeps" with about fifteen
Still Sandpipers & some Red breasted Snipe. I fired
three shots among them and got two Snipe &
four Stills. Cory put out some decoys & shot a
pair of Lesser Yellow legs. I beat a long line
of tall hedge for *A. nigrescens* but only started some
Swamp & Savanna Sparrows. Two Marsh Wrens
(*Peuketes*) were singing & he flushed a Cootie
from the edge of a small pond.

Back to the house at sunset.

1890

Danana Creek, Florida 1890.

March 11 Early morning cloudy clearing about 10 a.m. Remained of day cloudless with strong S. E. wind.

The water was all over the flats this morning and large flocks of waders were flying about seeking some place to alight. A few Shovellers and Scaups in sight from the house. Brown Pelicans feeding along the beach as usual. Carolina Wrens, White-eyed Vireos, and Maryland Yellow-throats singing in the scrub about the house. A single Song Sparrow in company with several Savannah Sparrows feeding on bread crumbs behind the kitchen.

Started by boat with Orlando Learterman at 9.30 a.m. going south. A good many Scaups and Shovellers in the bay. Entered a creek very narrow indeed fairly overhung with mangroves in places. Heard Black Ducks quacking and rounding a point discovered a pair of Anas fortiscula sitting on the water about 60 yds. ahead. I fired just as they sprang and brought down the drake wing broken shooting him again to make sure of him. He is the first I have ever killed. Just before shooting him we came on a fine Shoveller drake sitting well in under the bushes I could have shot him easily enough. The reports of my gun started several other Black Ducks but none came near us.

Turning into another creek I shot a ♀ Hooded Merganser and saw several others. They started from under some mangroves in a place where the creek was very narrow. As we followed this creek we frequently saw large channel bass swimming in water so shallow that their

backs were exposed. I shot at one but failed to kill it. Every few hundred yards we passed Prairie Warblers singing in the mangroves. They were the only small birds noted except a few Maryland Yellowthroats. To my surprise Lusterman knew the Warblers and asserts that they breed here!

Landings on a narrow neck between the creek and an arm of the bay I found the latter filled with Ducks. I was peeping through the bushes at them when suddenly all arose at once. A bunch of Green-winged Teal came over me and I killed one with my second barrel missing with the first. The next instant a Duck Hawk glided over me within twenty yards. As it was, probably, what alarmed the Duck.

At the point where the creek entered the bay we made a stand & put out the decoys. Lusterman then going off to cover up the Ducks. Hundreds flew past me but only three came within range. I killed two of them both Ring-necked. A *Tringa* *Ardea coccinea* also came and alighted just outside the decoys where I shot it sitting. I was amazed at its enormous size. Several Brown Pelicans came past my stand within twenty yards or less & one alighted on the water near me.

When Lusterman returned I changed my stand to a point opposite & sent him off again. Ducks came rapidly to this stand and I shot well. I killed thirteen in a short time, four Teal four Snappers, the remaining eight Snappers with a few Ring-necks. Had one shot at a Bridgeton which I missed. Having done at sunset shot another Teal but it fell in mangroves & was lost.

1890

Banana Creek, Florida 1890.

March 12 Clear and warm, wind E. to S.E.

Off with Cory at 8 A.M. on horseback going up the beach. I stopped at the first pond while C. went a mile further to Bald Pat Pond. He bagged two *Shovelers* and a number of *Yellowlegs* & *Stilt Sandpeps* but I had only one shot at a fine adult's *Magnus serrator* which alighted in the pond close to the bank just as we were approaching the boat. I walked down to the water and found the bird swimming directly under the side of the boat. It rose and I knocked it down dead. It had an ugly wound in the side of the head apparently made by a fish as a large piece of skin seemed to have been bitten out.

There were eight or ten *Shovelers* near the place where I put out my decoys but other than I sat in my stand several hours neither they nor any other ducks came near me. Occasionally a *Royal Heron* or a *Louisiana Heron* passed over or near me and Kingfishers were busily fishing about me. There was a *Mourning Yellowthroat* in the mangrove on my island and on the opposite shore several *Boat-tailed Grackles* were rasping their "cree-caw-shall-fiddles". This was practically all the bird life about this pond.

About noon I became discouraged and taking up the decoys started for home. The ride back along the beach was wholly uneventful. I saw almost nothing of note a *Bonaparte Gull* lying on the beach in

the line and two or three long-legged beach
crabs which were as shy as those I remember
at Fernandina years ago running back into
the sand-hills before I could get within
a hundred yards. Their appearance is peculiar
when seen thus. They are so nearly the color
of the sand and move with such a swift
gliding motion that one hardly feels sure
whether he sees an actual animal or some
shadow or bit of drifting foam.

Foam, by the way, was continually blowing
up from the belt where the waves rolled
in and in masses, varying from the size
of an apple to that of a child's head, drifted
back into the sand-hills producing a curious
and very beautiful effect. As the eye ranged
along the shore ahead it looked like masses
of drifting snow or, at times, like flocks
of white birds running swiftly inland.
I spent the afternoon in skinning birds.

1890

Banana Creek, Florida 1890

March 13

Clear and warm. Wind E. to S. E.

Started off by boat this evening at 8 a.m. going directly to the point where I shot on the 11th. Coy was to follow with Lieutenant by way of the creek. I put out my decoys quickly and in less than an hour used a box (26) of shells with only one duck to show for them although I shot down two others which dove and escaped. At first I attributed it to a change of guns for I used my 12 g. Fox to day for the first time on this trip; but when I opened the second box of shells I began to do better. Still I lost many birds which I ought to have killed. I shot both barrels at a pair of Bald-pate and supposed I had lost them for he flew nearly out of sight but later we found him floating dead under a mangrove in shore. I also hit a Florida Dusky Duck very hard but he kept on.

At about noon I changed my stand and took a position on a point about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile to the westward. Here I had some game sport during the afternoon. The birds were mostly Scaups with a few Ring necks and now and then a Hooded Merganser. There were also several little Greenlets & Red-bellied Ducks - the males with white cheeks but with little or no red in the plumage. They decoyed fairly well but seemed as shy as most of the Ducks here. I made a clean double shot at a pair that came over the stools and also killed two Scaups.

in the same manner but I also made
many bad misses. I bagged a fine ♂ Baldpate
that came directly to the decoys and shot
a ♀ Gadwall that was passing rather high
overhead. By four o'clock I had used all
my shells (100) and taking up the decoys
we started for home first checking the shores
and picking up the birds that had
drifted off. On counting them I found I
had bagged just thirty-five in all. Probably
by a light wounded one escaped.

During the entire day Prairie Warblers were
singing in the mangroves behind my
stand. I also heard a Inland whistling
bob-white - bob-white, doubling this usual
whistle each time. Can this be characteristic
of the Florida bird?

A number of Brown Pelicans came near
my stand during the day, some within
twenty yards or less. Royal Terns were
also rather numerous. On the way down
the bay in the evening I saw a Red-head
among some kelp and identified it
beyond any doubt by means of my glass.
It was either a ♀ or an immature male.

Cory went to Pepper Hammock where he
shot a superb Heron which seems to me to
be A. herodias urus and which he kindly
gave me. He also started a Barn Owl from
a palm-leaf. Hartman says they are
always to be found in this hammock. I
shall test this to-morrow.

C. saw a cream colored Coot to day

1890

Panama Creek, Florida 1890.

Mars. 14

Clear and hot, nearly calm in the evening or
rather with light W. to N.W. wind. In P.M.
a strong steady breeze from the S. E.

Started for Pepper Hammock by boat at 9. A.M.
On the way down the bay saw about the usual
number of Boats and Scaup Ducks, a very large
number of Mergansers (only 3000) but fewer Herons
than usual. It was so still that all these
birds were very shy rising half a mile or more
ahead.

Reaching the hammock I began at once to
look for the Barn Owls. Scarcely thirty yards
from the boat I started one from a palmetto
and shot it with barrels at it wounding it
so badly that it flew only a few rods and
then alighted on the ground where I finished
it by another shot. I was surprised at its
apparently great size when on wing for it looked
fully as large as a Bubo. Near where it fell
Robert, my boatman, started a second which he
tried in vain to mark down. Near the spot
where it flew I soon started a third which
looked small and nearly as white as a Gull.
I had a hard snap shot and fired only
one barrel which brought a number of
feathers but the bird kept on out of sight
and we looked for it afterwards in vain.
Both birds which I flushed made a loud
crashing sound among the dry palmetto fronds
just before they appeared. They must have
been sitting in the tops of the palms at the
base of the upright fronds which their

plumage matches closely in color. Made several
of the palms the ground was white with their
droppings

Of small birds I saw in this hammock a Blue Jay,
a Cat Bird, several Cardinals, and 4 Vireos and
perhaps a dozen *D. palmarum* - absolutely nothing
else.

The next round nearly to #70 and turning
into a creek took a short cut for the stand
where I shot yesterday. A pair of Florida Ducks,
about 30 Thrushes, a few Yellow-Throats & Swamp
Sparrows, then Phoebe and some Swamp Sparrows
seen along this creek. Prairie Warblers singing
on all sides in the mangroves.

Reached my stand about noon and sat in
it until nearly sunset. Fired about forty shots
bagging 15 Scaups, a ♀ Gadwall, a ♀ Ring-neck
and a ♂ Ruddy, lost about six wing-broken
birds. Made one clean double shot at Scaups.
On the whole shot rather poorly missing a
number of fair shots. Late in the afternoon
all the ducks came down wind going past
at tremendous speed. Several Thrushes & Gadwalls
a pair of Pintails passed. A thousand or more
Red-headers passed over high in air. An
Osprey passed. Brown Pelicans in sight
almost constantly. One came over me within
ten feet making a sawing noise by his violent
wing strokes after he discovered me. Several
alighted on the water near me.

On the way home at least heard fully
100 Louisiana & Blue Herons (caterpillars) going to
roost in some mangroves back 200 yds. from the shore.

Wed May 20, 90, from 6-10 day

1890

Panama Creek, Florida 1890.

March 15

Early morning clear and hot; a sudden change about 10 a.m. wind changing to N.W. and blowing heavily thus falling 25 deg. in less than an hour. Several birds however.

At sunrise this morning Carolina Wrens, Prairie Warblers, a Cardinal, a White-eyed Vireo and a Song Sparrow were in full song in the scrub about the house while Red-wings and Boat-tails could be heard in the distance. From my corridor as I was dressing I could see fifty to seventy-five Ducks all within two hundred yards in the cove below the flowing well. About one third were Shovelers, the remainder scaups. They presented a beautiful appearance scattered about in pairs or in small flocks composed of several pairs each, the Shovelers diving in the open water the Shovelers feeding close in shore like Teal. Through the glass I could distinctly see the green reflectors on the heads of the Shoveler drakes. The ♂ scaups seem when on the water to have white backs for they keep the white feathers of their sides up and their cloud wings.

At 8 a.m. started for Pepper Hammock. The row down the bay was delightful. I saw as many Coots as usual and a good number of Mergansers but few Shovelers and scaups.

Reaching the hammock I beat the palmettos closely for Barn Owls. Started one near the spot where the second bird flew yesterday. It was a very white specimen. I had a fairly open shot at it but its flight was

as irregular and uncertain as that of a
moth and to save my life I could not get
the gun fairly on it. At length as it was
getting out of range I fired but certainly
missed it cleanly. It kept on out of sight
in the direction of the landing. We searched
more than an hour for it but in vain.

Robert showed me a place, in some live oaks
at the north end of the hammock, where he
says one or one hundred Turkey Buzzards
assemble nightly to roost in some palmettos
which are scattered about among the oaks.
The ground under these palmettos looked as if
it had been white washed. The excrement was
not in spots as under the trees where the Orob.
roost but spread out ^{evenly} in a thin liquid wash
which covered every inch of the surface.

Saw a Mocking bird in the hammock and
another near the house this morning but
both were silent. Yesterday I saw four Black
snakes in the hammock and to day three.
One crossed the orange grove in close pursuit
of another both going very brightly - nearly
as fast as a man could run.

The change in the weather occurred
while we were looking for the Owl & instead
of the pleasant sail home that we had
expected we had a hard, cold row against
a stiff wind. It rained hard just
before we reached the house.

In the afternoon I skinned birds on the
fence. Saw a fresh track of a wild cat there.

Game Birds killed in Florida in March, 1890.

March	4	5	6	8	9	10	11	13	14	Total
Quail	2	2	15							19
Ho. Bl. Duck							1			1
Bald-pate							2			2
Gadwall								1		1
Shoveller			1			4	3			8
Bl. w. Teal				1		1	1			3
Gr. w. Teal						1				1
Ruddy D.							4	1		5
Scaup D.		1	1			6	22	15		45
Ring-b. D.						2	3	1		6
Sheldrake							1			1
Hood. Merg.							1			1 = 93
Red br. Snipe					6					6
Stilt Sandp.					7					7



March 6-16, 1890.

Banana Creek, Florida.

<i>Merula migratoria</i>	<i>Haliaeetus leucocephalus</i>
<i>Mimus polyglottos</i>	<i>Cathartes aura</i>
" <i>cardinensis</i>	<i>Sayornis fuscus</i>
<i>Myiothorus ludovicianus</i>	<i>Ortys virginiana</i>
<i>Aythya ludovicianus</i>	<i>Ardea ludovicianus</i>
<i>Scopus noveboracensis</i>	" <i>carulea</i>
<i>Cristothorus palustris</i>	" <i>wardi</i>
<i>Dendroica discolor</i>	" <i>herodias</i>
" <i>coronata</i>	<i>Botaurus minor</i>
" <i>palmarum</i>	<i>Agelaius phoeniceus</i>
<i>Geothlypis trichas</i>	<i>Icterus flavipes</i>
<i>Vireo noveboracensis</i>	" <i>melanoleucus</i>
<i>Ortys ludovicianus</i>	<i>Himantopus mexicanus</i>
<i>Tachycineta bicolor</i>	<i>Colaptes auratus</i>
<i>Cardinalis cardinalis</i>	<i>Macrorhamphus griseus</i>
<i>Passerculus savanna</i>	<i>Symphemia semipalmata</i>
<i>Melospiza palustris</i>	<i>Squalarola hutchinsoni</i>
" <i>melodia</i>	<i>Tringa minutilla</i>
<i>Agelaius phoeniceus</i>	<i>Rhycolopus nigra</i>
<i>Quiscalus major</i>	<i>Chaulelasmus streperus</i>
<i>Sturnella mexicana</i>	<i>Ardea fulvipes</i>
<i>Cyanocitta cristata floridicola</i>	<i>Caprimulgus acuta</i>
<i>Sphecopterus floridana</i>	<i>Mareca americana</i>
<i>Cornus ossifragus</i>	<i>Spatula clypeata</i>
<i>Ceryle alcyon</i>	<i>Nettion carolinensis</i>
<i>Colaptes auratus</i>	<i>Querquedula discors</i>
<i>Strix pratensis</i>	<i>Fulix affinis</i>
<i>Falco peregrinus</i>	" <i>marila</i>
" <i>columbarius</i>	" <i>collaris</i>
<i>Pandion carolinensis</i>	<i>Aythya americana</i>
<i>Circus hudsonius</i>	<i>Fulica americana</i>
<i>Accipiter fuscus</i>	<i>Crismatula rubida</i>

March 6-16, 1890

Banana Creek, Florida

Mergus serrator.

Lophodytes cucullatus.

Larus philadelphia.

" *arg. smithsonianus*.

" *delawarensis*

Sterna fosteri.

" *regia*.

Pelecanus fuscus.

" *erythrorhynchos*.

Podilymbus podiceps.

Colymbus torquatus.

1890

Banana Creek, Florida 1890

March 16

Clear and cold with varying N. to N.W. wind all day.

I had intended to start for Titusville this morning but owing to the boatmen would go, so I spent the day in the house. Early in the afternoon saw a *Regulus* Hawk hovering over the *Palmetto* trees. It hung suspended in motion for some time, beating the wind for a minute or so, at a time passing in the stream of *Aerobites*. Then it spread above its wings, descended like an arrow nearly to the ground and shot up again to its former elevation (about 30 ft) without a flutter.

Just before sunset I persuaded Robertson, our mulatto boy to start for Titusville in a sail boat. Mr. Reid going with us. The wind began to decrease and when we reached Cronin it fell dead calm. Reid and I crawled down the little cabin and Robert poled shore after hour. On reaching Indian River we got a fairly strong wind and reached Titusville just as day was breaking. The night was clear and very cold. I heard Coots and Hideson all night long in the former talking & flapping, the latter whistling. No other night sounds.

Very curiously I have not heard a frog of any kind during my stay. I believe last year the warblers were ab. with their voices very warm night.

" 17

Clear, early morning cold then, ranging from 20° to 26° at sunset. Traveled by rail to Manassas, all day's journey. About 40 *C. atrata* on a dead horse near Gaithersburg. Nothing else of any interest.

1890
March 19

Cloudy with high S. wind. Heavy showers about sunset.

Yesterday morning at 8 a. M. I started down the Suwannee River but the steamer in turning across & struck her paddle wheel against a snag and tore about one-third of the "buckets" out. The captain ran her ashore a little below the landing and the remainder of the day was spent in repairing the damage. I worked on my canoe. Saw a few common birds on the shores.

This morning at daybreak we made another start. The day was cloudy and windy & there were almost no alligators seen. The river was broader than I had supposed and not nearly as beautiful. The banks for the first thirty miles were high and wooded with a mixed growth. *Birches* (*B. nigra*) growing along the water's edge in places with palmettos, live oaks, water oaks, etc.

Saw a good many birds. Anhingas were exceedingly numerous; A down in sight at one turn. Hooded Mergansers almost equally common. Many Black-bellies but few Turkey Vultures. Three species of Herons, *A. woodi*, *C. carolinensis* and *viridis* the last not common. Kingfishers very numerous.

Found Chapman and party on their house-boat a few miles below Ft. Yammie. Soon after the steamer left us the twilight fell and the Barred Owls began to hoot in the cypress swamps. We rowed down to Clay Bluffs before dark.

1890

Suwannee River, Florida

March 20 Clear and warm. A dense fog at day break.

Chapman and du Bose (the cracker hunter) started out at dawn and found a nursery of A. wardeni in some cypress ponds about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles inland. There were about 100 nests with young. They also started about 25 miles, heard some Sand Hill Cranes and shot four Percaria aestivalis in the pine woods between the ponds & the river.

After breakfast I went out with Chapman crossing the river and landing a little below the point opposite the Bluffs. Found a large cypress swamp separated from the river by a narrow dry ridge wooded with water oaks, Sweet gum, red maples, hackberry etc. The deciduous trees just coming out, many of them badly scorched by the recent frosts.

Cardinals, Carolina Wrens, Tufted Tit, Parulas, & Yellow-throated Warblers were in full song on every side. Pileated, Red-bellied and Red-headed Woodpeckers were drumming & calling far & near.

We soon started a Barred Owl which flapped heavily off a few rods and alighted again when I shot it (I was unable to obtain it afterwards for lack of time). Chapman then left me and I turned my attention to the ridge along the river. Found a large mixed flock of Warblers chiefly Yellow-rumps and Parulas with a sprinkling of Black & White Creepers, Gnatcatchers & a Solitary bird or two, catching flies in a humming spinning. Among them I soon made out a bird which I at once suspected to be Bachman's Warbler.

on shooting it found that my suspicions were correct. I was a long time in finding it for it caught in a hanging bunch of *Hillandea* fifteen feet or more above the ground. It was a female.

Shortly after this Chapman rejoined me. He had shot a ♂ *B. backhami*. While we were comparing notes a large flock of Warblers came along keeping high up in the tops of the cypresses. By shooting at all that were slow of movement & being head down at the ends of their terminal twigs we got three more *Backhami* Warblers in ten course of a few minutes sacrificing several *Parulas* also.

Gray Squirrels were surprisingly numerous & tame in this swamp. I cannot have seen a dozen.

Returned to our house boat about noon. Just before dinner I slipped out among the oak scrub on the "Bluff" & hearing a Warbler making a fine, very scraping sound went to the spot and discovered two ♂ *Backhami* Warblers chasing one another. I quickly shot both with my auxiliary.

Skimming birds all the afternoon putting up our table under a live oak on the bluff. At frequent intervals we heard the "gobbling" of the Sand-hill Cranes in the cypress ponds nearly a mile away. At that distance the sound reminded me of the distant lowing of cattle. Chapman compared it to cow-bells.

1890

Sarasota River, Florida.

March 21

Clear and warm.

Spent most of the day at the Bluffs casting off our morning catch in the afternoon and drifting down stream two or three miles.

Had a rather early breakfast after which Chapman and I started for the Heronry. The way led through open pine woods where Bluebirds, Pine Warblers, & Flickers were singing and Palm Warblers flitting from branch to branch slightly frequently on the ground.

Reaching the Heronry we found a series of small shallow ponds bordered by small stunted cypresses with a few of these trees also scattered singly or in groups well out in the ponds. These isolated trees all had nests large structures of sticks some in their tops others on their lateral branches. Each nest held several young Herons most of them full grown & well feathered. They were standing erect in the nests or out on the neighboring branches as we approached but as soon as they discovered us they all took to the nests and squatted down in them. Chapman killed two with his auxiliary (throwing one of them down from the nest).

We started several traps about this pond & I heard a Robin calling. On the way back through the pine woods heard two Bachman's Finches singing divinely. I shot one of them. After getting back to the boat I crossed the river in my canoe to the place where I shot yesterday. There were many Warblers

in the trees but they kept high up and were hard to identify. I shot several Parulas on suspicion and then got a fine pair of Bachman's Warblers. The ♂ was sitting motionless rather low down with a green background of foliage behind against which his yellow underparts and black throat showed distinctly. I had a long shot at a Swallow-tail Kite which came directly over me but as high as the tops of the tallest trees. I fired and at first thought I had him for he turned completely over and then toward beating the air vigorously with his wings. He must have been shot through the head. He finally drifted off out of sight before the strong South wind.

Later in the afternoon we cast off our rafts and floated down stream a few miles ending fast to a point on the west bank about dusk. After supper a pair of Barred Owls came about us.

Chapman hoisted and they approached nearer & near until finally they alighted directly over us within fifteen feet. They hoisted very few minutes and several times went through their catenwauking performance. I did not see them while thus engaged but repeatedly saw one of them hoist by throwing the light of a jack on him. He sat erect crouching close to his perch and did not move perceptibly while making the sound. One bird had a hoarse voice than the other & regularly hoisted in a lower key. This difference I afterwards found to be common to all the pairs heard on the river. The birds to night flapped audibly when they flew. The night was cloudy and dark.

1890

Sarasota River, Florida.

March 22

Alternately cloudy and clear. Mild strong from S. W.
Rained heavily through the night.

Started out after breakfast taking my canoe and
paddling up river about 300 yds. landed on the
west bank. It was a bad day for birds and I
found but few there in the tops of the tallest
trees as a rule. Saw a Water Thrush, probably
S. notabilis. Chapman shot a Swainson's Warbler and
after joining me started and killed another
on the ground where I had been spending
most of the morning. I got absolutely nothing
save a few Parulas. The locality was a cypress
swamp separated from the river by a narrow
ridge of hard ground covered with oaks and
hackberry(?) trees. There were a few Towhees tall
myiophobus / Brown Thrashers and Cardinals
near the river & many Parulas in the tree tops.

After dinner crossed the river and tried
the swamp on the other (east) bank. As I
entered it I heard Blackbirds singing in a bushy
- a great troop of them. Found Red-wings,
Florida Grackles and Rusties about equally
represented in the flock. Killed two Rusties at
one shot. Saw a Winter Wren which plunged into
a fallen tree top & disappeared. Next came on
a very large flock of Warblers fully 100 chiefly
Parulas with a good many Yellow-rumps, one
Prairie, some Indigobirds and a Red-eye or two.
After following them for some time I picked
out and shot a ♀ Bachman's. Chapman &
du Bose then came up. They had killed
two Bachman's. We went on together and

soon attracts a new flock from which we each
got a *Backus's*.

The wind blew a gale all the afternoon
and the dead branches came down on all
sides, one striking the ground within a few
feet of me. I also heard a tree fall not
far off.

Just before sunset a large flock of *Ardea ceryle*
with a few *A. ludoviciana* intermixed passed
us going down river. Also saw a few Night Hawks.
No Barred Owls hooting to-night.

Red-shouldered Hawks screaming in the
wood in every direction. Their cries are much
harsher and more cracked than those of the
northern bird.

1890

Suwanee River, Florida.

March 23

Clear and cool with a moderate N. wind. Scarcely a cloud in the sky all day, the sun warm at noon.

Dr. Bos left us this morning in a huff and started for home on foot. Immediately after breakfast Chapman got the bears under way and ran her before the wind all the forenoon making about eight miles.

I paddled this distance in my canoe shooting by the way. I landed first directly upon our last night's camping place in the swamp where we shot yesterday afternoon. Found a large flock of Warblers and killed two Bachman's very quickly and soon after a catbird. Heard a Warbler song over to me most like Parula's but less guttural and all on the same key (not rising at the end like Parula's). Discovered the bird in the top of a hoot gum as other bird near. Saw him sing, then shot him and found that I had seen 3 H. Bachmanii. Heard another but could not find him. Paddled down stream a mile or more and seeing Dr. Allen on shore landed again. Found a beautiful spot a bluff with a hard sand beach, behind open dry oak woods with sunny openings & wood paths. These woods were literally alive with birds chiefly Warblers with several flocks of three species (olivaceus, solitarius and one flavifrons), red bellied and Pilchard Woodpeckers, Cardinals, etc. Gray Squirrels were very numerous and I saw uttering their chattering bark on every

side. Butterflies sailed through the openings and flapped their broad wings lazily as the thing to the leaves of the magnolias. Several times a Swallow-tailed Kite glided past just above the tree tops.

It was comparatively easy to identify the Warblers in the woods for they chiefly haunted the deciduous oaks on which the leaves were just beginning to unfold the trees having that delicate salmon pink tinge seen in our northern oaks at the corresponding season. The Warblers fed at the ends of the twigs hanging head down as like Titmice. I shot six Bachman's Warblers here in about two hours.

After lunching with the Doctor on our canvas floating beds by side I started down river again and rowed steadily until I overtook the boat which had anchored at a sandy beach at a landing on the east bank. The river was very beautiful most of the way. I saw several Anhingas, some Wood Ducks and two Swallow-tailed Kitties. One of the latter went through the beautiful diving evolution. Also saw a flock of seven Red-billed Grebes.

After skinning my birds we pushed off the boat floated down river half a mile or more and tied up for the night to the west bank. Saw about forty Black Butters after it had become nearly dark roosting in the top of a tall dead tree. A few Blue-birds roosting in the distance.

1890

Suwanee River, Florida.

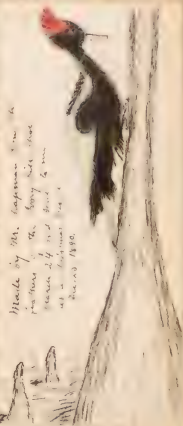
March 24 Clear and rather cool with stiff N. wind.

After breakfast we all started out in our canoes, Chapman leading. He went down river about a mile and had the rare good luck to kill an Ivory-billed Woodpecker with his fee shot hearing it pounding and calling in the cypress swamp only a few rods from the river and stalking it easily enough.

I landed about half a mile down and for a number of Warblers among which I shot a ♀ Bachman's. *Prothonotaria* were rather common along the river but I heard none singing.

I then went further down landing by chance at the very place where Chapman killed his Woodpecker. There were many birds here, also, but I found nothing worth shooting. In the swamp I heard a loud, harsh cry repeated every few seconds. I suspected that it might be an Ivory-bill and stole cautiously in keeping a sharp looking out in the trees but at length discovered the author of the sound at my feet. It was a small frog which a small garter snake was trying to swallow feet first. Ivory-bill while the snake would open its mouth wider and try to suck the frog in further when he would cry out as already described. I finally put my foot on the snake when he let go his hold and the frog went off with long and doubtless joyful jumps.

Chapman joined me in time for lunch which we ate on a point at the mouth.



of a creek. After a short walk we then
paddled up this creek together. Started a
pair of Wood Ducks and Chapman found
a dead one, a drake, whose head had been
eaten off by some bird or mammal of prey.

He also shot a Water Thrush (*S. carolinensis*)
I got a fine *Bachman's Warbler* which I shot
from my boat dropping it into the water.

We saw a dead opossum at which a dozen
or more large cat-fish were tugging dragging
it about with much splashing.

I went ashore at one place to look at
some Warblers in the tree tops and
nearly slipped on a huge mossball which
was lying on the bank. It tumbled
clumsily into the creek before I could
shoot it.

We are now within the influence of the
tide which rises and falls a foot or
more daily but the water is still fresh.

Later in the afternoon they got the
snow under way and picking us up on
their way down we tied to the bank for
the night at a landing where many red
cedar logs lay piled & which is probably
"Sugar Landing". Carolina Wrens, Cardinals
& Tufted Tit singing at sunset. Heard Barred
Owls in the distance. Several Yellow-crowned
Night Herons flying about at twilight. Their
note is similar to that of *H. minor* but
higher pitched and more cracked or
harsh.

1890:

March 25

Suwannee River, Florida.

Clear and warmer with light S.W. wind.

Chapman & I started down river in our canoes after breakfast. He took a crank on the west side & went up it some distance getting nothing but a Wood Duck.

I took the left bank & followed it a mile or more seeing Arctomys & Ospreys. Then came to a creek at the mouth of which I shot an immature *Buteo alleni* (?) which I did not skin. Met a native here who told me that deer and turkeys are numerous in these swamps, panthers and bears fairly common. Gray-billed Woodpeckers he says are scarce. He is in the wood daily & covers a good deal of ground looking after his hogs yet he has not seen one Gray-bill for three months or more. Last year several "used" in a "deadening" near his house. He has not seen a Paroquet for eight or nine years.

We started up the creek together. After going a little way we started a Yellow-crowned Night Heron which flew up to a branch over the water where it stood motionless its neck stretched up the yellow on the forehead showing very distinctly. I shot it of course.

Going still further up I killed four more of these birds in the course of a mile. They would usually rise out of range, fly a little way and alight on branches over the water. Usually the second time they alighted & invariably the third they would allow me to paddle within shot. I saw several of their nests on branches over the

one, rather large structures of rather fine
twigs, rather neatly arranged. Two of my
birds were females which would have laid
in another week or so.

I started five Wood Ducks in this creek
but they all flew in such a way that
I dared not shoot from my crantly
little canoe.

This creek was narrow and winding with
deep dark colored water. Fish probably, there
were numerous jumping on all sides of
my canoe at times. On some of the large
floating logs rows of turtles lay basking & I
saw one large alligator which rolled off the bank
with a great splash as I rounded a turn.

Prothonotary Warblers were exceedingly numerous
along the banks & I heard a few big. Parrots
were everywhere in the tree tops. Saw one Flicker
the first for several days. Started two Barred Owls.
They are shy about birds in the day time here.
Red. Shouldered Hawks screaming incessantly.
Cardinals & Carolina Wrens singing.

Got in to our camp boat by noon &
worked on birds & letters all the afternoon.

A pair of Osprey at their nest on the
opposite side of the river whistling & calling.

Have seen no Blue Jays for several days.

Floated down stream about two miles and
tied to the east bank for the night. After
dark Mr. Allen fired off a rocket when a Panther(?)
yelled loudly in the bushes within twenty yards.
Out with Chapman in the evening taking a pack.
Saw nothing but saw large deer swimming past.

1890

Suwannee River, Florida.

March 26 Clear in the morning, afternoon cloudy. Wind S.W.

We cast loose the keels early this morning and drifted down into the East Pass where we tied to the bank before breakfast. The scenery changed considerably after we passed the mouth of Gopher River the cypresses becoming lower and more scattering the country more swampy with wide belts of tall grass along the water's edge. Narrow creeks debouched from the main river at frequent intervals, on every side a boundless wilderness without clearings, boats or other signs of man's presence.

The birds changed somewhat also. We began to see more Red-wings and to hear more Yellow-throated Warblers. The Swallow Tailed Kites disappeared while Anhingas and Hood Ducks became more scarce.

After breakfast we all started out in our canoes. Chapman went down the Pass to the Gulf finding extensive marshes which were apparently barren of bird life.

I took a creek which entered on the East side and followed it about two miles. Saw nothing of interest except five Wood Ducks, two males and three females. They were paddling idly about in mid stream and I watched them for several minutes through the glass at about 80 yds. In swimming they oscillated their heads and necks forward and back at each stroke of the feet.

There were a few *Perthomatus* along this

97
creek, and countless Parulae and Yellow-throats
Warblers singing in the cypresses. Heard a
Pine Siskin distinctly, and also saw the
bird fly from one cypress to another. Further
numerous as usual. Saw three alligators on
a rather large one. Came upon them even
cutting cedar and visited their camp. They
say there are no Gopher-turtles on this river.

Came back to dinner. Three Bank Swallows
passed the boat. Dr. Allen and Chapman came
in neither of them having fired a shot.

In the afternoon I started out again taking
a creek on the west side and going up it
a mile or more. Heard a great crashing in
the brush & saw grass & the next moment a
Ward's Heron started out within fifteen feet
of me. I did not shoot. Shortly afterwards
a Florida Cormorant tried to pass, coming
from down stream, and I killed it. At
the report of my gun an Osprey dropped a
fish it was carrying. An Eagle (adult) tried
to pick it up when the Osprey & its mate
attacked him fiercely & drove him off but
they did not attempt to recover their fish.

My creek proved very beautiful, narrow
winding with palmettos, cypresses & sweet gums
arching over its glossy surface. The swampy
woods silent and impressive. Occasionally a
gray squirrel barked, a Bog Cock called or a
Cardinal or Carolina Wren sang. Mullet were
jumping freely. Came back in the twilight,
frogs croaking, a bull frog bellowing, ² hours. ² hours. ² hours.
Night Herons flying about grating in cracked leaves.

1890

Suwannee River, Florida

March 27

Fair with alternating cloud and sunshine. Day warm
Off with Chapman for the entire day taking the
main channel of the Suwannee and going down
to the outlet. The distance is about five miles,
the last two miles being through open marshes
which stretch as far as the eye can reach.

On the way down we heard the usual birds
in the woods along the river. There were few
coaster birds, some Anhingas, two Dusky Ducks
(doubtless *fuligula*), five or six *comocastic*,
and several Great Blue and Green Herons.

Copypops were numerous mostly in pairs at or
near their nests which were usually in large
cypresses along the banks of the river.

On reaching the marshes we began to hear
and see Boat-tailed Grackles but there were
not many of them. There were absolutely no
Gulls or Terns. Two Brown Pelicans passed over
the Gulf. A ♂ Scaup Duck was swimming in
the river. Saw a Louisiana Heron alight in
the grass on an island at the mouth of
the river and paddling to the spot flushed
and shot it. Finding this island rather
high & dry land we landed and landed.

On the next island above we heard Cinnamon
Rails calling at frequent intervals so we
crossed the channel and fired the grass.
After several failures we finally got a
good blow started & then lay off in
the river in our canoes to see what
would come out. Chapman got a shot
at a Rail that appeared on the edge

of the water but missed it. He then landed
and watched a bare muddy flat ahead
of the fire but nothing came out there.
I then returned to my canoe and quickly
killed a Closser Rail (which proved to be
R. Isthm.) and a Marsh Hawk both of
which have out a hundred yards or more
ahead of the fire. I also shot a few
Swamp Sparrows. Started three birds on
the island and missed a pair shot at
one of them. Besides the Closser I saw
a Virginia Rail distinctly but failed to
get a shot at it. There were several pairs
of Red-winged Blackbirds on this island;
also some long-billed Marsh Wrens in
a growth of low cane bracks.

The river is fresh water quite to its mouth
and, indeed, as far out into the Gulf as
I went in my canoe (100 yds or more).
Nevertheless several large porpoises were rolling
and puffing in the channels among
the outer islands. There were no beaches
or sand bars visible a fact which
may account for the absence of Gulls
and waders generally.

We started up river early in the afternoon
sailing most of the distance before
a fresh S. E. breeze blowing our canoes
together.

1890

Suwannee River, Florida.

March 28

Morning clear, clouding over at noon. A heavy shower early in the afternoon. Wind strong from the S. all day.

Starting off alone at 10 a.m. I paddled down the west pass. for about a mile then entered a large creek on the W. side. Just before reaching it I had a long shot at an Anhinga, a ♀ which was sitting on a stake. She fell at the shot and when I reached her was lying on her back apparently dead but as the bow of my canoe struck her she dove came up over the stern and down again & I saw her no more. For the first mile up the creek I saw nothing save two Little Blue Herons. At length as I rounded a bend I came suddenly on a large alligator (at least eleven feet long) lying well up on the bank. As he plunged into the water the surge caused the canoe to rock violently. The noise he made startled three Herons, an A. cygna and a pair of Myiarchus cinerascens, which flapped out from the trees out of range. I started all three several times afterwards but failed to get a shot. Then I saw three large gar fish swimming together the largest in the middle, a smaller one on each side. I think they were two males following a female. One was waving their bills out of water.

My creek soon came to an end in a hard grass marsh and I turned back and took a smaller one which entered it on the South side. From this I again turned into another & still smaller one over which the trees interlocked their branches forming a perfect arch. I had

not followed it far when I started a Yellow crowned Night Heron and dropped it into the creek. A few rods further on two started and one alighted again when I killed it.

My creek finally led into a much larger one
a small river in fact nearly as wide as the
Concord & very deep. Here I saw two Green Herons
& a very Tall & Auk-like bird which sat on a log
with spread wings allowing me to approach within
20 yds. & finally dropping like a stone into
the water.

Rounding a bend a little further on I came suddenly on a flock of eleven Soots (A. erythra). They were sitting in green ash trees over the river & I even saw as beautiful a picture of the kind before. I was within eighty yds. & looked at them for a moment through my glass. They reminded me of the group of terns in one of Brein's photos. One superb fellow had plumes which extended an inch or two below his feet as he stood erect on his long legs. Their attitudes were marvellously easy and graceful.

Finally they flew, one by one, going only a little way and realighting in the tops of some tall Cypress. Without any cone whatever I approached them to within about 60 yds. & picking out a bird at random (for I could not make out their plumage at that height) I shot it. It fell into the wire & proved a fine bird but not the finest one of the flock.

Saw a few Parthenistories & two Wood Ducks.
Back to the Lima boat early in P.M. having
to hunt on my rubber coat. ^{just before} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~those~~ ^{those} ~~down~~ ^{down}

1890

Suwannee River, Florida.

March 29

Clear and cool with light N.W. wind. A brilliant day without a cloud.

Spent the first part of the morning at work on birds. At 10.30 started for the same creek where I spent yesterday. On the way down the main river I shot a Carolina Grebe that was swimming among the bums and an alligator were feet long. The latter was lying in the grass asleep and I got within about 15 yds. of him. I shot him in the ear with #4 shot from the little 20 gauge. He tore madly through the reeds in a circle returning to nearly the spot where he started and settled down apparently dead. I then shot him again behind the fore shoulder but he did not move and when I returned late in the afternoon he proved to be stiff & cold. Dr. Allen took his head and skin.

Entering the creek I had paddled only a little way when a fine Wood's Heron started from a tree and I dropped him into the water. A little further on I started two Green Herons and killed one of them. I passed a very tame Yellow-crowned Heron, an immature mottled bird.

Turning into the left branch I stopped under the shade of a water oak and lunched. Then I continued on and took the second left hand turn into the narrow vista creek. Here I started three Yellow-crowned Herons and shot one of them as it sat on the branch of a cypress back from the water.

Coming out on the Broad Creek beyond I started

a large White Egret. It flapped on ahead of me for some distance frequently alighting. I could have shot it easily enough but it had poor plumage and I did not care for it. I killed another Yellow-crown on this creek. Going only a short distance beyond where I stopped yesterday I came in sight of the Suwannee ~~fast~~ which this large creek proved to flow.

I then returned by the same route. Shot at a Yellow-crowned Heron at the entrance to Vista Creek and missed or only wounded it. The report of the gun started an Ivory-billed Woodpecker which uttered its trumpet note a dozen times or more. It was several hundred yards off apparently. I turned back and paddled hard but it stopped calling and I failed to find it.

Near the lower end of Vista Creek a White Heron flew from a cypress uttering a coarse, rough call (cr. 1-1-1), and alighted again in another cypress. I paddled to within about 50 yds. & fired just as it opened its wings to start. It flew out of sight up the connecting creek. I followed & found it floating dead in mid stream.

On the way down to the main creek I started three Yellow-crowned Herons and heard a fourth crying out every few seconds. I saw in harsh piercing tones. It proved to be very tame gray bird which was sitting in an ash over the water.

Paddling down the creek I found Dr. Allen near its mouth & just outside Chapman. King Rail(?) calling in the marsh above. I shot the alligator.

1890

Suwanee River, Florida.

March 30

Clear and cool with S. E. to S. W. wind.

At 10.30 A. M. we all started together for the mouth of the Tree Pass of the Suwanee. The tide was running out strongly and we sped swiftly and easily down stream stopping occasionally to rest under the shade of the overhanging trees. During our brief halt a number of birds collected about us, a pair of Cardinals & I lifted also two Parula Warblers, a Solitary and Red-eyed Vireo and a Rust crested Flycatcher.

Saw an Osprey hovering above its nest with the peculiar butterfly flight whistling shrilly very much like a Duck Hawk. The next moment it dropped with closed wings and through the glass I could see it copulating with its mate which was sitting on the nest.

Some down we saw another pair at this nest. They are probably laying now.

We saw only one Duck on the way, a ♀ Shoveller. On reaching the mouth of the river heard Widgeon calling and found three of these Ducks swimming near the last island.

Landed on the island that we burnt partially on the 27th. Started three Snipe, doubtless the same seen on that day. Chapman shot one of them & I missed another. I also shot a ♀ Red wing and upon going to pick her up flushed a very black Rallus scottii and killed it.

We then separated and fired the island at three different points. Only one of these fires proved a success but that fairly

razed for an hour or more burning quite
across the island with a width of 100 yds or
more. We all took stations on the leeward side
but saw only four or five Rails of which I
shot one and Dr. Allen another. They rose a
hundred yards or more ahead of the fire and
flew long distances seeming much alarmed. One,
however, came out of the grass directly in front
of the fire. Swamp Sparrows & Marsh Wrens also
came & I shot one of the latter a C. stellaris
as it was flying over the water. Saw a single
Sea-side Sparrow & shot it but failed to find it.

We next crossed the river and fired a long
narrow island on the west side. The grass was
drier here and the fire ran madly making
a great roaring and, when it got into an extensive
bed of cane, sending up flames 15 to 20 ft. and
filling the air with black smoke through which
the sun shone dimly. The Rails were thoroughly
alarmed and began to show themselves at
frequent intervals, some flying others walking over
the beds of lodged grass or breaking under the
banks. Yet they were very shy & instantly disappeared
when they saw us several turning back towards
the fire. I shot four, one sitting, three flying
losing one of the latter. Many Marsh Wrens
(palustris) singing softly over on this island.

At sunset saw hundreds of Herons (chiefly Casertae
at Louisiana) assembling to roost on a marshy
treeless island near us. Night Herons (N. nycticorax)
flying about at dusk. Paddled back by
moonlight reaching camp at 8.30. A flock of 50.
White Ibis passed over us at about 8 P.M. looking

In the dim light like a band of ghosts or a wandering
moon beam in a dark cellar. Their wings made a strong beating

1870

Suwannee River, Florida.

March 31

Cloudless and warm. Wind N. E. to S. W.

Spent the entire morning at work on birds. After dinner we started out in our canoes. Chapman went up Gopher Creek and brought back a Yellow-crowned Heron & a fine ♂ Wood Duck. We heard a striking jabble just before he started and he heard it again later but could not come up to it.

I crossed the river and entered a small creek that came in from the west about a mile below the Gopher. It was narrow, very crooked and proved to be less than a mile in length rising in an extensive low grass savanna. Soon after entering it I heard ahead a continued outcry of loud, harsh voices which I did not recognize. Rounding a bend I discovered the authors in some Ward's Herons, young birds nearly big enough to fly which were standing in their nests calling for food. There were three nests, all in cypresses on the creek. Three adult Herons were sitting among the branches, one very near a nest the others above the nests in the tops of the trees. The old birds at once flew off upon discovering me and the young squatted so closely in the nests that I could not see any of them from below.

A short distance above this I started two Yellow-crowned Herons one very shy, the other tame. Shot at the latter wounding it badly but it flew out of sight among the trees. I followed on after it until I came to a place where my creek virtually came to an end in a low grass savanna. Further

split up into several small branches, only two or three feet wide. I pushed the canoe up one of them for about 100 yds. when a deer, that had been lying on the bank probably asleep, suddenly rose to its feet within 4 yds of me and giving me terrified look tore off through the saw grass at a great pace making a loud plumping sound as it drew its legs from the soft mud at each bound. It stopped about 100 yds. away but I could not see it. I heard another start a moment later on the other side. The one I saw was a large animal probably a full grown buck but of course without horns. There were a few *Prothonotarias* among the scattered cypress trees on the edge of this savanna but none along the creek below. The males were singing in low tones. I also heard a Downy Woodpecker & some Parulas.

Returning to the Suwanee I kept down river for about half a mile and entered a large creek on the eastern side, which Meyer partially explored a few days ago. It proved very beautiful, winding about through a fine forest of cypresses, sweet gums, red maples and gum ashes with palmettos along the banks. For the first mile it was broad with frequent large deep pools bordered by dense beds of bowmans but higher up it became so narrow that the trees arched over it interlocking their branches for hundreds of yards at a stretch where the growth was of hardwoods or old cypresses, where of younger or more stunted cypresses and bay trees forming a nearly straight overhead wall on each side the path of the stream looking in

(March 31) places like a narrow wood road walked in by straight cypresses hung thickly with dark Tillandsia. In places the bay trees formed almost the sole growth. Their roots washed clean by the surflores or perhaps growing naturally above, instead of under, the surface literally covered the ground so thickly that one could walk on them in slippers as on a dry floor. They resembled nothing so much as great beds of snakes lying folded at full length in loose coils, or entwined together in masses. Their general color was a plain stone gray mottled with darker very like that of a cotton-mouth moccasin and their back was in texture not unlike that of the skin of a large serpent. In fact the general resemblance, or perhaps I should say suggestiveness, was so strong that I could not walk on them without a shivering sensation. It would be next to impossible to discover a real snake among them. Along the sides of the creek they formed in many places a clearly defined vertical bank or wall. They did not seem to extend under water or to encroach anywhere on the bed of the creek.

On the lower reaches of the creek I saw ^{large} birds. A solitary Great Blue Heron, an Osprey sitting above its nest whistling shrilly and again in suspiciously as I paddled past, a Red shouldered Hawk and a Kingfisher or two. Small birds were numerous especially Prothonotaries of which I passed a dozen or more several of them females. They

haunted bushes which hung low over the stream where they flitted about among the terminal twigs their yellow heads gleaming like gold among the foliage or showing in strong contrast against the dark water. I shot one fine orange headed crane. Parulas & Yellow-throated Warblers were numerous as usual. Saw a pair of *Myiarchus*. As I was paddling slowly and silently across a broad pool where the sunlight brought out a sand bar beneath with great distinctness I suddenly discovered a huge alligator gliding slowly under the canoe at nearly a right angle. As I had no time to shoot ahead & escape him I suspended my paddle & sat perfectly still until he passed out of sight into deeper water on my left. His back must have nearly grazed my keel & he was not less than twelve feet in length with a bulk nearly equal to that of a small pony.

In the overarched portions of this creek I found several pairs of Yellow-crowned Herons & saw several of their nests. On one which was placed on a branch of an ash low over the creek a bird was sitting but on climbing above the nest I found it empty. I shot a bird here & another on my return down the creek.

As I turned back twilight was falling over the swamp & it was nearly dark. Before I reached the river. Barred Owls were hooting on every side & the Yellow-crowned Herons squawking & yelling far & near. Several of the latter came close past me & one alighted within ten yards. A few Rail voices (probably *R. elegans*) in the marsh at the mouth of the creek.

1890

End of Florida trip.

April 1

Cloudless and warm with a pleasant breeze.

Spent the day in packing and made no observations of interest. The steamer came down at about 8 P.M. and we quickly got our things on board and started for Cedar Keys which we reached at 10 P.M. This practically ended our trip.

" 2 Cloudy and warm.

Left Cedar Keys at 8.30 A.M. and reached Gainesville at 3 P.M. At the Keys saw a flock of twenty-seven White Pelicans flying in a long line through the channel between the islands. They flapped and sailed alternately in the usual manner and (this I have not seen before) undulations were continually passing down the line as the leader rose and lowered his flight and each bird followed him. They were flying at a height of about 40 ft.

As the train passed over the marshes inland we saw a good many Gulls, all apparently L. atricilla and a few Green Herons but no blue or white Herons.

(I left Gainesville on the morning of the 3rd spent that night at Jacksonville, reached Charleston on the evening of the 4th, started for Washington on the afternoon of the 6th reached New York on the 10th and Cambridge on the afternoon of the 12th.)

[The text on this page is extremely faint and illegible. It appears to be a single paragraph of handwritten or printed text, possibly a letter or a page from a book. The ink is very light, and the paper shows signs of aging and wear.]

Suwannee River, Florida.

March 19 - 31, 1890.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| <i>Turdus pallasi</i> | <i>Vireo noveboracensis</i> |
| <i>Mimus cardinensis</i> | " <i>flavifrons</i> . |
| <i>Mimus polyglottus</i> | " <i>solitarius</i> . |
| <i>Moula nivalis</i> | <i>Quercus olivacea</i> |
| <i>Harpophycus rufus</i> | <i>Colinus ludoviciana</i> |
| <i>Sialia sialis</i> . | <i>Colinus virginianus</i> |
| <i>Polioptila caerulea</i> . | <i>Ampelis cedrorum</i> |
| <i>Regulus calendula</i> . | <i>Spinus pinus</i> . |
| " <i>saturata</i> | <i>Chrysomitris tristis</i> |
| <i>Parus bicolor</i> . | <i>Tachycineta bicolor</i> |
| " <i>cardinensis</i> . | <i>Cardinalis cardinalis</i> . |
| <i>Ammodramus maritimus</i> | <i>Ammodramus maritimus</i> |
| <i>Cistothorus palustris</i> . | <i>Melospiza palustris</i> . |
| " <i>stellatus</i> . | <i>Perisoreus auricapillus</i> . |
| <i>Thryothorus ludovicianus</i> . | <i>Pipilo erythrophthalmus</i> |
| <i>Sialia sialis</i> . | " <i>alleni</i> |
| " <i>mutacilla</i> | <i>Agelaius phoeniceus</i> |
| " <i>auricapillus</i> . | <i>Quiscalus major</i> |
| <i>Mniotilta varia</i> . | " <i>agelaius</i> |
| <i>Helminthophila celata</i> . | <i>Molothrus ater</i> . |
| " <i>bachmani</i> | <i>Sceloporus ferrugineus</i> . |
| <i>Parula americana</i> . | <i>Chaetura pelagica</i> . |
| <i>Dendroica dominica</i> | <i>Trochilus colubris</i> . |
| " <i>palmarum</i> | <i>Ceryle alcyon</i> . |
| " <i>discolor</i> | <i>Lophocitta orix floridae</i> |
| " <i>coronata</i> . | <i>Myiarchus cinerascens</i> |
| " <i>pinus</i> . | <i>Corvus americanus</i> . |
| " <i>hypochrysea</i> | <i>Picus pubescens</i> . |
| <i>Protonotaria citrea</i> . | " <i>borealis</i> |
| <i>Hemeria swainsoni</i> . | " <i>andersonii</i> |
| <i>Sylvania pusilla</i> | <i>Hylocichla ustulata</i> . |
| <i>Geothlypis trichas</i> . | <i>Sphyrapicus varius</i> . |
| <i>Setophaga ruticilla</i> | |

Suwannee River, Florida.

March 19-31, 1890.

<i>Melanerpes erythrocephalus.</i>	<i>Chulix affinis.</i>
<i>Campophilus principalis.</i>	<i>Aix sponsa</i>
<i>Colaptes auratus.</i>	<i>Mareca americana</i>
<i>Centurus auratus.</i>	<i>Spatula clypeata.</i>
<i>Tyrannus carolinensis.</i>	<i>Pelecanus fuscus</i>
<i>Syrnium nebulosum</i>	<i>Plotus arcticus.</i>
<i>Trachurus socialis</i> ^{sp. fuscus}	<i>Graculus floridanus.</i>
<i>Buteo lineatus</i> ^{altus?}	<i>Podilymbus podiceps</i>
" <i>borealis.</i>	
<i>Pandion carolinensis</i>	
<i>Haliaetus leucocephalus.</i>	
<i>Catharista atrata.</i>	
<i>Cathartes aura.</i>	
<i>Nyctea nyctea</i> ^{palmarum.}	
<i>Nyctea nyctea.</i>	
" <i>caerulea.</i>	
" <i>ludoviciana.</i>	
" <i>viridis.</i>	
" <i>wardi</i>	
" <i>candidissima</i>	
<i>Nyctardea nyctardea.</i>	
<i>Nyctardea nyctardea.</i>	
<i>Ibis alba</i>	
<i>Gallinago wilsoni</i>	
<i>Tringoides macularius.</i>	
<i>Sturnus semipalmata</i>	
" <i>melanoleucus.</i>	
<i>Phygadeuon sylvaticus.</i>	
<i>Callus virginianus.</i>	
" <i>scottii?</i>	
<i>Grus fraterculus.</i>	
<i>Fulica americana.</i>	
<i>Anas fulvigula</i>	

1840

Cambridge, Mass.

April 15

Clear and cold with strong, harsh N. wind. Ther 34° at 9 P.M.

To the swamps with Chadbourne at 6 P.M. driving in a coupe through Dublin to Allinge Brook. Walked out along the Mass. Central track just as the sun was setting. Hyles by hundreds on every side making a deafening noise. A few toads and leopard frogs, also. Small flocks of Red-wings flying about but no scattered males singing. Walked further on to the cut through the high knoll. Here we were beyond the clamor of the frogs & heard Swamp Sparrows singing and occasionally a Robin or Song Sparrow. Suddenly the humming of a distant Snipe came to my ear from the direction of Little Pond. As we passed on I heard several Carolina Parula, one calling ka-ee, two others catta. The humming of Snipes was now distinct and frequent. Reaching the ice house branch track we took it and were soon at the pond where it crosses the cart path to Beech Island. Here we found Torrey listening to the Snipe which were humming almost incessantly overhead. It was still light enough to see them towards the west but they kept on the east side of us and were invisible. Most of the time they seemed to be high up, but occasionally one in its descent would come so near us that we felt impelled to dodge. When we left at 7.15 P.M. it was nearly perfectly dark but they were still humming. I think there were several of them. We saw four Night Herons and heard others.

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1890

April 17

Secommett Point, Rhode Island

Clear with S.W. wind, light in the early morning, blowing fresh all the afternoon.

I came here yesterday with Mr. George H. Mackay reaching the hotel at West Island opposite the point at 11 P.M. There was no flight of birds during the afternoon but Skuas and Old Squaws occasionally passed the point and we saw a few Cormorants (*Phalacrocorax*?) also.

We rose this morning at 4 A.M. and after a hurried breakfast started out. As we rowed down the channel between the islands we could see Ducks scavenging about in every direction most of them Old Squaws & Skuas. Outside there was a heavy swell running but the wind was light & the sea glassy.

I took the inner berth & anchoring threw out my decoys, twelve in number. Mackay took a station outside about 150 yds off.

My first shot was at a small band of Old Squaws from which I dropped a female. The next at another killed Coot one dropping with a broken wing & diving. I did not go after it. I then killed in succession three Scoters, one of each species, missing a fourth. After this I fired a dozen or fifteen shots without getting a bird. Only two came really within good range but this made little difference probably for I found it impossible to accustom myself to the motion of the boat. The swells were 6 to 8 ft. high and as the boat sank in the hollows I often could not see the land. Mackay did much other

than I getting ten birds, eight Goters and two Oldsquaws. He had at least three shots to my one, however.

There was a fairly large flight of Goters about 1000 passing between 5 and 9 A.M. Of them probably 700 were velvet Goters, two hundred Black Goters and the balance Grey Goters. A good many straggling birds came from the S. but by far the greater number & all the large flocks came from the West. He could see them several miles away. They flew usually in a long line at right angles to their course & at a height of from three or four to forty yards. As a rule they passed our decoys without apparently noticing them but occasionally one or two would leave a flock & scale down.

Oldsquaws & Sheldrakes flew in considerable numbers. He also saw several Gannets, Cormorants, Horned Grebes, and Red-throated Loons, a good many Herring Gulls & Common Loons, one Murre, one Black Guillemot, and a pair of King Eiders. The latter came within long shot of M. who wounded the drake, a young bird, badly.

At about 9.30 the wind rose and we came in to breakfast. During the remainder of the day the sea was too rough for us to get out.

We saw Song Sparrows and Flickers on the island but no other land birds. The island reminds me strongly of Star Island at the Isles of Shoals.

1890

Secoimeth Point, Rhode Id.

April 18

Slightly cloudy in early morning, clear the rest of the day. Light air from N. for an hour after sunrise, then N.W. to 2 P.M. changing to S.W.

Rose at 4 A.M. and got off at about the same time as yesterday going to the same place but exchanging stations I taking the outside berth. The sun rose just as we emerged from the gulf looking like a huge somewhat irregular glob of red-hot metal lying on the rim of the horizon. The sea was a dull lead-gray, a slight swell was rising. Old Squaws and Gull-drake flying in small numbers but all apparently "trades". A few trading Coos, mostly Button-Bills, also passed and at one time a few flocks, apparently flight birds went by to the eastward. From the first, however, it was pretty evident that we should get no shooting and by seven o'clock there were so few birds ensuing that we gave it up and came in.

I had only one shot, at a fine adult ♂ Surf Scoter which swung in over the floats. I fired both barrels and he went down on a plank striking the water so near me that I put in another shell and finished him before casting off from my surroundings.

We got two shots one at a Black Scoter the other at a Surf Scoter. Both birds flew several hundred yards & dropped dead. Both were superb specimens.

We saw nothing interesting the morning save some Horned Grebes in the gulf and a Flicker which, just as we were starting

out alighted against the mast of a sail boat. The mast had been just greased and the poor bird slid down it at least six inches backwards, then gave it up and flew to the mast of another boat where he secured a firm foothold and clung until we were out of sight.

He spent an interesting forenoon on the sheltered side of High Rock on the north side of the island. Saw a few Gulls & an occasional Cormorant passing. A fine adult Loon

Loon and

suddenly came to the surface below us about 100 yds. off with a flounder fully 8 inches long by 5 in. wide. He spent five or six minutes working at his prize in order, apparently, to get him in proper condition to swallow. He would pinch him vigorously in his bill then drop him and strike him a number of sharp blows in quick succession. Then the fish barked & he had to drive for him. Finally he stretched his neck up pointing his bill straight upward & with one or two vigorous gulps swallowed the fish.

A Horned Grebe in fine plumage came directly under us diving repeatedly. We could see him for ten feet or more under water. He looked like a fish but I could see his wings flap. The water was green & probably 12 ft. deep. The bird went down at about this angle.

Grebe
diving

A Brown Creeper spent the day on the island. It alighted on wood stalks growing up the face of big boulders crawling into crevices in the rock but feeding most of the time on the lawn & on the side of an earth bank. It looked about exactly like a sparrow

Creeper

1890
April 19

Secommett Point, Rhode Island.

Clear. Wind much the same as yesterday but N.W. instead of N.E. in the early morning.

The conditions were too unfavorable at daylight that we did not wake up and we lay abed until 8 a.m. During the day a few flocks of Coots passed at wide intervals all going due east but there was at no time a sufficiently heavy flight to tempt us to go out and we spent the entire day on the island. During the morning we lay on the sunny & sheltered side of High Rock for nearly three hours talking and enjoying the fine view. There were few birds flying but a dozen Old Squaws were fishing off the Hopper and several Horned Grebes in their showy crested plumage swam and dived beneath us at intervals. One came to the surface with a fish about 4 in. long by an inch wide. He treated it very much as the Loon did the flounder yesterday biting & pecking it for several minutes, over long & diving after it, and finally pointing his bill straight upward & swallowing it. Two Old Squaws also came beneath us & dove once, then discovered us and flew off showing a white stripe on each side of the nape separated by a dark central stripe.

A Creeper, probably the same bird seen yesterday, was again hopping about on the lawn. He also made a number of

allies after small flying Diptera from the
roof of a shed.

A Robin, a Flicker & two Song Sparrows
completed the list of birds seen on the island
but a Pigeon Hawk scalded over it. Through
the glass we could see a dozen or more Sheeps
sitting on Hay Rocks.

In the afternoon I tried to shoot a
Horned Grebe off the Whaffer but he eluded
me for some time. Finally I got a shot
at 50 yds but he dove apparently, before
the shot reached him and did not
appear again.

1890

April 20

Secorsett Point, Rhoda Island.

Clear and warmer. Wind N.W. in morning, S.W. to S. in afternoon, very light all day.

We rose at 4 A.M. and after our usual light breakfast of coffee, eggs & bread started out rowing to the stations off East Island. I took the outer bottle. My first shot was at some Butler bills which passed me from behind. I killed my first & missed my second bird. Shortly after this Mackay shot a White-wing which flew a long distance and fell outside of us. He brought it to us and our boats were lying side by side when a pair of Butler-bills passed within good range. I killed the first, a ♀, and wounded the other, a ♂, so badly that he would not fire at it until it was nearly out of range thinking it would surely fall. But it kept on out of sight. There was a very heavy flight of Loons this morning and he killed one just after leaving us & while rowing to his decoys. It came over him low down offering a very easy shot.

My last shot while lying outside was at a bunch of White-wings which passed within 30 yds. Two fell to the first barrel and one to the second, all three so hard hit that I got them without having to shoot any of them over. Indeed two of them were perfectly dead when I reached them. I missed a few long shots and one fair one the latter at a fine "Black" Old Squaw that sailed in to my decoys. There was a moderate flight of Scoters of all three species for about two hours after sunrise.

We took up the decoys and started in at 8 A.M. As we were rowing through the

narrow channel between the islands a flock of about 15 Old Squaws rose ahead and becoming "rattled" dashed past us several times doubling & twisting like Snipe. I shot down two males but got only one an indifferent bird in changing plumage. The one which escaped was in full summer dress, apparently, M. also shot down one which got away.

We spent the forenoon sitting on the heavy side of the High Rock. I took my gun in hopes of getting a shot at a Horned Grebe but after a while fell asleep. At length Mackay awaked me by reaching over me for the 20 gauge with which he instantly shot a Grebe that was swimming beneath us. It drifted out but I got a boat and following secured it. I then sculled about among the islands seeing many Old Squaws, some in full summer plumage.

Early in the afternoon we started out again and took stations off the High Rock, Mackay lying outside. Beyond him were two other boats. There was a moderate flight of food during the afternoon but they did not give us much shooting, the greater number passing outside. I shot down three with one barrel of the 20 gauge securing two of them, a fine pair of Great Scoters, the third bird escaping by diving just before this Mackay fired both barrels at a pair of Ducks which came from the Westward, missing both. The next instant they passed me at long range and I shot down one but did not fire at the other reserving my remaining barrel for the Coots which were nearly upon me. I then heard M. shout "King Eiders" and going to my bird found it to be a ♀ of that species. It looked very large & light colored. It was alive & swimming as I shot it down. I did not see either

it or its companion (which M. said was a young ♂) at all. I distinctly saw them come to me across the churning path of sunlight on the most water.

1890

Secomett Point, Rhode Island

April 21

Cloudless and warm. Wind N. to S. W. blowing hard after 10 a. M.

Got off at our usual time taking positions off the High Rock where we shot yesterday afternoon. I lay inside, Markay next, and beyond him two boats containing local gunners. It was evident from the time we left the land that this was to be the flight of the season thus far for all the conditions were favorable and the birds came thick and fast averaging, at times, at least one flock every two or three minutes. The flocks were much larger, too, than those we have hitherto seen. At least seventy-five per cent were White-wings the remaining twenty-five per cent equally divided between Better-bills and Surf Scoters. We also saw two flocks of Brant containing fifteen or twenty birds each.

We changed guns just before starting and I used Mr. 12 gauge during the entire morning. I made very poor work with it getting only four birds out of twenty or more fairly good shots. Of these four birds one was a fine ♂ White wing, two Better-bills, and the fourth a ♂ Skunk-head. The latter a beautiful fellow with glossy black plumage and richly painted bill.

The fowl were very shy to-day and but few came within really good range while still fewer took any notice of the decoys. Indeed the largest bag (seven birds) was made by a man lying with the inner berth who had no decoys. During the first hour most of the birds passed outside the outer boat. I accordingly changed my position

to the extreme outer border but gained nothing
by this for the birds at first kept still further
out and then began to pass inside of all
the boats. Later in the morning I returned
to my first station but the flight was about
over and I got only one more Duck there.

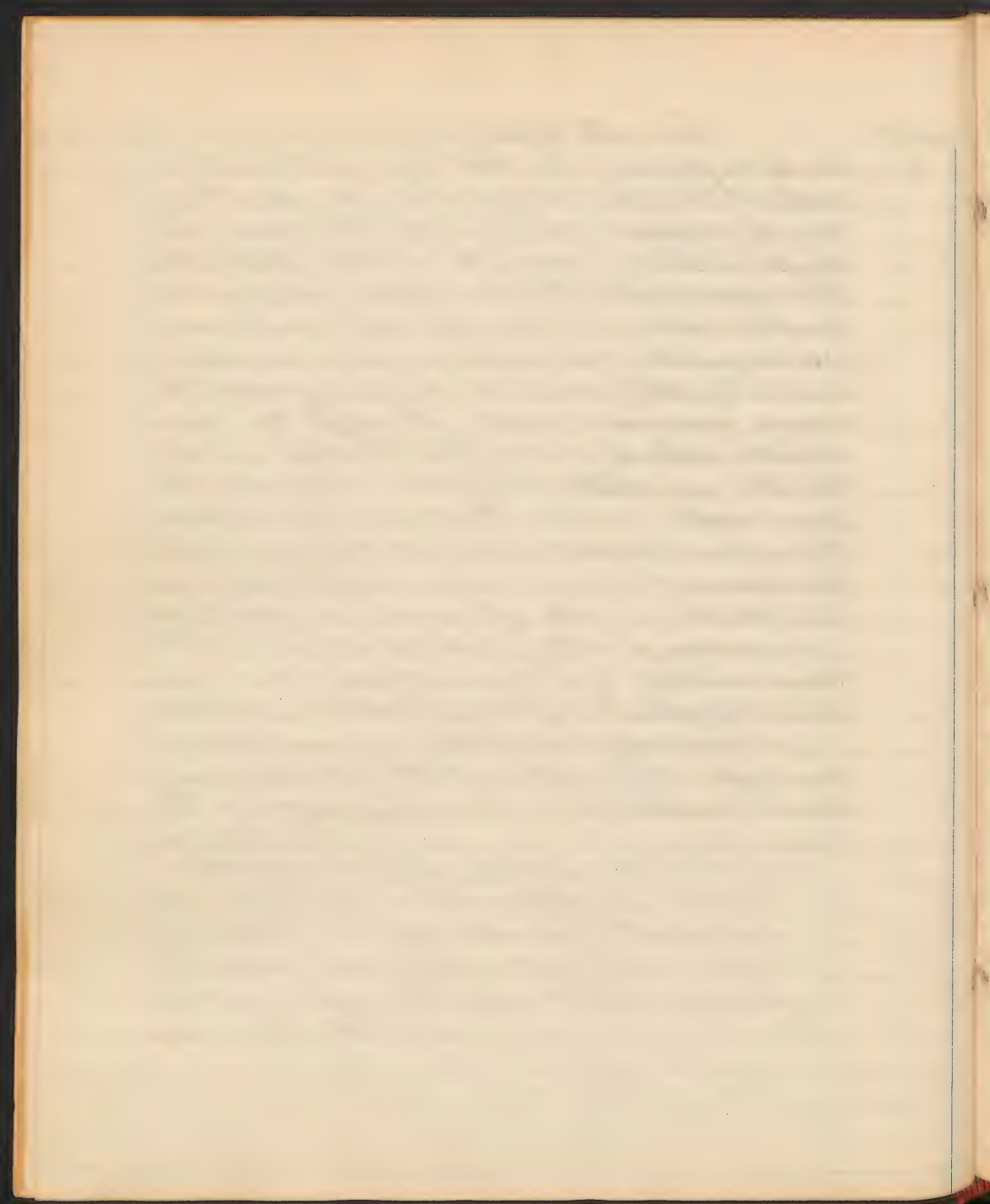
There was a heavy ground swell running all
the morning but the wind was light. The birds
nearly all hugged the Newport shore closely and
kept up well into the mouth of Hovaton River
then bore down directly towards us in a straight
course for the end of West Island. Some one in
the line of boats was nearly sure to see them
long before they reached us and as soon as word
was passed every man lay down in his boat.
The long line of dark specks approached with wonderful
speed and as quickly passed out of sight to the
eastward. At least nine-tenths of the flock got by
without receiving a shot from any one. It was
first hope, then doubt, finally disappointment in
the vast majority of cases but the interest was
well kept up.

Mackay and I left the island at 1 P.M. and
drove to Hovaton in time to get the 3.20 train
for Boston. We saw Cow birds, Meadow Larks,
Red wings, Grass Finches and Sparrows & Song
Sparrows along the road. Also a single Copeny
and a few Blue birds.

April 17-21, 1890.

Seconnett Point, R. I.

Merula migratoria
Certhia fam. rufa
Melospiza melodia
Colaptes auratus
Falco columbarius
Bonniella branta
Harelda glacialis
Somateria spectabilis.
Oedemia americana.
Melanetta velutina.
Pelecanus perspicillata
Mergus serrator.
Phalacrocorax dilophus.
Sula bassana
Larus glaucus
" *smithsonianus*
Podiceps cornutus.
Colymbus torquatus.
" *septentrionalis*
Uria grylle
Sterna brunnich.
Podilymbus podiceps



1890

Water Fowl killed at Secometh Point, Rhode Island.

April	17	18	20	21	
Surf Scoter	1	1	2	1	5
Black "	1		2	2	5
White w. "	1		3	1	5
Old Squaw	1		1		2
King Eider		1			1 18

Killed by Geo. H. Mackay

Surf Scoter	1	1	1		3
Black "	5	1		1	7
White w. "	2		1	1	4
Old Squaw	1				1
Loon		1			1
Horned Grebe		1			1 17

1870

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1890

Cambridge, Mass.

April 23 Warm with S. to S.W. wind. Ther. rising to 68°. The sun shining dimly most of the day through a filmy haze. Evening cloudy but with the young moon peeping out occasionally.

To the Swamp with Bolles this evening to hear the Snipe drum. We started at 6 and drove to the Pine Swamp where the carriage left us. As we walked in past Point Pond we heard Redwings and Robins singing. A few Grackles (*L. cinereus*), flying about. The Sparrows hopping in some willows, apparently as good wind food of them.

Reaching the place where the Snipe were heard on the 15th we walked down the cart path nearly to Beech Island. The sun had set and twilight was fastening fast but we waited several minutes before hearing a Snipe. Finally to the eastward one began humming. He soon came over us and we made him out at once, about 100 yds. up flying in a large circle every now and then dipping down on a glimmer incline and making a short listless hum. Finally he swooped in real earnest and disappeared against a dark cloud.

Taylor and Foley who had before this hailed us from the Mass. Central track now joined us. We soon saw the Snipe again. He came directly over us and then shot off on a long, steep decline towards the west descending fully 200 ft in as many yards and going like a bullet finally turning sharply upwards again & giving a prolonged humming. After this Bolles saw him a third time but none of

the rest of us could ~~not~~ get our eyes on him. He ceased drumming after this but soon began again and was heard at it when we left at 8 P.M. the night then being dark & cloudy.

A little after sundown a few Sparrows sang several times near us. Swamp Sparrows were in full song all over the meadow and one sang on wing. Heard Night Herons and saw Crows flying in and out of the maple swamp near Beech Island. Faxon thought he heard a Green Heron. He and Torrey saw a Wood Duck fly from Port Pond as they passed it on their way in.

Curiously enough we heard only one Rail the entire evening. This bird was a *Cardinalis*. It was calling *catta* at frequent intervals in the meadow just north of the Maple Swamp at about 8.15 P.M. as we passed on our way to West Cambridge.

1890

May 2

Cambridge & Belmont, Mass.

Clear and cool with bracing N. to N.E. wind.

Off with Batchelder for the whole day starting at 8.30 a.m. and getting back at 5.30 P.M.

We went after shrubs and wild flowers for transplanting and did not attempt to look for birds but as our way led up through the swamps and over the Belmont hills by Prospect St. to the "Willows" we saw and heard a number of species.

Yesterday was very warm (ther. 78°) and a Yellow Warbler appeared in our garden. Several were singing in the Fresh Pond swamps as we passed this morning. In the same place we heard two Least Flycatchers and saw eight or ten Grackles (sevens), the latter in the brushy swamp opposite Barkis's.

Over the brook meadows just east of Belmont a Sparrow Hawk was skimming. It must be a settled bird I think.

Along Prospect St. we heard two Brown Thrashers, several Mniotilta varia, a single D. virens and numerous Field Sparrows besides two or three Grass Finches.

On Rock Meadow were Red-wings in the usual number, Swamp Sparrows, Song Sparrows and a Meadow Lark. A few White-bellied & Barn Swallows (about three or four of each) and two Chimney Swifts were flying about a dozen Crows were carving and circling about a field on the hill-side beyond the meadow. B. tells me he saw as many there one day last spring. There was an acre or two

of cultivated land which must have offered them some special attraction.

During the drive homeward late in the afternoon we saw about a dozen White bellied swallows accompanied by two or three swifts flying over the swamp behind Block's.

Vegetation is rather far advanced but perhaps not much ahead of that of average seasons. Shad bush is on the point of flowering but we saw no blossoms actually out. Cow slips are in bloom, briches, Barberry bushes, privet and most of the other earlier shrubs covered with small leaves. A cherry tree in my garden opened its first flowers April 28th.

1890

Cambridge, Massachusetts

May 3

A clear rather cool day with warm sun. Evening
cloudy with very strong S.W. wind, a nearly full
moon occasionally showing dimly.

An evening
in the
Fresh Pond
swamps

Met Faxon near Hills Crossing by appointment
at 6.15 P.M. and spent the evening with him
walking down to Fresh Pond where I took
the 8.30 train for Porter's Station.

At the crossing I saw a small Falcon which
I believe to have been *F. sparverius* although I
could not make out its colors as it was
between me and the setting sun - hovering
over the meadows to the westward alternately
flapping its wings and hanging suspended. It
finally rose high into the air and tumbled
off before the strong wind going like a bullet.

As I walked down the track I could hear
numerous Rails, both Carolina and Virginia,
in the Fresh Pond swamps. A Meadow Lark
was whistling in the distance and a few
Robins and Red wings singing.

Joining Faxon near the bridge over the
Spy Pond branch we went together to Bush Id.
where we took a station on the N. side of
the dry ground on the edge of the meadows
between the site of the hill and the maple
swamp opposite. We hoped to hear a Snipe
drum but none appeared although we stayed
until it was nearly dark.

There was a single Crow in the maple
swamp opposite and while we were watching
him a pair of Wood Ducks rose straight
up among the trees showing distinctly against

the bright sky in the west as they crossed the open meadows going towards Port Pond. A moment later another started and turning came directly over us. I am very sure it was a drake. It followed the others and doubtless also went to Port Pond.

As twilight deepened the Swamp Sparrows sang freely on all sides in spite of the cold wind. One mounted into the air near us and sang on wing.

When it was nearly dark we started back. As we were pushing our way through a thicket we started a Veery who uttered his phew within a few yards of us.

Near Port Pond we heard a perfect medley of Rail voices, all Carolinas and all singing ka-e. There were four singing at once in the Port Pond swamp and at least three others on the open meadows to the north. All sang steadily but the notes of most of them lacked the full reedy tone heard later in the season. We started a Wood Duck near the outlet of the pond hearing its o-ank distinctly a number of times but failing to see it in the gloom.

Walking down the Pitch pine tracks we heard a Carolina Rail in the meadows just north of Glacialis but none to the eastward of this.

Hyla pickeringii in full chorus to-night all over the meadows. No other frog voices and no toads.

1890

May 7

Waltham - Belmont, Mass.

Clear and cool with chilly N. to N.E. wind.

Starting at 8.30 A.M. I drove to the Warren place in Waltham. Left the road at the old barn and climbing the hills descended into the valley beyond and worked up through the runs coming out on the cross road where George met me with the buggy. We then drove home by way of the "Willows".

Birds were rather numerous but there were few new comers. It was a poor singing day owing, probably, to the chilly wind, but Brown Thrashers, Black-throated Green Warblers, Black & White Creepers and a few other species were in good voice. I heard two Pair Warblers on the hill behind the Warren place and two Nashville Warblers in the runs. Chestnut-sided Warblers were also singing freely. Curiously enough I heard only one Field Sparrow but Grass Finches were singing all the forenoon. Saw a ♂ Black and Yellow Warbler and a Red-eyed Vireo, both silent. The Black & Yellow was among cedars on the edge of one of the runs. Sing birds were rather numerous and Oven Birds exceedingly so and singing freely. The Thrashers were the most conspicuous and noisy of the singing birds throughout the country bordering the runs. I heard them everywhere, often two or three at once. Probably most of them are migrants. On the drive home heard a Bobolink in full song in Warraby. Meadows Larks are very numerous this year. I heard four different birds this morning.

one on the Payson place, one in the meadows east of the Warren place, the other two on Rock meadows.

Met Fayon in the Warren runs. He showed me the spot where he heard a Woodcock sing in April at intervals between the 2nd and 26th. After the latter date he visited the place several evenings but heard nothing. There were two birds singing one evening. He searched all the runs for Woodcock but could find neither the birds nor their signs. I am inclined to think that the individuals he observed were migrants.

Vegetation has advanced but little since the 2nd. The thorn bush is now in full bloom and the brackens, barberry bushes and poplars are green with young leaves but the woods as a rule show little foliage. Columbines, violets, summerines, Saxifrage and an early Ranunculus in flower. Vanessa arctispia is the only butterfly at all numerous as yet.

1890

May 13

Cambridge, Mass.

Clear and warm. Wind S. W. - a pleasant, soft breeze all day.

To the Fresh Pond Swamp this morning, starting about 9 o'clock, driving to Allwife Brook and walking home. Within five minutes after my buggy had driven off and before I entered the swamp at all I heard as I stood on the causeway over the brook nineteen different species of birds as follows: Sylvania pusilla, one; Scirius monticola, two; Empidonax minimus, two; Parula, one; D. aestiva, four; M. melodia, two; M. palustris, one; Spinus tristis, one; Mimus carolinensis, one; Turdus fuscescens, one; Buteo borealis, one; Corvus carolinensis, one; Vireo flavifrons, one; V. olivaceus, one; Geothlypis trichas, one; Rallus virginianus, one; Setophaga ruticilla, one; Agelaius phoeniceus, several, and Hydromela ludoviciana, one.

To this list I added during the forenoon D. striata, D. coronata, and Myiarchus cinerascens and Loxia minor besides, of course, additional individuals of most of the species above enumerated. Although evidently there was no very heavy flight on this ground there was a fair showing of migrants and a large representation of such summer residents as find congenial homes in the swamp. Of the former class the Water Thrushes were the most numerous and I was rarely out of hearing of one or more of them. Of the latter class Yellow Warblers and Swamp Sparrows took the lead. The Crossbills (three birds) were flying low over the trees.

The maples were still nearly bare but the willows cast a thin shade and showed very green. The undergrowth of thad bush, viburnums etc. was far advanced in foliage. The grass in the meadows was 2 to 3 inches high. The thad bush was out of flower and

I noticed no flowers except a few daisies.

I passed a very delightful forenoon shooting a few birds and finding (in the meadow between the Maple Swamp & the Fitchburg R.R. no less than five Swamp Sparrows nests with eggs. Of course I looked for them - indeed spent an hour or more searching closely - but they were absurdly easy to find for all but one were in bunches of dry grass of last year's growth and these bunches were not numerous enough to make it at all difficult to inspect them all.

I did not cross the main Fitchburg tracks but after beating the North meadow turned back through the Maple Swamp and thence home by way of the Brickyard Swamp. In the tall maples I started a brown Night Heron and found a Flicker's nest in which the bird ~~was~~ at work attracted my attention by its hammering as I was brushing hastily past. I waited vainly, until my patience was exhausted, for the bird to come to the hole with a load of chips of which great numbers strewed the ground beneath but he went on pounding inside until I rapped on the trunk when he came out in great haste.

In the Brickyard Swamp I heard Yellow Warblers, Maryland Yellow-throats, Red-wings, a Cat-bird, Song Sparrows (no Swamps), and one Virginia Rail. There were no less than four Least Flycatchers in the big willows at the eastern end of this Swamp. Robins were numerous all over the opening, feeding on the ground. The steam shovel has made various roads since my last visit.

Concord, Mass.

1890
May 15

Cloudy with almost no wind. Began raining at 10 a.m. and continued with occasional short intermissions during the entire day.

To Concord by 9 a.m. train with Faxon. Got my boat at the Mause and at once started down river. Fewer birds than usual in the Mause orchard - a pair of White-bellied Swallows, a Least Flycatcher, several Robins and an Oriole or two. No Bluebirds or no Nuthatches, Bobolinks & Meadow Larks singing in the meadows across the river and Redwings along the banks. A Phoebe at the bridge.

On our way down to the meadows started three Solitary Sandpipers and as many Spotted King-birds in pairs flitting about the bottom bushes and willows. Bobolinks on every side & a few Swallows. An Osprey high in air flying down river. At the wooded reach above Hunt's Pond a Night Heron and a Wilson's Black-capt the latter singing in the top of a tall maple.

It began to rain just as we reached Hunt's Pond and in a few minutes it became a pouring pour. Evidently we were in for a wet day but we kept on to Ball's Hill. Just below Dullin's Hill heard an Oriole who inhabited the same Belt of river maples in 1886 and 1887. I recognized him at once by the high pitch of some of his notes.

At Ball's Hill landed and walked about for an hour or more in the dripping woods. Once, when the rain held up for a bit, the birds began to sing and we heard Red-eyes, a Junco, a Grosbeak and numerous Cat-birds.

Black & white Cuckers, Maryland Yellow throats etc.
A Meadow Lark also came from a distance
and alighting on the top of an oak in the
woods sang divinely for several minutes. Then
the rain came down again.

After eating lunch we decided to return to
town. Saw and heard many birds on the
way but nothing of particular interest. We heard
only one Rail (a Carolina) all day and, very
unaccountably, no Belted Gophers although we flushed
one of the latter from the thorn at Ball's Hill.

There were few Swallows on the meadows
considering the, for them, propitious conditions.
Certainly we did not see more than thirty.

The majority White-bellies & Ravens with a few
Crows and Hawks. No Martins seen or heard.

Rate in the afternoon as we were walking
up Monument Street in the rain we heard
a Hooded Merganser in full song in some white
pines in front of Mr. Lang's house.

Vegetation is in a curious condition now;
all the trees, both early and late, seem to be
at precisely the same stage. The leaves on
the oaks, chestnuts, walnuts and ash trees being
nearly or quite as far advanced as those of the
Birches, willows and poplars. The woods are now
very beautiful in coloring showing the greatest
variety of tints, light tender greens and salmon pinks
predominating. The grass on the meadows is
already nearly or quite a frost kill.

1890

May 16

A rarely beautiful morning the sky cloudless and of a pale, tender blue, the wind S.W. and very light - a mere breath, bearing the scent of innumerable flowers.

To the Warren runs starting at 8.30 A.M., spending most of the forenoon in the runs and driving back by way of Rock Meadow in time for dinner at 1 P.M.

From Mt. Auburn to the Warren place we passed through a succession of apple orchards, many with blossoms, and green fields sprinkled with dandelions and buttercups. Orioles, Beardless Flycatchers, Yellow Warblers and Vireos in the orchards and shade trees along the streets, Bobolinks & Meadow Larks in the meadows, all singing as if they would spit their little throats. The air fragrant with the odor of apple blossoms and lilacs.

In the cedars on the hill behind the Warren place I found just two migrants a D. striata & a D. maculosa; in the great valley with its several runs to the north of this hill two more, a Parula and a D. maculosa; in the dense cedar woods on the high ground north of the valley two more D. maculosa while I heard a fifth maculosa singing in Norway Spruces as we passed the Payson place. These were all the migrants - except a Water Thrush in the Willows - which I saw during the day. Taylor, whom I met near the Commonwealth Spring, had seen a D. blackburnian two D. canadensis, two D. maculosa and two Agelaius canadensis in Wareham and a Loxia stricklandi by the roadside near the east end of Millington Dam in E. Lexington. This for two observers on such a perfect morning at the height of migration

Time is certainly a scant showing. Where can the northern birds be?

The country is now well filled with summer residents. In the runs behind the Warren Place Redstarts, Red-eyed Vireos, Wilson's Thrushes, Cat Birds & such common birds were numerous. I also heard two Tanagers and three Grosbeaks here but not a single Golden-winged Warbler. Nashville Warblers were not numerous. I heard only one ♂ singing but saw two more, a pair which seemed to be hunting for a good nesting site.

Two Red-shouldered Hawks were circling over the woods, high in air, screaming incessantly. Saw a Hummingbird (my first this year) poised in front of a large cedar apple "blossom", evidently provoked by its singular composition. There were fewer Thrushes than on the 7th when I last visited this ground. Heard one Field Sparrow & one Grass Finch; also Purple Martins warbling high overhead. Two toads trilling on the edge of a pond. Chestnut-sided Warblers a few.

In the Willows saw only a few Song Sparrows, Yellow Warblers & Red-wings. Bobolinks singing all over the meadow. During my ~~short~~ drive to day I heard fourteen different notes of this species.

The Short-billed Marsh Wrens have returned to Rock Meadows. Faxon heard six different birds there in one day this week and four this morning. There was a Bittern jumping in April but he has not been heard this month. A few Carolina & Virginia Rails but no Marsh Hawks this year. One White-eyed Vireo on the oak knoll. As many Red-wings as usual.

Jack-in-the-pulpit & Columbines in full bloom.
Viola pedata past its prime.

Cambridge, Massachusetts

1890

May 17 Clear and cool with light E. to S. E. wind.

To the Fresh Pond swamps at 8.30 A.M. entering the Maple Swamp at Alewife Brook and after spending two hours there crossing the Fitchburg and finishing the morning in the meadows beyond.

Birds very numerous to day with a good sprinkling of migrants. At day break I heard a D. maculosa singing in the lindens in front of my window and as I drove up Sparks St. on the way to the swamps I heard another as well as a Parula in Dr. Weyman's willows. In the Maple Swamp I found four D. maculosa, two Sylvania pusilla, one S. canadensis and at least ten or twelve Water Thrushes all of them, except the Canada Warbler, singing freely. Equally cheerful migrants were a D. pennsylvanica and three Ministrella varia seen in this swamp while I think there were more than the summer quota of Carpodacus mexicanus of which I noted seven or eight. In the meadows south of the Fitchburg I saw a Troglodytes albertus a fine adult bird which started up in a thicket and after looking at me a moment flew down to the ground again.

My Flicker was at home again to day this time the ♀ bird. There was no sound of hammering but she came to the mouth of her burrow when I rapped on the stub, looked at me curiously a moment, then quietly drew back.

Seeing a number of Browned Grackles flying about over Heron Pond I determined to investigate the place. The water proved nearly one any long wading boots but I got in far enough to find

and examine our nest. It was built in the fork of a leaning alder only about 4 ft. above the water, and contained two eggs. There were about six pairs of birds in this place & doubtless there are four more nests.

After shooting eight or nine birds in the Swamp I entered the North Meadows and visited the Meadow Sparrows' nests left on the 13th. One had been robbed, one held four eggs, the third had a Song Sparrow in possession. I saw a Swamp Sparrow near the latter on the 13th & the nest was typical in position & construction but the eggs, at the time, looked to me like Song Sparrows' & I left them for further proof of identity. I left the lot of four Swamps' to-day because they were not fresh in any way but took a new nest with a lot of five beautifully marked eggs in the meadow north of the Fitchburg.

In this meadow I heard a Carolina and two Virginia Rails. This encouraged me to look for Rails' nests generally & Virginia Rails' in particular but I could find none although I spent an hour or more and searched every likely place.

The red maples in these Swamps are very backward for the season. In no place to-day did they cast any perceptible shade and their leaves are as yet not much larger than the proverbial mouse's ears.

A few Swallows of three species (horreorum, brevior & sepiaria) flying over the meadows but no Swifts seen. Found a Redstart's nest nearly finished & a Song Sparrow's with half fledged young. Drove back in time for dinner at 1 P.M.

Cambridge, Massachusetts

Evening at Port Pond

1890

May 18

Clear and cool. Wind S.E. changing to S.W. at sunset.

To the Fresh Pond Swamp with F. M. Chapman at 6 P.M.
Entered by the wood road skirting the east side of the Pine Swamp. Six or eight Grackles flying about in the swamp opposite Barker's & evidently nesting there. On the edge of the bog east of Port Pond, a Carolina Chick singing. He passed within a few yards of him but could not see him although he was in a narrow strip of thin, short grass between us and the water. Several others were uttering the "whimmy" at frequent intervals. Crossing the brook we took a station on the Fitchburg R.R. tracks north of the Swamp having the broadest part of the cut-tail belt between us and Port Pond. The south wind brought sounds distinctly to our ears from these cut-tails and in the course of the hour or more which intervened between our arrival and the setting in of complete darkness we heard many interesting birds.

Just after reaching our station we saw a Wood Duck rise from Port Pond and fly out over the Great Meadows finally alighting in Alewife Brook. Later two more came in to the pond skimming low down past us from the direction of Beech Island. Two Marsh Wrens (*palustris*) were singing steadily in the cut-tails near the railroad; Red-wings and Swamp Sparrows on all sides of us.

We had scarcely taken our stand when the mysterious bird heard last June in the meadow south of the Mass. Central tracks uttered the same prolonged, Cuckoo-like outcry near the outlet of Port Pond. Scarcely had its notes died away when

Another bird in the cat-tails directly in front of us began ~~screaming~~ screaming like a hen in the clutch of a hawk. Later we heard the long outcry three or four times more but at wide intervals and always in the same place. The hen-like screaming was repeated at brief intervals and the bird which made it evidently moved its position fifty yards or more during our stay. It varied its cries considerably and several times, after screaming, uttered the clucking sound which Fayon & I have heard at Wayland thus establishing its identity with the Wayland songster. Chapman identified some of its notes without hesitation as those of the Florida Gallinule. He was utterly at a loss to pronounce on the identity of the cluck-like voice but we all thought that at times it bore a resemblance to ^{some of the notes} ~~the notes~~ of the Gallinule. Perhaps it is the love song of the male of that species & the screaming cries ^{then} of the ♀. We heard both cries at 7.45 when it was nearly dark.

Soon after our arrival we heard the coo, coo-hoo-hoo of a Least Bittern. This was repeated many times & finally the bird rose from the cat-tails and flew about 100 yds. like a Rail giving us a good view of him. Just after sunset a Night Hawk appeared over the swamp, flying high. In the twilight, later, a Wilson's Snipe rose from the cat-tails and circled around as going off towards Buck Island scapingly hoarsely. One night heron came into the swamp at dusk & a solitary Sandpiper put wet-wet high in air overhead.

After dark we walked along the Central track to Allwife Brook & down the Fitchburg to Glacial. The meadows abin with Carolina Rails all calling er-e. *Hydrochelidon* a few. One *Rana palustris*. A few *Pipilo erythrophthalmus* none calling. A few *Rana palustris*.

Waltham, Lincoln, and Belmont, Mass.

1890

May 19

Morning cloudy, clearing by 10 a.m. Remainder of day sunny with fleecy clouds. Wind S.W. soft & strong.

Off with Chapman at 8 a.m. for a day's excursion inland. We drove up past the Warren place and then took the back roads to Lincoln past the Sweetenbosghian church. Made our first stop on the north side of Respect Hill where we tied the horse and followed a wood path that wound up the north-west side of the hill making twoitches down into narrow, deep glens. A good many birds here including three or four Tawnyers, two Hood Thrushes (both males singing), a Bicknell's Thrush, a Canadian Warbler, an Indigo Bird & the usual number of Red-eyes, Chippers (*Ministrella*) etc. I shot the Canadian Warbler & wounded the Bicknell's Thrush badly but lost the latter. As we came out at the road on our return found a flock of eight or ten Cedar Waxwings feeding in an oak nearly over our buggy.

We drove five or six miles before stopping again seeing a small *Buteo*, which we both felt was *B. pennsylvanicus*, near the spot where the road passes the great boulder & not far from the swamp where Frazar found a nest of a Great Horned Owl years ago. Common birds were numerous everywhere along this road.

In the picturesque wooded hollow just below (east of) the cemetery in Lincoln we halted for lunch. There were several interesting birds here, a *Buteo borealis* sailing high overhead, a pair of Phoebe, the ♀ sitting on four eggs in

a nest under an overhanging gravel bank, a Song Sparrow sitting on a nest which was placed in a grassy bank directly over the brook, a Black-poll Warbler singing in the oaks, and in the distance Juncos, Grosbeaks and two Hooded Mergansers.

From here we took the cross road to the Swampkill reaching which we turned westward again and drove through the Cane Swamp. At the east end saw a *Buteo borealis* and a pair of *B. lineatus*. The latter circling high in air & screaming. At the west end heard and finally saw a Golden-winged Warbler which was among oak scrub on a hillside. Chapman tried to shoot him but failed.

Came home by way of the Turnpike and Prospect St. stopping in the latter to visit the duck glen and again at the cold spring by the Cane.

During the day we saw a great number of common summer birds but actually only three which were certainly migrants, there being two Canadian and one Black-poll Warbler. Such a paucity of northern-bound species on a warm day at this date is certainly surprising.

Vegetation is not advancing rapidly and none of the trees in the woods are in full leaf. Wild geraniums, columbines, blueberry bushes, choke-cherry and *Pyrus arbutifolia* in bloom. Barbary blossoms nearly out.

Bobolinks seem to be unusually numerous this season. We must have seen or heard at least thirty different males to day.

Reached home at 6.30 P.M.

1890

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Evening at Port Pond.

May 21 Clear and cool. Wind S.E. & N.W. at sunset when it became warmer.

The reason I tell for this entry is the fact that I took the O.R. train for Hills Crossing and spent just one hour at the Port Pond swamp where I found Torrey. He had been on the ground the whole afternoon and had found a place near the top of the hill, on the western side of the swamp from which one can command the entire length of the broad ditch which separates the cat-tail bog from the flooded maple swamp. Sitting down here and keeping very still for two or three hours he had had no less than five flights at a Florida Gallinule which crossed the ditch into the woods and back again, always at the same point. Sometimes it swam directly across, at other times fed along by the way or climbed on a little island where it sat for some time washing and preening itself. He saw it cluck like the Mayland bird and also make signal of the sounds which we heard on the night of the 18th.

All this Torrey told me as we were walking down the track towards the hill. On reaching the hill we found the Gallinule out in the middle of the ditch but he saw us and swam to cover. It was so I got but a fleeting glimpse at his nodding head and neck and cocked up tail with its white under covert. He waited one half an hour but he did not reappear. We heard him and at least one other at frequent intervals making various calls in the cat tails and later in the evening we heard still another in the bog behind

the duck yard. Torrey and Faxon heard the same three birds Monday night.

As the twilight deepened two Wood Ducks skimmed past us and dropped into Port Pond. I got the glass on one of them and saw that it was a fine drake. The other also looked like a drake but I did not get a really good sight at him. Ten minutes later two, which may have been the same, came from the eastward and also dropped into the pond. A single Night Heron came in. Before sunset a Sparrow Hawk skimmed low over the swamp. The cat-tails were alive with Rails as usual and when one called the sound would be taken up by half a dozen others in quick succession.

Wood Ducks

I started for home at 7.30 walking down to Alewife Brook where George met me with the buggy. On the way heard two birds calling cutter, one in the bog north of the Pine Swamp brickyard, the other in the bushy swamp ~~between~~ between the birds in houses on Fresh Pond and the trumpet. As I was passing the swimming place on Glaciers several Night Herons began uttering their hoarse quakes in the Maple Swamp and one circled out over me.

Night Heron, Wood Ducks, Gallinules, Sparrow Hawk, Virginia and Carolina Rails! what a list of birds to see in one short hour in swamps intersected with railroads, ~~brick~~ dotted with brick yards, slaughter houses etc. and within less than a mile of the center of a city of fifty thousand inhabitants.

It is no less strange that these birds are all - except, perhaps, the Herons, quite as numerous in the swamps as they were twenty years ago.

1890

May 22

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

A day in the Fresh Pond swamps.

Cool with raw N. E. wind. The sun shining dimly through thin clouds.

To Fresh Pond swamps at 8.30 A. M. Denton following an hour later with basket, ^{egg}-boxes, camera, wading trousers etc. On reaching the swamp found Foxon ensconced in the gully on the knoll on the west side where Torrey's Sparrow last evening. He had heard the Gallinules a few times but had Gallinula gale not seen them. Soon after I joined him, however, one of them swam across the ditch into the flooded maple swamp. We tried to see it there but it discovered us and flew back into the cat-tail & willow bog. After Denton came another came out and spent fifteen minutes or more standing on an island in the middle of the ditch, first bathing most energetically, then preening itself, finally swimming back into the swamp. Later as Denton & I were eating lunch this or another bird came out three times in half an hour, bathing again. In the afternoon Foxon saw one bird several times and once two together.

At 10 A. M. I put on my wading trousers and entered the swamp keeping around that portion which the Gallinules haunt and picking the remainder closely for Rails' nests. I was much surprised to find five pairs of Va. Rails with broods of young and three nests with egg shells from which young had lately escaped. I also found twelve empty nests which contained no trace of shells. Some looked perfectly new and very neat, others disheveled. All were in the tops of tussocks. The Rails with young are very noisy and told following me about.

For a long time I found only two nests with eggs, both Blackbirds. Finally, as I was losing hope a Carolina Rail darted out of a clump of tall grass and crept off over

the floating vegetation with wings half-spread & trailing. Of course I knew what that meant and peeping into the grass I saw the nest which contained 14 eggs, one on top of the others. Later when I returned with a camera to photograph this nest the eggs all lay in a single tier.

There were a good many Red-wings in this Swamp, a few Swamp Sparrows, countless Rails of both species, and one Marsh Wren besides the Gallinules. Of the latter I heard at least three. They kept rather quiet while I was flashing about and crashing through the dry cat-tails.

A Green Heron flew into & from the Maple Swamp where we heard a Black-bell and Water Thrush singing. Grackles flying about continually. Swallows and a pair of Kingfishers. In the afternoon a Sparrow Hawk who caused great excitement among the Red-wings.

After lunch I crossed the railroad and made a long march in the big meadow south of the Central. Heard Carolina Rails and saw a pair of Va. Rails which evidently had young. Found by one Rail's nest, apparently a Virginia's, in willows choked with grass & built up above the water. Heard a Gallinule whom the "big mystery" called last June. One Marsh Wren here in cat-tails.

Crossed the railroad and tried the bog between the bridge and the Fitchburg. A terrible morass, with treacherous, quaking bottom & reeking with filth from the slaughter house. Found a Carolina Rail's nest with shells of eggs that had evidently been broken when fresh. Coming out I started a Va. Rail from her nest in a tussock on the very edge of the bog. One could reach it with slippery feet. Ten eggs. Took them but left the nest as I wish to get the tussock with it, later.

Denton left me here and went home. I joined Faxon and after seeing a Gallinule swim the ditch once more we parted he going to Warming & the Parker's by train.

A hunt for Red's eggs.

400

May 23

Went out with saw & wind.

Went to the swamp at 2 P.M. Hunt alone and spent most of the afternoon in hunting for nests. Again with the bush-grown meadow between the brick chimneys and the turnpike where I found a nest of the swamp sparrow with two eggs, a nest of a Yellow Warbler with nine eggs and a Maryland Yellow-throat nest with three eggs. I also occasionally visited the little rectangular pond in the meadow where I used to catch fish when I was a boy, as eastern Jordan is now a piece of bushes thirty or more feet high. Its western is an open marsh precisely as it was. A Wilson's Thrush was singing in the bushes, and a Meadow Lark in the grass, just on the border place.

The Maple swamp which I visited next yielded me nothing except a Yellow Warbler's nest and that I found sometime ago and laid a set of nine eggs. The Flicker's hole has not yet been found by the boys, apparently, as it was not cut open and heard the male carrying wax. In the willows along Alving Brook heard one Black-bellied Wren and saw another; then, with a Mniotilta varia singing which surely cannot be breeding there, were all the migrants I could find. Of summer residents there were about five Wilson's Thrushes (two singing), two pairs of Redstarts, two pairs of Catbirds, several Great Flycatchers, a pair of Grosbeaks, a pair of Yellow-throated Vireos, several Red-eyes and about the usual number of Robins, Red-wings and Yellow Warblers. The last are undoubtedly the most numerous birds in this swamp. There are no Cuckoos, apparently, in any part of the swamp this year. What can have become of them? White-eyed Vireos

... were some swimming for eight or ten years.

searched long in the further swamp for the nest of the Rose-breasted Grosbeaks, both of which clicked at me anxiously, but I found only two or three Robin's nests which I did not examine and a Cat-bird's with three eggs.

next took the meadow to the north and searched until I found the nest of a Carolina Rail which I have heard there several times this spring. In less than half an hour I started the bird from a tussock nearly underground and pushing the grass back in on a fine set of 12 eggs. Took them but left the nest which I mean to get tomorrow and all.

Crossing the Fitchburg tracks I entered the meadow beyond. A Carolina Rail calling ci-e and the cutter cry coming from the same spot. At first I thought one bird made both sounds but afterwards there seemed to be two. Both in a thicket of willows. Finally the ci-e came from a cluster of tussocks out in the open meadow. I splashed in and put up a Carolina Rail.

On the old embankment which crosses this meadow I saw a Virginia Rail. He came out into the path and being me made a long, swift run straight down the path.

Va. Rail

In the large meadow north of this embankment I found another Carolina Rail's nest. It was in a tussock which was one of three growing close together & surrounded by open water. Bird slipped off ten feet ahead and swam across the open water carrying her tail pointing straight up. Thirteen eggs.

Nest of
Carolina Rail

Having all my boxes filled to overflowing I started for home, walking all the way. A glowing sunset, the evening cool and still, many birds singing. Enjoyed the walk exceedingly.

Cambridge, Massachusetts

Evening at Pont Pond Swamp.

1870 Mass.

May 24 Cambridge. - Clear and warm with cool E. wind.

After spending the day in Boston I took the 4 P.M. train for Hills Crossing. As we passed Pont Pond I saw Faxon and some one whom I did not know standing together on the edge of the cat-tails, and upon walking back down the bank I found this stranger to be Dr. Clark of Haverly. He and Faxon had seen the Gallinule at the usual place in the ditches and were now looking at some Virginia Rails which evidently had young. They went back with me to the ditches and after waiting for a few minutes a Gallinule came out and bathed standing precisely in the spot where he has stood on very previous occasions. Faxon & Clark thought him (or her) less brilliant than the bird they had seen earlier in the afternoon.

Dr. Clark left us at 5 o'clock but Faxon waited another half hour with me. For a long time we neither saw nor heard the Gallinules then there was suddenly a great outcry and splashing among the bushes and out came two birds. The leading bird, evidently a ♀, swimming swiftly with tail depressed, the other a superb ♂, in hot pursuit, thrashing the water with his wings in his eagerness to overtake her. As with open bill he at length darted his head forward to seize her, evidently with amatory designs, she eluded him by suddenly dodging. He then swam around her several times in a narrow circle, his tail erect, his frontal plate blazing like a red-hot coal, and apparently much inflated, although of this we could not make sure. After a while they separated the ♀ taking to the bushes the ♂ climbing up on his favorite station and standing there for some time.

During the pursuit the ♂ (presumably) uttered a cry which we have not heard before. He heard several of the other notes also but the birds, on the whole, were much less noisy to-day than heretofore.

Have left at 6 o'clock when I walked over to the Central tracks and eastward along the embankment.

Nothing of interest in these meadows so I returned to the Port Pond swamp. Saw a fine drake Wood Duck rise from the pond at sunset and fly off to the Bush Island swamp where he pitched down among the maples. Wood Duck.

A Marsh Wren (*poliostris*) near me seemed to be the only *Cistothorus* in this swamp and he was making enough noise for a dozen birds crying incessantly and every now & then mounting and singing on wing.

While listening to him I suddenly heard a song new to me; a low ^{but} exceedingly musical twere, wit-wit-wit-wit wit, the first note prolonged and higher than the others which were all in the same key. This song was repeated three or four times at short intervals. It resembled somewhat one of the bars of the song of Bachman's Finch. The bird was among the cut-tails very near the Marsh Wren. Bird song new to me.

I suspected the latter of being the author of this strange song and also thought of Lincoln's Finch about the only small bird found in Eastern N. A. which I have not heard sing.

Full frogs in full chorus to-night for the first time; also green frogs, and toads uttering the summer cry. No Hylas. Mosquitoes annoyed us somewhat for the first time this season. Frogs.

Took the 7.01 train for Cambridge.

Cambridge Massachusetts
Port Pond Swamp.

1890
May 28

Mass

Clear and warm with, however, the E. wind which has been so universal of late.

To the Swamp with Spelman at 10 a.m. driving up in a coupe and returning the same way at 1 P.M.

Although all the conditions seemed favorable it proved a poor day for birds and we saw or heard but few. On reaching the Swamp we took the usual stand at the ditch and spent the forenoon there watching for the Gallinules but only one appeared and he swam directly across under cover of the bushes on the island. We heard him call only three times in all. On the way back heard a Gallinule call over in the bog east of the causeway.

Our ill success was doubtless due partly to the appearance of a boy and two men who stayed with us most of the morning talking and moving about. One of the men has lived on the edge of this Swamp for three years. He has a large poultry yard on the hill west of the pond. He told us that he has seen broods of young Wood Ducks in the Swamp both of the past two summers. Last year there was a brood of young Blue-winged Teal there. They associated with his tame ducks and came ashore to be fed with them. He impressed me as being a truthful person and he was certainly unusually intelligent and observing. He sees an occasional musk in the Swamp and there are innumerable musk rats. Of the latter over 300 were caught by two trappers of his acquaintance last autumn and winter. His son, a boy of seven or eight years of age,

Ducks breeding
in Port Pond

claims to have found a Wood Duck's nest with ten eggs, last year, "in a hollow root" on the edge of Port Pond. The Wood Ducks, old or young, never associate with his timber ducks. Last year there was only one brood of young Wood Ducks in the swamp and but three young in this brood. The musk rats destroy many eggs. They will steal the eggs from under a sitting duck by digging up from beneath. Eight eggs were taken thus from one of his ducks and he found them all in a musk rats burrow some broken & sucked, others whole but showing marks of the rats' teeth.

This man assured us that fever & chills were now prevalent over this whole swamp region. He nearly every family here one was down with malaria every week or two. He thinks the swamps will be drained within a year or two. This will abate the malaria scourge and reclaim a vast tract of rich farming lands but where shall we go to study Rails and Admirals there?

Malaria

In the autumn there is good shooting in this swamp. A son of Dr. Spaulding the Episcopal clergyman of Cambridge keeps a boat in his barn and spends the early mornings paddling about in the swamp. Last year in Sept. and October he killed a number of Wood Ducks. Black Ducks seldom come there now but four alighted in the pond one morning this Spring.

Shooting in
Port Pond

Oak Island and Lynn Marshes, Mass.

— Hunt for Sharp-tailed Sparrows

1890

May 26

Blandy with drift E. wind and occasional shower of rain.

Met Fayou by appointment at R. R. & B. R. R. Station in Boston where we took the 9 A.M. train for Oak Island returning by 3.53 P.M. train.

In entering the oak grove which shades the pie-vie grounds we found numerous Yellow Warblers, a Parula, and a Black-poll singing but their notes were well nigh drowned by the clamor of the countless English Sparrows which were nesting not only under the eaves of the tawdry-painted

Oak Island

English Sparrows
nesting in oak
woods.

other but also, in several instances, high up in the forks of the oaks where their large globe-shaped nests were conspicuous objects. Beyond the Eastern R.R. tracks, in the as yet primitive woods, renowned among ornithologists for the many rare and curious plants which grow in such profusion under the shade of the oaks, maples and basswoods, there were few if any Sparrows but an extraordinary number of Yellow Warblers, several Redstarts, Robins, Maryland Yellow-throats, Oven birds, Wilson's Thrushes, Song Sparrows, another ^{a water thrush,} ^{a Mocking,} ^{a Red-eyed Vireo,} ^{a Hooded Grackle,} and along the edges of the wood, a few Red-wings. I have rarely, in this region, seen so many small birds crowded into a little space and as nearly all of them were singing the noise they made was really confusing. How many of them were migrants I cannot tell. We found several nests. A Yellow Warbler with five eggs and a Robin's Song Sparrow with young.

it natural
aviary

After spending nearly an hour in these woods watching and listening to the birds and examining the leaves or blossoms of the various strange looking plants which, in many places, formed dense beds of vegetation, we started out over the marshes in pursuit of Sharp-tails and

Rare & curious
plants

waders. Of the latter we both heard one uttering a short graying call which I did not recognize and Faxon saw another, a large bird flying high and whistling like a Plover he thought. Not a single Yellow-leg on the marsh not even a Pipit seen all day.

Waders

We found our Sharp-tails however, and in abundance for we counted up at least twenty. Three different birds at the end of the day, and doubtless saw fully twenty-five in all. We shot ten, Faxon four and I six. All of them, as well as all the we saw sufficiently well to identify, were subrigatus. There was one shy bird which looked different from the others and which may have been condacutus but we did not get a very good view of him.

Sharp

My notes on one experience with these Sharp-tails are so fully expressed elsewhere that I need enter nothing further on the subject here. I lost one wounded bird in a ditch and missed another bird. It was exciting sport chasing them about along the winding creeks.

The marshes were very green and in places nearly as smooth and perfect as a closely shaved lawn. Along the ditches only was there any of the hard ridges, just year's growth.

Marsh

As we were waiting in the train at Clark Island we saw three Herring Gulls, all gray birds, pass over the sea. On the great marshes there were besides the Sharp-tails a few Savannah Sparrows (singing), two or three Crows, and occasional Swallows wandering about.

1890

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

A hunt for Rail's nests in Fresh Pond swamps

May 28

Morning clear, afternoon alternately cloudy and clear with frequent heavy showers and strong N. wind.

To the swamps with Francis at 2 P.M. one object being to find a Rail's nest or two if possible. Began the search by entering the meadow N. of the Hitchcock and W. of Abner's Brook. The heavy rain of yesterday had raised the water at least five inches and we found it knee-deep everywhere and waist-deep in the ditches.

In the first bit of meadow I started a Wood Duck from a pool among cat-tails and found a Red-wing's nest with young. In the big meadow beyond the first broad ditch Francis started a Least Bittern in the extensive bed of cat-tails where we heard the Gallinule last year. He also found a lot of fine Swamp Sparrow eggs. Several Carolina Rails calling but we could find no nest. Crossed the Central R.R. and tried the meadow bordering Little River. Several Rails here, also, I thought well, I had a nest, when one darted out of the top of a tussock directly under my nose as I was parting the grass with my hand but the tussock contained no sign of a nest, a few yards further on in the top of another tussock I found a single egg of a Carolina Rail an inch or more under water. Francis broke this egg and found it perfectly fresh.

There were at least three Marsh Wrens (*Caliopterus*) singing in this meadow and I found a "cock" nest, very new and fresh looking. There were none here last June.

It now began raining heavily and we started back talking, on our way, the meadow ~~west~~ of the brook. In a bed of scattering cat-tails Francis found a Carolina Rail's nest with broken eggs, the nest in the top of a tussock within 100 yds. of the spot where I took the lot of thirteen eggs on the 23rd.

He started two Virginia Rails in this meadow as well as a Green Heron which flew from the bank of the brook

under a large willow. Another Green Heron came out of the
Mud Swamp as we were passing the swimming place
on Glacial's. Just before we reached the Harper's I heard
a Gallinule cry out, apparently in the marsh on the N. side
of Glacial's.

There were a few White-bellied and Purple Swallows and
quite a number of Barn Swallows flying over these
marshes to-day.

Belmont, Mass. November 18.

1870

Forenoon in the Prospect St. Room.

May 27 : in day with much cloudiness and cold N.E. wind.

Starting at 8.30 A.M. I drove to Prospect St. George left me at the cedar woods where the road intersects and returning at 12.00 I was at the pine near the glen.

My route was through the cedar woods, past the Owl orchard, over the barberry pasture on the hill just S.W. of Arlington Heights, down into the head of the Birch woods, thence down those woods, across the sand oak, then to the pine on Prospect St., across Prospect St. through the deep glen to the Concord turnpike.

I spent most of the morning searching the barberry pasture for Prairie Warblers' nests and with such success that I found some in all, 4, 4, 5 and 4 eggs respectively, all fresh or nearly so. The first nest was in a hollow in the hilly pasture S.W. of the Owl orchard, my next at the foot of the slope beyond, my third near the pine on Prospect St. and not ten yards from where I found two nests (a first & second laying) in June 4, 1878, my fourth nearly over to the turnpike where Dwight took a nest last year. The barberry bushes were in full bloom to-day marking, as on so many previous occasions, the exact time for full sets of fresh eggs of *D. discolor*.

Throughout the country which I traversed during my walk Chestnut-sided Warblers were much less numerous than in former years and I heard no White-eyed Vireos. With the exception of these two species all the characteristic birds of this region were just up to their normal number and several species were more numerous than I have ever found them here before. My actual count I heard singing seven Nashville Warblers and five Brown Thrashers. Both of these birds as well as several others were particularly numerous in the hollow at the head of the Birch woods.

I heard only a single *H. chrysoptera* in the run near the pine on Prospect St. In the glen I found a few *S. v. l.* one of which acted as if working together about some one very dead.

in a muscogee apple tree. I looked carefully for the
nest but could not find it.

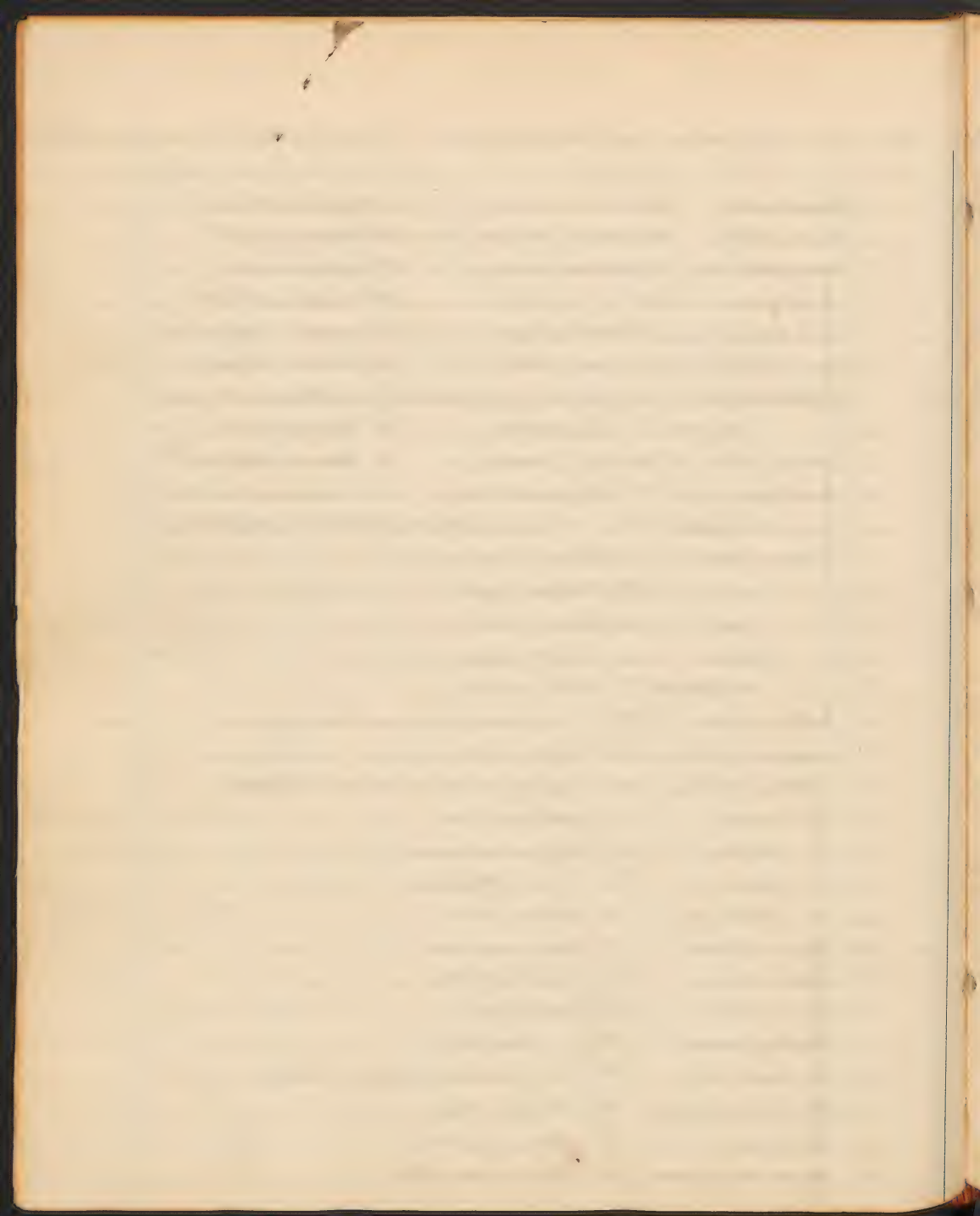
The woods are now nearly - but still not quite - in full
leaf. Columbines are still in bloom but past their prime. Kid-pinks
in full bloom about ledges and in crevices of boulders in the
open pastures showing in fine contrast to the gray stones.

In Prairie Warblers' nests I found two Cat-birds'
! 4 or 5 eggs! an Oven-bird's 3 fresh eggs, a Chestnut-sided Warbler's
(empty).

There were a few migrants about to-day. Before starting
this morning I heard and saw a fine ♂ *D. maculosa*
in a cherry tree in my garden and near the head of the
birch runs I found a Black-poll, a Canadian Warbler (shot)
and a ♂ *D. maculosa*, all together in a swamp and all
singing. I also found and shot a ♀ *D. maculosa* in
B. S. S. bushes in an open pasture.

Birds observed along Sudbury River, Mass. between Concord & Saxonville, May 30, 31 and June 1, 1880.

- | | | |
|--|--|---|
| 1 <i>Turdus fuscus</i> | 32 <i>Passerculus savanna?</i> | 63 <i>Tyrannus carolinensis</i> |
| 2 <i>Merula migratoria</i> | 33 <i>Peucaea graminea</i> | 64 <i>Sayornis fusca</i> |
| 3 <i>Minus carolinensis</i> | 34 <i>Melospiza melodia</i> | 65 <i>Contopus virens</i> |
| 4 <i>Harporhynchus</i> | 35 " <i>palustris</i> | 66 <i>Empidonax minimus</i> |
| 5 <i>Sialia sialis</i> | 36 <i>Pipilo erythroph.</i> | 67 <i>Chordeiles virginianus</i> (one) |
| 6 <i>Parus atricapillus</i> | 37 <i>Hydromela lud.</i> | 68 <i>Botaurus lentiginosus</i> |
| 7 <i>Cistothorus palustris</i> | 38 <i>Sparagopsis cynaen</i> (June 1 st) | 69 <i>Ardetta exilis</i> (May 31 st) |
| 8 " <i>stellaris</i> (May 31 st) | 39 <i>Spizella pusilla</i> | 70 <i>Limnoides macularius</i> |
| 9 <i>Minutilla varia</i> | 40 " <i>socialis</i> | 71 <i>Gallinula galeata</i> (May 31 st) |
| 10 <i>Helminthophila ruf.</i> | 41 <i>Chrysomitris tristis</i> | 72 <i>Porzana carolina</i> (two only) |
| 11 <i>Parula americana</i> (two) | 42 " <i>pinus</i> (May 30 th & June 1 st) | 73 <i>Aix sponsa</i> (2 @ May 31 st) |
| 12 <i>Dendroica aestiva</i> | 43 <i>Dolichonyx oryzivorus</i> | |
| 13 " <i>virens</i> | 44 <i>Molothrus fuscus</i> | |
| 14 " <i>pinus</i> | 45 <i>Agelaius phoeniceus</i> | |
| 15 " <i>peninsul.</i> | 46 <i>Sturnella magna</i> | |
| 16 " <i>thiata</i> (May 30 th) | 47 <i>Icterus galbula</i> | |
| 17 <i>Geothlypis trichas</i> | 48 " <i>flavus</i> (May 30 th ; June 1 same bird again) | |
| 18 <i>Scirpus americanus</i> | 49 <i>Limicola atrovirens</i> | |
| 19 <i>Setophaga ruticilla</i> | 50 <i>Ceryle alcyon</i> only one during entire trip (40 miles) | |
| 20 <i>Vireo olivaceus</i> | 51 <i>Chaetura pelagica</i> | |
| 21 " <i>flavifrons</i> | 52 <i>Coccyzus americanus</i> | |
| 22 " <i>gilvus</i> | 53 " <i>erythrophthalmus</i> | |
| 23 " <i>solitarius</i> (one) | 54 <i>Colaptes auratus</i> | |
| 24 <i>Parus erythronotus</i> | 55 <i>Corvus americanus</i> | |
| 25 <i>Ampelis cedrorum</i> | 56 <i>Cyanocitta cristata</i> | |
| 26 <i>Progne purpurea</i> | 57 <i>Buteo borealis</i> | |
| 27 <i>Hirundo horreorum</i> | 58 " <i>bicolor</i> (?) | |
| 28 <i>Tachycineta bicolor</i> | 59 <i>Circus hudsonius</i> (only one during trip) | |
| 29 <i>Petrochelidon lunifrons</i> | 60 <i>Accipiter cooperi</i> | |
| 30 <i>Cotile riparia</i> | 61 <i>Ortyx virginiana</i> | |
| 31 <i>Baropodacus purpureus</i> | 62 <i>Ardea virescens</i> (three) | |



1890

May 30

Fair and cool with beautiful varying cloud effects and occasional burst of sunshine. Wind light and shifting in A.M. strong & steady from S.E. all the afternoon.

At 10 A.M. started from Concord with Spelman in my ^{small} Boston boat. While getting our things in place I heard in the grounds about or near the Manor the following birds singing: Scalia hris, Dendroica aestiva, D. virens, D. striata, Vireo olivaceus, Melospiza melodia, Spizella socialis, Habia ludoviciana, Progne purpurea, Dolichonyx oryzivorus, Icterus baltimore, Agelaius phoeniceus, Tyrannus carolinensis, Coturnix virens, Empidonax minimus and Chrysomitris pinus. The last a single individual which alighted on the edge of the water to drink.

In the pines at Mr. Hoar's Landing a few Grackles were flying about. A Vireo solitarius singing in an isolated cluster of oaks & birches on the side of Herk's Hill opposite Mr. Sanderson's place.

At Fairbairn Cliffs we landed and photographed a Robin sitting on her nest in a low pine. D. striata singing in wild apple trees. A Parula singing in the pines across the river.

At Martha's Point we landed and lunched with Bombard and Hightman. A Parula's nest, with young nearly large enough to fly, on the face of the ledge near the spring. A pair of Red-tailed Hawks soaring over the pines on Sea's Cliff.

Little above Sea's Bridge we heard a low musical, well defined note with a peculiar deep or sonorous intonation, coming at regular intervals from the grass on the flooded meadow. On paddling to the place we could find nothing but a ♂ Red-winged Blackbird.

We did not suspect him at first but after he had changed position a few times, taking the bell-call to each new place we became convinced that he was really the author of the sound. It was evidently his song, for he uttered no other.

In reaching the Duckway Meadows we found them all under water and among the channel; the water, however,

straight course for the Hayland bridge making the entire distance under sail close-hauled, with a good breeze.

As the boat dashed through the tops of the tall grasses and water plants it dislodged immense numbers of green-winged insects which I took to be *Ephemera* of some species and which annoyed us to crawling over our necks, faces & hands, faster than we could brush them off. We started a pair of Wood Ducks about mid-way of the meadow and heard a pair of muskrat rats uttering their peculiar murmur.

Marsh Wrens began to be heard as we neared the bridge and continued in increasing numbers through the meadow beyond the second bridge to the tower. Red-wings were scarce the entire distance from Covered swing, probably, to the high stage of water. We heard no *Botaurus* until after passing the first Hayland bridge and no Rails at all.

Just above the first bridge we landed and tried at three houses to get accommodations for the night. No success in this attempt but we were repaid by finding a large colony of House Swallows nesting on the side of a barn and hearing as well as seeing an immature Orchard Oriole which was singing in a tall elm.

Continuing on we reached the upper bridge at sunset. As we neared it an immense flock of Cedar Birds rose from an orchard to the S. and mounting high in air went off to the N. in a great straggling body which covered an area of fully an acre. I counted eighty and did not get them all at that.

We arranged to spend the night at Mr. Dudley's, a new house near the bridge on a knoll commanding a fine view of the river.

Water buttercups in full bloom along the entire course of the river in places forming solid beds of gold.

Harland to Insonville, Mass. 1895

1895

May 31 A perfect day, cloudless or nearly so from sunrise to sunset, with strong, fragrant N. wind all the afternoon.

I was awakened soon after day break by a Chatterer which jumped in the meadow below the house at frequent intervals for nearly two hours after sunrise. Robins & Meadow Larks were also singing on every side. Besides these species we heard ^{or saw} from the piers while waiting for breakfast *Melospiza melodia*, *Spizella socialis*, *Poecetes*, *Cardinalis*, *Dendroica aestiva*, *Geothlypis trichas*, *Merula migratoria*, *Ampelis*, the four Swallows, *Icterus galbula*, *Empidonax minimus*, *Pyrrhuloxia carolinensis*, *Colaptes*, *Chondestes* and *Agelaius* in all twenty-one species.

We started up river at 8 A.M. It was dead calm and the sun shone strong and warm from a sky without a cloud. The birds sang as if they were all mad with joy or love. Red-wings were abundant for we had passed the flooded meadows and then we great thickets of button bushes and patches of grass not under water. Marsh hens were numerous for a mile or two and we heard one Quail-bill. Then the meadows ceased altogether and after we had passed the entrance to Kerk's Pond the river was confined in most places between high steep banks for the most part heavily wooded. There were some beautiful little bays - thus overhanging narrow, straight reaches, broad pools with black willows, a fine old stone arch bridge with an elm leaning the tips of its branches in the water. We heard the first Nashville Warblers noted on the trip and saw two Cooper's Hawks.

After passing the stone arch bridge the river became very swift ~~and~~ narrow & winding with a high, wooded ridge on our left and an open meadow pasture on the right. Some of the scenery here resembled that on the Connecticut but was wilder and altogether finer. We found a large colony of Bank Swallows nesting in a sand bank and took some photographs of them.

holes.

At length the wild country came to an end and as we approached Extonville we passed through semi-cultivated grounds with patches of woods cleared of undergrowth, a rustic bridge crossing the river and glimpses of houses and gardens through the trees. Many birds singing here, Geothlypis trichas (obvious at flavifrons) Wilson's Thrushes etc. Howlers (Carpinus) numerous along the banks. Beds of wild geraniums under the trees.

A glimpse at Extonville with its factories & shops was enough and turning the boat we shot down stream for a mile or two finally landing on the wooded bank and eating lunch under the shade of some hemlocks. A Marsh Hawk beating about over the meadows here was the only one seen during our entire trip.

After lunch we ran down to Herd's Pond which we entered and crossed. After a nap in the boat under the shade of some trees, where thousands of dragonflies had collected apparently to gain shelter from the strong wind, we put the boat into a brook through which, we had been told, we could paddle to West Brook.

It proved a hard task for the narrow channel although deep enough was impeded by a perfect tangle of bushes and goose vines. But at length we heard Marsh Wrens singing ahead and soon emerged into West Brook meadows. Reaching the channel of this deep but tortuous stream we paddled up it to E. Sudbury a distance of about three miles. During this distance I heard by actual count fifteen Short-Billed Marsh Wrens. For the first mile they were side by side with even more numerous Song-Bills but after that the canary grass ceased and with its disappearance we left the Song-Bills behind. A big Bittern was porcupine in the meadows all the time we were there & we heard one least Bittern covey as we returned. Near the mouth of the brook we also heard a Florida Gallinule.

After supper took a short walk. A perfect moonlight night. Small frogs, toads, pied-billed frogs & green frogs very noisy. One Carolina Chickadee singing no two well and two Robins & Mockers.

Wayland to Concord, Massachusetts

1890

June 1

Cloudless with strong N.W. wind yet warm—perhaps the warmest day thus far.

We started down river at 8.30. No Bitterns jumping and only one Carolina Rail which whinnied in the marsh below the railroad bridge. Photographed a King Bird's nest with 4 eggs in button bushes over water. Found a snapping turtle of the largest kind but very young and not larger than a small banner floating on the surface in the middle of the river. He made no attempt to elude my hand and I took him into the boat.

Landed just above the lower bridge and spent about two hours watching the Sav. Swallow colony and taking notes on their interesting social economy. The Orchard Oriole singing at frequent intervals in an orchard some distance from but within hearing of the clam where we left him May 30th. Least Flycatcher and Warbling Vireos singing. One Barn Swallow among the Saws.

Crossed the big meadows again under sail. Found a Red-wing's nest with one egg which the water just reached on the under side the bottom of the nest being very wet.

Lunched under a meadow oak a little above Panty Brook. Chestnut-billed Warblers singing all along the wood edges. Two Yellow-billed Cuckoos calling.

Resumed our way at 2 P.M. Wind very strong giving us some hard work but we had the current with us and occasionally used the sail for a short stretch. One Red-wing with the bell-note in the same place where we saw him on the 30th.

A Red-tail Hawk again bearing our Fairbairn. The only Indigo Bird noted during the entire trip singing in maple woods just below Min Ace Bridge. On the sloping gravelly bank opposite the French's farm a dozen Song Sparrows

were congregated alighting in little clusters on the ground then whisking off again.

The Solitary Vireo heard on the 30th again singing in the isolated cluster of oaks & hickories on Herd's Hill. Reached the Manor at 4.30 P.M.

During the entire trip I did not hear or see a single Hood Thrush, Hudson's Bunting or Yellow-winged Sparrow. Barn and White-bellied Swallows, Bobolinks & Red-wings were less numerous than usual, Rose-breasted Grosbeaks in exceptional abundance.

Cambridge & Haverly, Mass.

1890

June 8

Cloudy all day with N. E. wind and heavy thunder shown just after dark in the evening.

At 9.30 A.M. met Fayor by appointment at Port Pond Swamp to hunt for the Gallinule's nest Denton joining us later with a large basket, spade etc.

Faxon and I entered the swamp near the E. end at 10 A.M. and at once began a most thorough search taking every tussock, bed of cat tails and dense thicket of willows or wild rose bushes in detail. At precisely 11.15 A.M. I found the nest I found the nest in a place where I was not really looking for it—an opening surrounded thinly with hollow herbs with no flags, tussocks or other dense growths near. I was passing the edge of this country thicket when my eye was suddenly arrested by what seemed to be a floating mass of bleached cat-tails anchored among the stems of the bushes and from its light "dead-grass" coloring very conspicuous on the dark water. Moving a step or two forward I saw the eggs, a great pile of them it seemed and indeed there were ~~was~~ less than twelve. I at once shouted to Fayor who came up from the other side and standing a few feet apart with the nest between us we peered our eyes long and eagerly on this great prize, the first nest of a Florida Gallinule ever taken in Massachusetts and the only one that either of us had ever seen in situ. It was a great shame not to get a photograph of the nest and its contents, just as we found it, but as the day was dark and misty I had left my Kodak at home and dared not risk making one of both eggs and nest in a swamp where muskrats and crows are ever on the watch for such tid bits. Accordingly I packed the eggs carefully and took the nest out in

a large basket, to where Dutton stood awaiting me.

We saw few birds of interest this morning save a Sparrow Hawk which perched on the stump until the Red-wings attacked and drove him off and a Least Bittern flushed by Faxon from a bed of cat-tails. The latter must be breeding here.

We found many Red-wings nests with young and started out a few young which had left the nests and taken to the bushes but none of the latter were really strong on the wing.

Later in the afternoon I drove to Wardsley and spent the evening with Faxon who had promised me a chance to hear a Gray-chubbed Thrush sing. This bird had sung for three days in early morning & late evening in a thicket near F's house. He disappointed us to a great degree by leaving the thicket before we could get there but I heard him sing several times at a distance of about 150 yds. The song was wonderfully like the Vireo's at that distance and his phew call almost identical with the latter's.

I heard many other common birds but Faxon tells me that the singing of birds generally is declining fast. A Cat-bird near his house has almost ceased and he hears Meadow Larks and Bobolinks much less frequently than he did a week ago.

1890 1

June 6

Cloudy with N.E. wind and dense mist (almost a fine rain) all the day. In the evening a heavy thunder shower.

Met Faxon at Port Pond Swamp by appointment at 2.30 P.M. our chief object being to look for the nest of the Great Bittern which he flushed there yesterday. After about an hour's search we found it within 30 yds. of where he saw the bird and not 20 yds. from the site of the Gallinule's nest. It was in a very open situation, in an isolated cluster of tall cat-tails on the edge of a small pond. The nest showed plainly from two points and one of the 5 light bluish green eggs caught my eye from a distance of at least 15 yds. The eggs were warm but we saw nothing of either of the birds. I took the eggs but left the nest in order to get a photograph of it in situ later.

As during yesterday's search we found a surprising number of Red-wings' nests in this swamp. There seemed to be one every few yards built usually 2 ft or more above the water in cat-tails or bushes. Most of them contained young of various ages and there were also many young out of the nests sitting in the tops of the bushes.

We heard several Virginia Rails which evidently had young & called ki-ki a pink but only two gave the big note. There seemed to be no Carolina Rails in this swamp either yesterday or to-day but a chorus of their whinnying calls came from the bog east of the causeway as we passed. Heard only one ke-ke to-day & none yesterday.

Our Gallinule called twice this afternoon within 30 yds. of the site of her ravished nest so they are likely to breed again here.

While we were in this swamp the Sparrow Hawk which we have seen so often this spring scolded overhead closely pursued by the White-bellied Swallows which are nesting in the rigid globe

There were two Marsh Wrens singing in the cat-tails as usual one of them giving his peculiar wit-wit-wit-wit-wit addition with great effect & very frequently.

Green Herons flying about as on yesterday. A single Wood Duck also.

At 4 P.M. we left the Post Pond Swamp at 4 P.M. and crossed to the big meadow south of the Central where we beat the explorer bell & cat tails rather superficially. Scarcely had we entered them when a ♂ Least Bittern rose about 20 yds. ahead and after flying some 60 yds dropped into the flogs again. Here when he started I found a nest which had evidently been made by a Least Bittern but which apparently was a last year's one. It was scarcely half the size of the Post Pond one and was composed wholly of flags, and placed only 8 or 10 inches above the water in an open situated among short, sparse cat tails. It ~~was~~ caught my eye at fully 20 yds. distance.

Faxon left me here and I went on alone taking a beautiful lot of 5 eggs with the nest (also a beauty) & the Red-winged Blackbird and finding another Gallinule's nest perfectly new but empty, water-soaked, and, I fear, abandoned. It was in the middle of a dense bed of tall cat-tails & was supported by thin broken down stems as well, perhaps, as by its own buoyancy for it seemed to be floating on the water. I did not go very near it & dared not examine it closely.

In a willow by Alice's Brook a Wood Pewee, the only one I have seen in the swamps this year, was uttering its mournful note. Very few Swamp Sparrows seen & only three heard.

Next crossed the Fitchburg and secured the nest of the Carolina Rail found on the 24th with 12 eggs, taking tursock & all, a hard and tedious job. The young Swamp Sparrows in the nest near the Rail's were fully feathered & sprang from the nest as I touched them. I took & killed two. Passed through the Maple Swamp out. Two Yellow-billed Cuckoos & a pair of flavifrons the only birds flying there.

1840

Seymour (or River B.) Marshes, Mass.

A hunt for Sharp-tailed Finches

June 7 Early morning dark and threatening the clouds breaking away and the sun coming out at 10 a.m. Rest of day clear & warm with pleasant E. S. breeze.

Met Faxon by appointment on the 7.55 train at Potter's and with him traversed to the Saugus branch of the Eastern at Charlestown and went to East Saugus where we entered the great Lynn marshes.

As we passed through orchards interspersed with oak groves on our way from the station to the marsh we heard several Orioles, ^{Birds in} ~~East Saugus~~ a Warbling Vireo, a Purple Finch, and numerous Song Sparrows and Robins. On the edge of the marsh a Bobolink and Meadows Lark were singing in a mowing field and a Quail whistling in the distance.

On reaching the marsh we both heard a fragment of a song which A. atririgatus I at once guessed to be that of a Sharp-tailed Finch and the next moment saw the bird—certainly a Sharp-tail and apparently atririgatus—rise and fly a few rods alighting again on the edge of a creek. We beat the place carefully but could not find the bird again. Then or four hundred yards further on I started a very pale atririgatus on the edge of a broad creek which it, of course, crossed without hesitation and thus escaped. A third, however, which I came upon in very short grass near the edge of a pool was very tame and easily secured. We found no others in this Saugus division of the marsh although we beat over an immense extent of excellent ground. There were a few Savanna Sparrows singing, perhaps one to every fifty acres.

Crossing the turnpike we traversed the marsh north of the river without seeing a bird of any kind except two or three Savanna sparrows and some distant Crows. As we were resting on the Eastern R.R. embankment at the end of this stretch we heard what I am nearly sure was a Golden Plover. Golden Plover? It whistled his or her tune and was evidently flying

high overhead but we could not discover it.

While crossing the railroad bridge we saw a very large seal 300
in mid river. It raised its head high out of water & then slowly
sank.

As we neared Oak Island a confusing medley of bird voices Oak Island
came to our ears; the effect, after leaving the great busy marshes bird fauna
where the wry notes of an occasional Savannah Sparrow had alone
broken the silence, being very impressive, suggesting, as Fayon
remarked, the outburst of bird songs at daybreak. This attractive
little oasis certainly possesses a remarkable bird fauna. As we
were eating lunch under the shade of the oaks I made the
following list. Turdus swainsoni, 1 ♂ singing; Melospiza migratoria, several;
Dendroica aestiva, about 600; Geothlypis, 1 ♂; Strophoparia ruticilla, 3 ♂♂;
Vireo olivaceus, several ♂♂; Melospiza melodia, 3 ♂♂; Icterus baltimore, 1 ♂;
Agelaius phoeniceus, 3 ♂♂; Quercus alba, 1 ♂ or 2; Contopus virens,
1 singing; Passer domesticus, legionis. Besides these two Meadow Larks
could be first heard in the distance. No other birds of Mr. Nelson's travels.

Searching the marshes carefully to the westward of the island
we got another Sharp Tail which Fayon shot among sedges on
the edge of a creek. It proved to be an interesting specimen,
apparently intermediate between candacutus & subnigatus.

On our way back to Oak Island station we were luckily tempted Colony of
to investigate some attractive looking Sharp Tail ground - a series of a candacutus
small salt ponds bordered by narrow strips of bleached, dead grass in
a little meadow S.E. of the island. Scarcely had we entered this place
when a Sparrow flew from the top of a stake where it had been
sitting & pitched into the grass. Fayon shot it and we found it
to be a typical candacutus. In the course of a few hundred yards
further we started at least five more all of which were immediately
of the same form. They were larger than the subnigatus, flew much
more freely & further, and looked as dark as Savannah Sparrows. This
is probably the place where Brewster killed his birds some eight years ^{ago}.
Returned to Boston by B. & O. P.M. train.

Cambridge, Belmont, Waltham & Lexington, Mass.

1896

Pont Pond Swamp

June 8 Sky without a cloud all day; air clear & sparkling; wind strong and cold from the N.W.

To Pont Pond swamp with Spelman at 8 A.M. Taking our cameras and spending an hour or more photographing the Least Bittern's nest found on the 6th. I took up four blown eggs (a set from Detroit) and placed them in the nest. After taking a number of views I cut off the supporting cat-tails at the water line and got the nest home in very good condition.

The Gallinules seemed to be very curious and ~~rather~~ somewhat anxious about the object of our visit. We heard them a great many times very near us & always near the dead elm. When we remained still for some time they would approach nearer (sometimes within 20 yds.) giving the frog note and a short, nasal ~~ch~~. We did not get a sight at either of them. I think they are preparing another nest very near the elm. We also heard one of the other pair just east of the causeway as we passed their stronghold.

Virginia Rails were rather noisy this morning several giving the frog-note. We heard one Carolina whining but no ee-ee.

Found a curious nest among cat-tails placed on the mud but built up four or five inches above the water and constructed entirely of dead, bleached cat-tails. It resembled a Gallinule in materials, construction and position but was not more than half as large. I think it must have been a Virginia Rail's. I put the Least Bittern's eggs in it and then photographed it.

We returned at 10.30 driving back in a coupe.

Drive through Belmont, Waltham & Lexington.

Off again at 4.30 P.M. driving to the Symon place, thence around Sherman's Pond and home by way of the Millers.

It was a beautiful afternoon but too windy for birds
to sing well or to be heard easily. Saw only one Bobolink
and heard but one Meadow Lark. A Green Heron on Rock
Meadow rose from the road side as we passed through the
hollows. A House Wren singing on the Jos. Bird place just
beyond Mt. Auburn bridge

Wayland and Sudbury, Mass.

Trip to Wayside Inn.

1890

June 10 Cloudless but slightly hazy; warm with S.W. wind.

Drove to Haverley this morning where I took 7.37 train for Wayland with Faxon. On reaching our destination we hired a horse, Colney and buggy and started off along the road to the lower bridge. At the last house before reaching the river we stopped to examine the large colony of Barn Swallows of which Faxon has told me. Counted 90 nests on one side of barn, 25 on other. Three House Sparrows hanging about alighting on the eaves just over the nests. The farmer says he has seen them pull their young from a nest & kill them. I shot a ♀ Sparrow on the barn, at his request.

Crossed the river & visited the smaller colony. Several birds in road getting mud. No new nests. A Lark whistling near the house doubling the br. white sometimes. Disturbed in vain for the Orchard Oriole.

Continued on by road to the big pines. Found them all gone, an unsightly wood lot & stumps marking where the noble trees stood in 1887. The large maples & oaks opposite still standing & a Buteo lineatus scanning over them.

Went to the Wayside Inn by devious, winding, many branching roads. Ponds rising in maple swamps with a few birds of Urosalpinx. A Carolina Wren darting overhead through the pines.

Lunched under an elm in front of the Inn, a varied, picturesque country around us. Very many birds here. Six Chipping Swifts hovering about the house. A pair of White-bellied Nuthatches feeding young in a hole under the eaves. A Thrasher in full song behind the barn, a Mockingbird in elms, a Yellow-throated Vireo in oaks in pasture, a Red-wing by the brook. Three White-bellied Nuthatches together in the old orchard.

Birds at
Wayside Inn.

After lunch drove to an extensive woods (near the Wayside Station). chiefly a pine swamp, the trees tall and fine with sphagnum and luxuriant ferns covering the moist ground. A few hardwoods and hemlocks mixed with the pines. Band rising on west side to a dry knoll covered with smaller pines. Here we found several

White pine
hemlock

interesting birds: Two ♂ Blackburnian Warblers singing in the tops of Blackburnian W.
the taller pines, where they doubtless have nests, two Solitary Vireos,
a Hummingbird in the shorter pines on the hillside hovering
about & squeaking but unseen. Found nest of our pair of Solitary Solitary vireo
Vireos, suspended at end of hemlock spray 8 ft. above the ground and
containing four young about half grown & feathered. Also found a
scented nest of the Horned bird with 4 eggs incubated and a nest of
Vireo olivaceus with 4 eggs for advanced. Did not molest any of
these nests. Mosquitoes very numerous and troublesome in this
swamp. Birds singing were: Two solitaires, V. olivaceus, D. blackburnian, Birds singing
V. vireo, D. pinus, Sciurus amoenus, Cortopus virens, Emp. americanus
(in the heart of the dry pine woods, a most unusual place) and
Harporhynchus rufus.

Drove back to Wayland early in the afternoon, stopping
often to listen for certain birds. Passed within 25 yds. of three Carolina Doves
Carolina Doves which were feeding in a field of newly sown oats
by the roadside. When we stopped a little beyond them they at
once flew. Saw two turtle (Epicta) laying or about to lay their Further laying
eggs in some fine gravel which had been spread ^{this morning} on a road
bordering the river. Examined one and found it firmly planted
over a hole about 4 inches deep and an inch ^{no eggs in hole} in diameter. Earth in hole
wet. Turtle did not try to escape & when replaced resumed its rigid
position. He did not examine the other.

Birds, Grass Finches, Song Sparrows, Field Sparrows, Yellow, Chestnut-sided, Birds singing
Black-throated Green, Pine and Blackburnian Warblers, Wood Pewees,
Towhees, Grosbeaks, Red-eyed, Marshing & Yellow-throated Vireos, Robins
and Oven-birds all singing freely. Cat-birds, Bluebirds, Purple
Finches, Meadow Larks, Bobolinks, Red-wings, Pewees, Chipping
Sparrows & Wilson's Thrushes about or near by. Heard only
one Ministretta varia and two Brown Thrashers. Here Nashville W.
in full song. Lupine in full bloom & abundant along roadides.

Took the 5.20 train for Cambridge.

Belmont, Massachusetts

1890

June 12 Cloudy with low-hanging clouds and dense mist all the morning, heavy rain in afternoon. Cool; wind N. E.

To Belmont meeting Faxon by appointment at 9 A.M. at the Cherry Street farm and spending two pleasant hours in his company wading through the old orchards and cedar woods finally coming out on Prospect St. where George was waiting for me with the horse & buggy.

The chief object of our trip was to find, if possible, the nest of a pair of Myiarchus cinerascens which F. saw in the orchard just N. of the bathing park on the 3rd. One of the birds, presumably the ♂, was calling in a maple near this orchard when we reached it but we failed to discover the nest although we spent an hour looking in every promising hole & crevice.

During our walk we saw or heard many birds including five House Wrens (all singing) & a Wood Thrush singing in a maple swamp near Prospect St. The Wrens were all in old orchards. Faxon showed me one of their nests from which the ♀ flew when we tapped on the trunk.

Birds of all kinds were singing very freely this whole forenoon. We heard at least five Grass Finches, four Indigo Birds, and several Chewinks, Brown Thrashers, Orioles, Field, Song, & Chipping Sparrows etc. Heard three Yellow-billed Cuckoos but no Black-bills although we found a nest of the latter with the bird sitting. We did not disturb her.

This tramp through old moss-grown orchards, some of the trees dense with canopies of dark foliage, others half-dead with rotten branches covered with moss carried me back to the days of my boyhood when I used to hunt for birds' eggs in such places with friends now

Scattered or dead. There were the same birds, too. Orioles,
Cedar Birds, House Wrens, Bluebirds, King Birds, Chipping Sparrows,
Robins, Flickers, and the one inevitable Wood Pewee uttering
its sad fee-e-e-e every minute or two. Over the close-
cropped pasture outside (in or by Boie Meadows) were
skimming low over the turf, turning and returning, crossing
and recrossing the opening in endless noisy lines. From
the distant woods & swampy thickets came the songs
of Field Sparrows, Towhees, Thrashers & Cat-birds; from
the cedars the notes of the Black-throated Green Warbler,
while the ~~plaintive~~ plaintive, measured chant of the Grass Finch
~~came~~ came softly from the breezy pasture lands at
regular intervals. The thick mist and dripping grass
& foliage aided the recollection for when was the Saturday
holiday ~~to~~ which the boys looked forward through
the long week not dark & wet. At last so it seemed
to me to-day as memory went back over a quarter
of a century to ~~many~~ happy days spent in the very
same orchards among the ~~ancestors~~ ancestors of these same birds.

1890

June 13

Cloudy and cool with heavy rain and N. E. wind.

To Swampscott by 3.50 train meeting W. A. Jeffries at the station in Boston. On reaching Phillips Beach station we drove directly to Mr. Jeffries' place where we changed our clothes, put our "siders", and started out into the woods. A light rain was falling and the bushes were dripping, of course, but we were well protected and suffered little inconvenience, staying out until nearly seven o'clock and walking perhaps two miles.

Our way led down the avenue (where J. showed me a Hummer's nest built on the slender branch of an elm, the bird darting about) across the road, through a cedar pasture and a piece of swampy maple woods where Wilson's Thrushes were singing, across a meadow and a second road to a large rocky hill covered with thickets of barberry, privet, blueberry etc. with a garden honey-suckle running wild ~~in~~ places among these bushes and in full blossom making a fine show with its profusion of tubular coral red flowers.

There were several spring runs making their way down narrow ravines in the sides of this hill and in one of these runs in a dense thicket of high blueberry, barberry and privet mixed with greenbrier I saw my first Chat's nest. We heard the ♂ singing as we approached the place and after nearly an hour's search Jeffries found the nest with the ♀ bird sitting on two young about 1/2 grown & a rotten egg. He called to me but before I could get to him the ♀ started off and began flitting about us coming very near but keeping well hidden and making a peculiar and very disagreeable call somewhat like the mew of the Cat-bird. The nest was near the middle of a dense thicket of privet but was built in a slender barberry bush at a height of about 4 ft. We examined it

carefully & then left it unmolested.

In this same pasture Jeffries found a nest of Geoth. trichas with four eggs, only slightly incubated, which I took.

He heard our White-eyed Vireo and our Prairie Warbler; both are very common here.

1890

June 14 Cloudy with occasional light showers; the clouds breaking away and the sun coming out for an hour or two in the afternoon.

Started off with W. A. Jeffries at 8 A. M. driving out about three miles to a place on the W. side of the eastern R. R.

Stopped first at a pretty glen with a brook flowing down the middle and steep slopes on either side covered with dense thickets of barberry bushes with cedars and pines crowning the crest of the encircling ridge. A White-eyed Vireo singing in alders along the brook, a Chat among the barberries on the hillside, a Cuckoo of each species and various common birds among the cedars. Within five minutes after entering the thickets I found a Chat's nest, empty but new and neatly finished, in a barberry and not 20 yds. beyond, also in a barberry, a Yellow-billed Cuckoo's containing five eggs on which the bird was sitting. We found nothing more here.

Driving on a half mile or so we entered a large tract with pastures thickly sprinkled with cedars and clusters of barberries with a large brook winding its way down a narrow valley. Prairie Warblers, Yellow Warblers, and Chestnut-sided Warblers in about equal numbers were here singing on every side. Purple Finches and vesper Sparrows with an occasional Field Sparrow and numerous Song Sparrows. Indigo Birds very common. A Scarlet Tanager in maples near the brook, a rare bird in this region according to Jeffries. Found a Yellow-billed Cuckoo's nest with two eggs & one of the Black-billed species, a Yellow-bill sitting on the lot which was quite fresh.

Near the head of the valley a large pasture sloped down to a maple swamp in which the brook took its rise. The lower edge of this pasture had grown up to sumacs (&

saw only Rhus typhina in Swampscott & blackberry & blueberry bushes which formed extensive & very dense thickets in places. Here I found an Indigo Bird's nest with four fresh eggs in a sumac and a Chat's nest with an equal number of equally fresh eggs in a cluster of blueberry bushes. The Chat was in full song within a few rods of the nest, but I was sitting & allowed me to almost touch her before starting.

Returned to the house for lunch at noon, but a little later started out again driving to a point a little beyond Phillips Beach Station and working home through the woods. Found a nest of Black & White Creeper containing a beautifully marked set of four fresh eggs. She & I started out within six inches of my foot and ran so straight & swiftly through the grass and weeds that I took her at first for a mouse. The nest was placed on the level ground not near a rock or tree trunk but was concealed like an Oven-bird's.

We heard two Chats singing besides several Wood Thrushes and White-eyed Vireos. Saw a Cooper's & heard a Red-throated Hawk. Small birds of the commoner species such as Red-eyes, Chestnut-sided & Yellow Warblers, Wilson's Thrushes, Black & White Creepers, Black-throated Green Warblers, Cat-birds, Towhees, Maryland Yellow-throats etc. are thicker as numerous here as in any part of our Middlesex County region with which I am familiar. Grosbeaks are entirely wanting and Tanagers in altho' the country is by no means unsuited to them in many places.

On our way home visited the Chat's nest found yesterday. She & I was again sitting on her two young & again debated us with her disagreeable mewing protest after we had started her from the nest.

Swampscott, Massachusetts

Visit Linker's and Ram Islands.

1890

June 15 Cloudless with clear blue sky, dark blue sea and light N.E. wind changing to fresh S.E. wind in P.M.

Started at 9 A.M. with J.A. and W.A. Jeffries in a cat. boat for the islands off Marblehead. He had a long and rather tedious beat to windward but finally reached Ram Island where we landed. Found five or six pairs of Spotted Sandpipers, several Song Sparrows, a Robin and a Field Sparrow. The last two were probably not breeding but we saw young Song Sparrows flying about and found a young Spotted Sandpiper about $\frac{1}{2}$ grown & still in the down. The latter was clinging in a crouching attitude to the face of a rock with one foot stretched back, the toes pressed against the rough surface. It allowed itself to be taken up without moving in the least. John Jeffries thought that it was in a cataleptic state but W. Jeffries & I believed that it trusted to its protective gray coloring which matched that of the rock very closely. The old "Peeters" followed us closely during our circuit of the island, flying from rock to rock and peet-weeting shrilly & incessantly.

Next visited Linker's Island. Found a few Song Sparrows and Spotted Sandpipers, several Robins, and a S. Nashville Warbler. The latter acted like a Sparrow taking short flights and concealing itself in the grass until started again. We could not make it out for some time and fired three flying shots at it. After our ammunition was exhausted (we had only the three shells) the bird flew directly to us and alighted literally within ten feet of W.A. Jeffries, turning itself from side to side and erecting the feathers of the crown to us to show the chestnut patch conspicuously as it sat on the top of a tall weed. It was a remarkable episode for the bird hitherto had been

very very rising at 20 to 30 yds. and then circling out over the sea before alighting. It seemed to become suddenly aware that we were anxious to get a good view of it and had no longer the means of doing it any injury.

Both Rane & Linker's Islands are wholly devoid of trees and the only shrub I saw on either was a single small *Rhus typhina* but grass and a broad-leaved plant which I did not recognize grow luxuriantly where there is soil enough to support them. The absence of Savanna Sparrows from these islands struck me as their most curious feature. The Sandpipers are much less numerous than formerly owing to the persecution they suffer at the hands of pic-nickers who land almost daily & take all the eggs they can find. About ten years ago the Jeffers took forty Sandpiper's eggs in one day on these islands.

On the way back we sailed close past Pig Rocks. The top of the larger rock was literally covered with Herring Gulls. I counted 72 and did not get nearly all. About 75% were gray birds, the others apparently in fully adult dress.

Near the Gulls on a rock at the water's edge sat a Brant Goose preening its feathers. I had a good view of it through my glass at about 100 yds. It flew when the Gulls rose and circled off over the ocean in the direction of Marblehead. He saw another bird flying high which we took to be a scoter but could not make out.

After dinner walked down to Turner's Pond. A single Savanna Sparrow singing on the sand-hills; a Bobolink in the mowing field to the westward. Red wing in the rushes about the pond. Robins running on the wet sand of the beach.

1890

June 17

Revere Beach, Massachusetts

Trip after Sharp-tailed Finches' eggs.

Clear and warm with pleasant N. breeze

To Oak Island by 9 A.M. train meeting Faxon by appointment in the meadow where we found the Sharp-tails last week, he coming across the marsh this evening from Revere. On the way he saw only one Sharp-tail, which he thought was sub-ovatus, but which he was unable to shoot.

I found a nest of condacatus within five minutes of leaving the cars and before I entered the marsh. I was walking down the railroad when the bird came flying past me and alighting on the edge of a pool took a thorough bath. It then flew back in the direction whence it had come and dropped into a narrow strip of grass between the railroad & the fence that bounds the marsh. I went to the spot, flushed it under foot and the next instant saw the nest prettily concealed under some dry grass and raised five or six inches above the ground. There were four eggs. I left them for Faxon to see but at 4 P.M. when we returned two of them had hatched.

Faxon found the second nest. He saw a bird alight & sing in the grass directly over it and ~~there~~ induced F. to look for it. It held four eggs which seemed to be deserted & rotten.

The third nest I found on the edge of a ditch raised several inches above the ground in a tuft of grass. There were four eggs. The bird was sitting on our second visit but we had to go a third time and, after flushing her, chase her for some distance before we could make her of her.

The fourth nest containing five young well feathered & nearly old enough to fly was betrayed by the parent bird which flew to it about once each minute with food in her bill & then went back bearing the excrement pail of the young. The latter made a pretty picture in the nest this morning as yellow as gold, their plumage already showing mist of

the characteristic markings.

A fifth nest which I discovered on the edge of a ditch held only one egg but another lay on the ground outside. He also found two empty nests.

He spent much of the day lying in the grass watching the birds and listening to their odd songs which are the faintest bird songs I know. I have never heard condactus sing before.

Besides their Sharp-tails of which we must have seen & heard at least twenty, this marsh contained only a few Savanna Sparrows but Barn Swallows were skimming over it most of the time & we could hear a Meadow Lark in the distance.

Later in the afternoon we walked to Crescent Beach taking, on the way, the large marsh to the westward. Here we found many Savanna Sparrows and five or six Sharp-tails besides a few Red-wings and two Meadow Larks.

Took the 6 P.M. train for Boston.

Waltham to Riverside, Mass.

Morning on Charles River.

1890

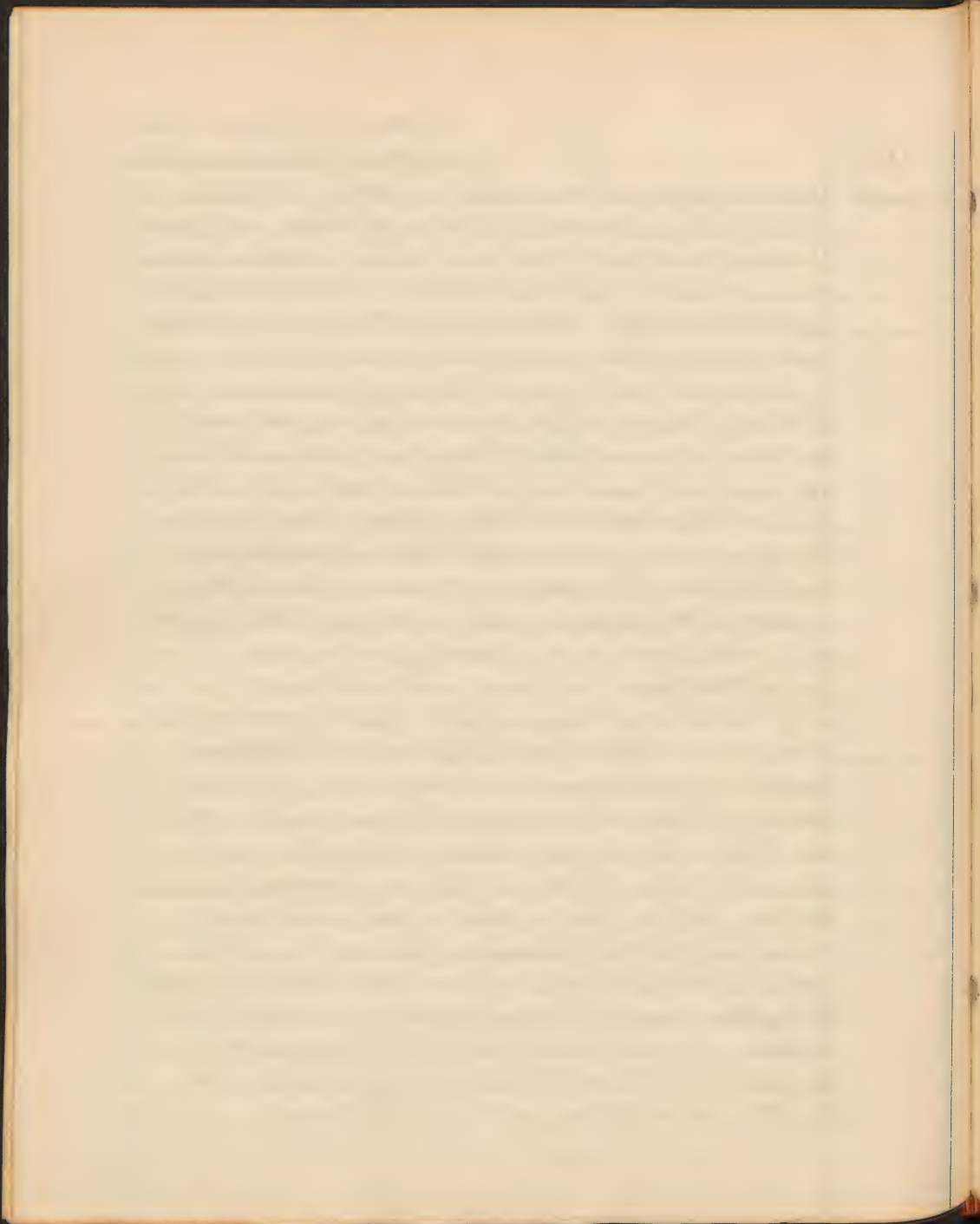
June 21 Cloudless but hazy with pale sun and strong S. W. wind.

Met Haxon at Haverley at 7.25 A.M. (driving up from Cambridge) and went with him by train to Riverside, Waltham where we hired a boat and rowed to the stone bridge just below Riverside returning to Waltham at noon and driving from their home.

The special object of our trip was to search for a Prothonotary Warbler which Kennard found just below the stone bridge on June 16th. but we failed in this for the very good reason, as I learned afterwards, that Kennard had shot his bird yesterday. He settled on the place where he had been, however, and watched and listened there for a half hour or more. It was a pretty little nook, surrounded by woods and fringed with button bushes, with a flooded point separating it from the river.

We heard and saw a great number of common birds for the thickets along the river seem to afford exceptionally good grounds. Cat-birds were particularly numerous. One was decidedly the finest singer I have ever listened to. His voice was very Thrush-like and he did not indulge at all in the usual musical gymnastics but sang steadily like a Robin in low, earnest tones.

While on the tip of Noddle's tower we heard twice what we both felt very sure was the distant phoe-bee of Cathartes borealis. Of course we at once followed the direction of the sound but the bird could not be found although the locality was just such as they used to frequent in this region.



Riverside, Massachusetts

1890

Hunt for nest of Pentstemon

June 22

Clear and warm with light N. to S.W. wind. A beautiful, fine day.

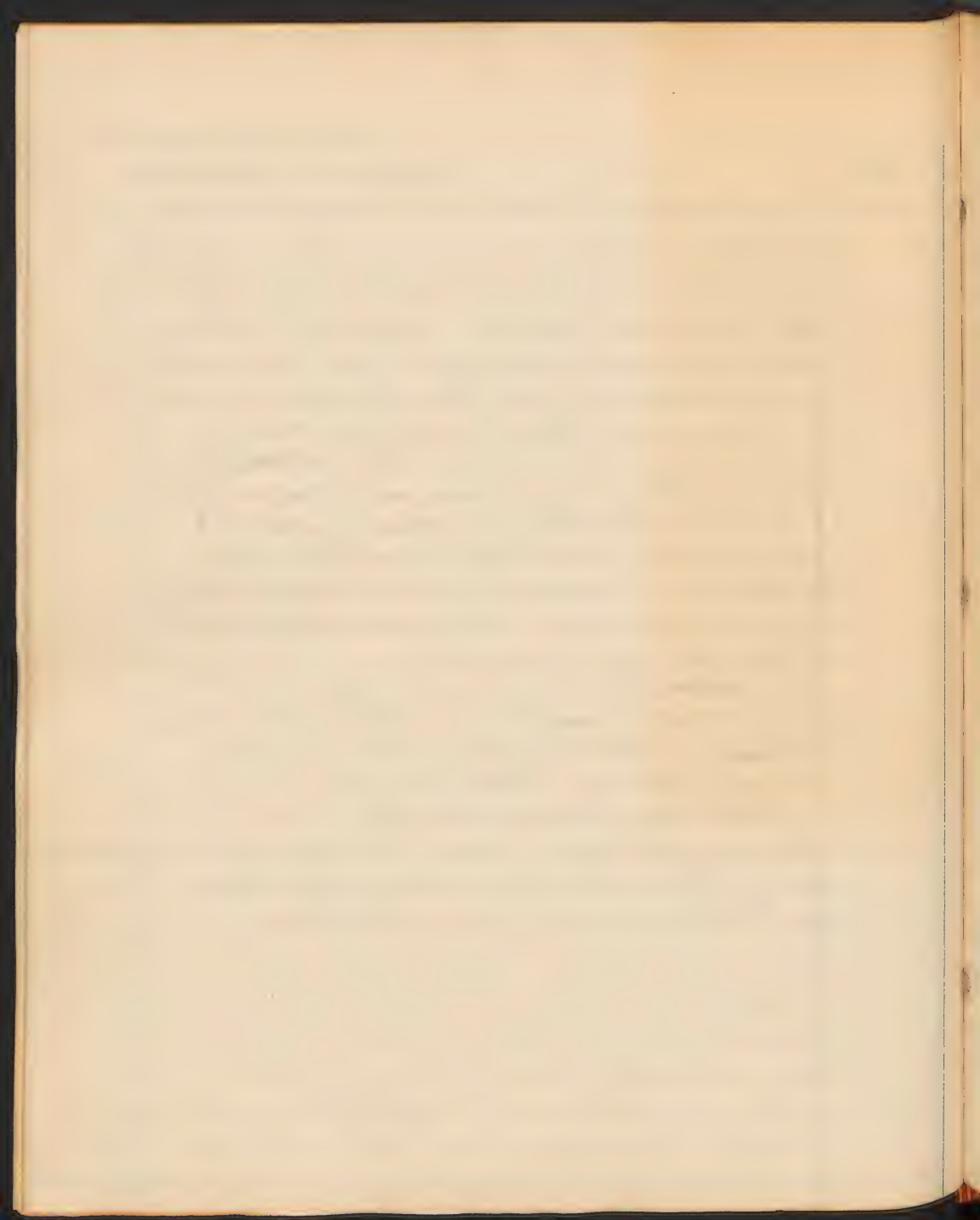
Met Kennard by appointment at Riverside at 9 A.M. Taking a boat we rowed down stream to the lagoon where he shot the Prothonotary on the 20th and spent most of the morning looking for its nest. The wooded point, partially overflowed, between the lagoon and river is in every way a typical breeding haunt and there were plenty of birch stumps, some with old Woodpeckers' holes, in which it might have nested but we failed to find the nest although we opened every hole and pulled down every stump that we could find. Probably the bird was a wanderer that had no nest or mate, but if so it is curious that he should have spent at least five days in one spot.

As on yesterday there were great numbers of common birds singing everywhere along the river, Cat-birds, Vireos (oloratus et flavifrons), Cuckoos (both species), Wood Peckers, Robins, .. Tanager, Red-wings, Nelson's Thrushes etc.

Returned to Cambridge by 12.10 train

While passing the Watertown Arsenal in the cars on the Boston & Albany R.R. I saw a Sparrow Hawk perched on the salt marsh with 20 yds. of the train

Sparrow Hawk



Falmouth, Massachusetts.

1890

June 24 Cloudy with the sun shining dimly at intervals, a gray day with light S.W. wind and deliciously soft air.

Came to Falmouth last night and started ^{at} this morning in an open buggy with C. driving over to the West Falmouth marshes. Our way led for several miles through oak woods interspersed with open country in farms or pastures grown up to blueberry and huckleberry bushes with occasional swampy thickets. *Rhus copallina* one of the most abundant shrubs along the roadside. Wild roses in full bloom and apparently larger & deeper in color than at home. Birds about as numerous as in Middlebury County, but the relative number of the different species varying somewhat of course. Meadow Larks, Quail, and Grass Finches singing in the fields, Red-wings about the swamps, Maryland Yellow-throats and Catbirds in swampy thickets, Prairie Warblers (heard 3 or 4), Chestnut-sided, and Yellow Warblers along the wood edges, Cuckoo birds, the best Red-eyed Vireos in the oak scrub, Song Sparrows and Robins everywhere. Song Sparrows & a Wood Pewee in the town. No White-eyed, Warbling or Yellow-throated Vireos or Grosbeaks or Parulae were heard. A small colony of Purple Martins in the town and Barn Swallows building their nests in the fields & marshes.

None of the
of country

Characteristic
birds

On reaching the salt marshes found Savannah Sparrows and Red-wings along their edges and in cover where they made back into the hills but the middle of these marshes seemed wholly without breeding birds of any species although there were numerous ponds and stretches the edges of which afforded excellent ground for sharp-shooted Finches, in which I searched closely but in vain. Song Sparrows were numerous in thickets of bay-berry growing with very along the edges of these marshes and in the bottom

Birds of the
salt marsh

of the neighboring sand hills. Robins also occurred at frequent intervals on the marshes where they were running about like Plover on the sand flats & borders of salt ponds.

Terns &
Larks

We took a cart path which wound around the inner edge of the sand dunes until we were stopped by an inlet from the Bay where a broad creek which drains the marshes empties into Bowser's Bay. There were several Terns flying about this inlet so I left the horse and buggy behind and crept forward under cover of the sand hills until I reached the crest of a ridge directly over the water. Here a most interesting scene awaited me. On the opposite side of the inlet within long gunshot lay five Sheldrake asleep on the sand six or eight feet from the water. Terns were flying up and down the channel, fishing, while others were congregated on a sand spit that made out into the Bay some two hundred yards beyond the inlet. There were at least 35 or 40 in all of these interesting and beautiful birds of which number considerably more than half were Roseate Terns. From my elevated position I had a rare chance to watch the fishing birds pass and repass and plunge into the water for their prey and I lay among the beach grass for more than an hour observing them and taking notes. They saw me, of course, but after a little while became so accustomed to my presence as to show no fear or suspicion. The Sheldrake did not see me for a long time, until, at length, two of them which had taken to the water and worked up the creek, caught sight of my hat & flew the other three on the sand shortly following them.

We returned to town at 2 P.M.

Falmouth, Massachusetts

1890

June 25 Clear with rather heavy shower at 2 P.M. Afternoon still and very warm.

Spent the morning writing. At 2.30 P.M. started off with C. driving first to Falmouth Heights. As we were passing over a causeway where a creek empties into the sea. I heard what I took to be a Sharp-tailed Finch only once. Stopped and listened but it was not repeated. A pair of Wilson's Terns came in from the sea and flew low over our heads going up the creek which broadened into a pond higher up.

Beyond the Heights we came to another similar but much larger pond (perhaps $\frac{3}{4}$ mile long by $\frac{1}{4}$ mile wide), also connected with the sea by a creek a few feet wide, evidently shallow over most of its extent, bordered by woods at its upper end, and bordered at its lower end by a narrow strip of marsh. The general appearance of the mud etc. about the shores of this pond suggested that of the salt ponds in our marshes and the several kinds of grasses in the marsh were all certainly salt marsh species but on tasting the water in the pond near its outlet I found it perfectly fresh. Doubtless, however, it is affected more or less by the higher tides, which must flow into the pond as the creek is less than 100 yards in length and has only a trifling fall.

This pond seemed to be a chosen gathering ground for the Wilson's Terns six or eight of which were constantly flying or hovering, one at thin numbers varying as they came and went to and from the sea. There were no Roseates and, as nearly as I could make out with my glass, no Arctic Terns among them.

After watching the Terns awhile I entered the marsh to look for Sharp-tailed Finches. Within less than ten minutes and in going not over 200 yds following a narrow

line of mixed dry, bleached dead grass and living green grass which stretched around the outer edge of the marsh I found three nests with 4, 5, and 4 eggs respectively. All three birds were sitting. The first flushed at 10 yds. the second under foot while I saw the third on the nest cleaning her neck out of the entrance to the nest. This last nest might have been found by looking for it without reference to the bird but the other two were too well concealed to be detected by the keenest eye. Curiously enough neither saw nor heard any Sharp-tails, except these three sitting females, in this marsh. There were a few Savanna Sparrows and one singing.

Returning to the buggy, after taking all three nests with their contents, we next drove across country to the Beebe's woods where we walked the horse for several miles through a succession of winding, heavily shaded wood paths. The growth was almost wholly of oaks, white, scarlet & black, with occasional pines (*rigida*) growing singly or in groups of limited extent. Heard Red-eyes, Oven-birds, Cuckers (*Ministrella*), Towhees (in remarkable numbers), a Brown Thrasher, Cat-birds, and Maryland Yellow-throats besides three Prairie Warblers and four Black-throated Green Warblers, the latter running pitch pines. Saw a Yellow-billed Cuckoo in the very heart of these woods. On our return heard a Parula and a Least Flycatcher singing in close proximity over the main street of Falmouth near the post office.

After tea took a walk through the fields beyond the Howards. Grass Finches, Savanna Sparrows and Meadow Larks abundant and singing vigorously (I mean the two latter of course).

Shortly after sunset was delighted by hearing the flourish of the mysterious bird we christened the Flicker last year. He was in a meadow just beyond the Howards & sang steadily up to the time I went to sleep for I could hear him as I lay in bed with the windows open.

Falmouth, Massachusetts

1890

June 26 Clear and very warm with strong N.W. wind changing to N.E. in P.M. Search for

At 10 A.M. donned my wading boots and went to the "Ticke's" marsh little marsh behind the Howards' to look for the Ticker or his nest. I could find no bird of any kind in the marsh but near the spot whence the mysterious voice came last evening I came upon a curious nest which I believe to be that of a Little Black Rail. It is carefully described in my notes under P. jamarcensis & I will not repeat myself here save by saying that it was in a very open place and resembled somewhat the crown of an old straw hat with the opening down for it was completely domed over with a small entrance on one side. Two our dogs, which were unsolicited companions of my search, ransacked the marsh pretty thoroughly without starting any birds whatever.

While sitting on the marsh in the afternoon I heard the "Tic ha" of a Black-headed Gull and some reflections of his full laughing cry. He was apparently flying about the shore but I did not get right at him.

At 1 P.M. started off with the gun on a hunt for "Tickers". Went down southward a mile or more along the road that follows the beach ridge. Inside this road lies a series of green or blackish ponds surrounded by marshes of varying character. One of the larger has extensive beds of tall grass in which Red-wings were breeding in great numbers and a single Merganser glides through them. There are also many Sparrows in extraordinary numbers about the edges of these marshes and along the sand-hills that formed the beach ridge.

Listened in vain for Sharp-tails at several promising places. Once I thought I heard a "Ticke" in the distance.

One, two, spotted Sandpeeps and a Night Heron, the latter flying high over the marshes. Song Sparrows,

1890

Matthias Vineyard
Drive around the Island.

June 28 Clear and warm with fresh S. W. wind in P. M.

Came to Cottage City last evening and spent the night at the Island House a well kept hotel in the heart of the town. At daybreak this morning heard Progne purpurea and Tachycineta bicolor, no song birds.

Hired a horse and buggy with a young man to drive and started at 7 A. M. for a drive around the island. Our route lay through Vineyard Haven, Middletown, Chidmark and Hixbury along the north shore, across the island to W. Hixbury where we stopped for dinner. Thence by a straight road to Edgartown thence to Katama on the south shore and back to Edgartown where my man left me, a total distance of about 35 miles.

The country between Cottage City and Hixbury resembles that about Palm Beach being hilly or rolling with brooks and swamps in the valleys but fewer ponds than on the Cape. It is about equally in cleared farming land or pastures and woods. The farms are barely as a rule but I saw some good fields of English grass. The pastures are sandy or rocky, red with soil in many places or overrun with wild indigo and abounding especially in hollows & along stone walls with thickets of sweet fern, buckleberry, dwarf huckleberry, smooth huckleberry, and wild roses. A pretty little pink Polygala was common in full bloom.

The woods were almost wholly of oaks coecinea & tinctoria most abundant, alba less so but common, obtusiloba not numerous but generally distributed. No red oaks and no pines except rigida & a 2. seeded foreign species, bottr apparently planted, in some places at least. Along the wood edges and roadsides I saw many birches & one Poplar (grandidentata). The oaks grew precisely as they grow on the Cape in rather stunted & scraggy form, usually 30 to 35 ft. high but in a few places 40 to 50 feet.

The growth in the swamps was chiefly of red maple, black alder, high blue spruce, arbutus & dogwood (Rhus venusta) occur with green briars. I saw with hazel on the edge of one swamp.

Along the roadsides the characteristic trees & shrubs were hickory, wild cherry (crataegus), shad bush, tupelo, Black alder, dwarf sumac (R. copallina), hawthorn, smooth sumac, toothed viburnum (dentatum) white hornet, bayberry, painted coveil, elder and wild roses. No barberry bushes seen. Whiteweed, polygala, wild roses & coveil in bloom.

About the ponds there was the usual rank grasses & much blue flag. The road from N. Lisbury to Edgartown passes for miles (5 or 6 at least) through what are called the brush plains. The country is almost a dead level but nevertheless high in fact nearly the highest on the island being in fact an elevated central plateau. It is covered with an unbroken and very stiff scrub 2 to 4 ft. high composed chiefly of bear oak mixed with chinquapin and a few stunted staggers of the other oaks already named. In the few open places there are huckleberry, nut fern, a tree fern, and a coarse patch of bear berry. The tops of these oaks are all almost exactly on a level looking as if they had been carefully trimmed to form a shaggy lawn which in the twilight glistens and shimmers as only oak foliage can. The winds that blow here so strong & constantly, are probably the shears that keep this lawn in order but fires are said to run over the tract every few years and do their part also.

The relative numbers of the different birds seen may be best given in the accompanying field list but I will add that:

The characteristic common birds of the oak woods seemed to be Red-eyed Vireos, Parula Warblers, Oven-birds, Wood Pewees & Blue jays. Of the farming lands & pastures, Robins, ^{Chipping Sparrows,} ~~Starlings~~, ^{Grass Finches,} ~~Grass Finches~~, ^{& King birds.} ~~Chow-chows~~.
Snallows, Meadow Larks, Song Sparrows, Field Sparrows & Chows.
Of the meadows, Red wings, Maryland Yellow-throats, Cat-birds Thrashers & Song Sparrows.

Of the villages Blue birds, Yellow Warblers, Chimney Swift, Robins, Chipping & Purple Finches and English Sparrows.

Thrashers & Towhees returned in the plains scrub & Prairie Warblers, Field Sparrows, ~~Scarlet~~ Yellow-throats were common.

Continued

Martha's Vineyard, Mass.

1890

(June 28) Of birds which might have been expected I saw no Boblinks, Indigo Birds, White-eyed, Warbling or Yellow-throated Vireos, Yellow-winged Sparrows, Chestnut-sided Warblers, Wilsons or Hermit Finches, Pine or Black-throated Green Warblers.

The number of Wrens, the two, Robins and Grass Finches were not one. The Towhees were chiefly confined to the oak scrub but the Thrashers were simply everywhere, even in the villages. We must have seen nearly fifty drifting in the roads alone. None were singing.

Everyone I talked with knew the "Heth-ens" well. They are seen almost daily in the wood roads but we did not have the luck to meet with them.

Heard one Chickadee whistling in the usual manner & two birds which I took to be Chickadees but did not see whistling both notes on the same key, that of the usual first.

From Edgartown to Katama we passed over a country different from any hitherto met with, perfectly open nearly level but slightly rolling plains exactly like the commons of Nantucket. Here we saw the first Flicker, Yellow-winged & Savanna Sparrows the last two numerous. Grass Finches simply swarmed here & for a time I lost the other two Sparrows. Savanna Sparrows were also singing about some small catt ponds & meadows but I could find no Swamp-tails. Meadow Larks were common & Barn Swallows quickly collected & followed our buggy as they do on Nantucket, keeping up the snatches started by our horse. Upland Plover are said to breed here but we saw none. On a mud flat in one of the ponds stood a solitary Greater Yellow-leg.

Reaching the shore I went out on the sand neck that separates the harbor from the ocean. A good many Least Terns (probably 5 pairs) and very many Piping Plover (probably 15 pairs) were evidently breeding

on the half inch or so of sand that I traversed but I searched in vain for their eggs or young.

Saw a Gull, which I identified satisfactorily by my glass as an immature Ring-bill, flying along the Beach. A few Wilson's Terns were also flying about & one pair acted as if nesting. Spotted Sandpipers numerous.

After returning to town I called on Mr. David Fison, a veteran bird hunter & got some valuable information about the "Hethers" & other birds of the island.

Martha's Vineyard, Mass.

1890

June 29 Clear and warm. Wind light from N. E. to E. in morning, fresh from S. to S. W. in afternoon.

Started down the bay in a coast boat with Capt. Pease at 9 a.m. Opposite the wharves a ♂ Sheldrake (Serrator) lay on the shore sunning itself. It afterwards took to the water & was much, run down by a sail boat as it paddled about just off a dock. It seemed to be wounded & feeble.

Boat down about 2 miles against a light head wind & landed at a sand spit formed in places with black grass & wig which separates Cape Poge Pond from the bay. About 100 (50 pairs) of Wilson's Terns breeding here. Found twelve nests with eggs but took only one set. I think there were a few Arctic Terns among the others but certainly not more than 2 or 3 pairs. Saw only one Roseate & that evidently a passing bird merely.

There were two pairs of Least Terns on a gravelly point where we landed but I searched in vain for their eggs. After we had pushed off & hoisted the sail, however, one of them alighted, walked a few steps, and settled down evidently on the nest. I marked the spot to a yard, returned and went to it but had to look fully two minutes before I could make out the two eggs so closely did their color match that of the pebbles among which they lay. I took them but later in the day discovered that they were near hatching, one being actually chirped with the chick peeping.

Found several Wilson's Terns nests by lying down in the grass & watching the birds. They would begin to drop on the nests, often without quaking, in the course of a few minutes. There were a few Piping Plover & Spotted Sandpipers also breeding here. I found a

Sanctuary only a few days old squatting under a broad leaf.

Next sailed down around Cape Vague. Saw three Herring Gulls, all gray birds, flying over the sand hills. Pair of *Mimus* birds sitting on the beach & lobster crabs.

Off the Cape a White-winged Scoter in mottled, ragged plumage but able to fly strongly when our boat passed him to take wing. A small colony of Bank Swallows (counted 18 holes) in the sand bluff at the end of the Cape, the only ones I have seen on this island.

We had intended going around this island but the wind being light we returned and went to Katama.

Nothing of interest except a Duck which looked like a scurf but which dove before I could identify him fully.

Got back to the house at 5 P.M. After tea took a walk through the town. It is very much like Nantucket twenty years ago. Yellow Warblers, Red-eyes, Robins & a Chipmunk (*Sciurus*) diving. *Thalassidroma* in great numbers & a few Barn & White-bellied Swallows. King Bird & Chipping but no Least Flycatchers, Hairy Wren or House Wren. English Sparrows rather numerous. One Song Sparrow singing in a garden.

Muskeget Island, Mass.

1896

July 2.

Cloudy most of the day, the sun shining dimly at times in P.M. Dense fog most of the morning. Wind fresh from S. E.

I came to Edgartown yesterday reaching Capt. Osborn's house at 8 P.M. Intended to start for Muskeget at sunrise this morning but the fog was so dense that Mr. Pease, my boatman, did not get me off before about 10 A.M. We ran down the bay to Cape Poge very quickly seeing nothing of interest save three Phalaropes M. & a Redpoll standing erect on the beach. A mile outside the Cape we met the first Petrels (O. oceanica). During the trip across about 5 or 6 were seen.

For more than half the way the fog was so thick that we could not see over $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile yet a steady flight of Terns was passing continually each bird steering as straight for Muskeget as if he carried a compass in the end of his bill. They flew close to the water. There were many high birds which could not have been guided by the flight of others, as no others were in sight.

When a little more than half way across the fog cleared and we made out Lucketts and then Muskeget. He laid our course across close-hauled until on reaching S. E. Pt. we had to back a few times to get around. John R. Sandsbury, a fisherman who is spending the summer on the island, was hauling his lobster traps near our anchorage and let us on shore in his dory.

Having my baggage at his house I at once started out keeping around the edge of the little bay that notches the east side of the island and being in the hope of finding some good whet seemed to be a large colony of Puffins I should say 10 or more in the space of two or three acres. There was plenty of the short, dead grass in which they like to nest, both along the shore and about some brackish ponds but I did not really look for nests at all carefully and found none. Started a Black Duck from the edge of the sedge & saw several. Eight Herring, five adult birds. Spotted Sandpipers & Savannah Sparrows

A few Red-wings and one Meadow Lark whistling.
A few Song Sparrows near bayberry & black plum thickets.
Several Crows, the Savannah Sparrows were quite as numerous
among the sand-birds as along the shore.

At the W. end of this bay a dozen or more Black-headed Gulls
were circling about high in air indulging every minute or two,
in a general outburst of their wild, ringing laughter. Sandsbury told
me there were a number of nests on some little dry knolls or
island in this marsh and I quickly found two one with 3 the
other with 4 eggs, all fresh as I ascertained before taking them
by dropping them in water. One nest was among beach grass, the
other in a rank bed of ivy. Pease found three more of these nests
two with 3 eggs each, all far advanced, the third with 5 eggs. ~~Three~~
of which were clipped, the young peeping loudly. The two with 3 eggs
were within 6 ft. of one another. The one with 5 eggs was a very
large nest & was in a perfectly open place on the edge of the
marsh among short, sparse grass. The birds during our stay
circled round hundred feet above us laughing incessantly. I
saw five more near the W. end of the island and two at the N. end.
Mr. Sandsbury has seen 25 nests this season & there is some
probability of fifty pairs breeding on the island there are certainly more than
there were in 1869.

At the W. end of Muskeget I found Terns breeding in great
numbers, all of them Wilson's apparently, certainly not a single
Roseate among them & I think no Arctic Terns. I spent about two
hours here identifying sets of eggs by lying down in the grass and
watching the birds through my glass as they dropped on their eggs and
after they had resumed sitting, where I could command the nest.
It proved an easy task to settle the identity of five or six nests
in an hour by this method. The birds would quit down &
begin to return to their eggs within five to ten minutes
after I had taken my stand. but they were very keen.

1890

(July 2) sighted and quick to take alarm when sitting. I found a great many eggs and only took a small number chosen to show as great range of variation as possible.

On my way back to the house I kept well inland following the higher and lower ridges. As I approached the N.E. end of the island the Wilson's Terns increased in numbers and it became evident that by far the larger colony or part of the colony was at this end of Mushkeget. It was most impressive to see the beautiful birds rising in clouds on every side as the alarm caused by my progress spread over the length & breadth of this breeding ground. At times I believe nearly every individual was on wing at once. The air was highly filled with them and the noise well nigh deafening. Every few yards as I advanced I found a nest in most cases with 2 eggs but frequently with only one and rarely with three, even more. At first I did not make them out at all readily but as my eye became accustomed to the task I had no difficulty in seeing them several rods away. The best plan I found was not to look too closely but to keep the eyes roving about over the open spaces.

I had reached the middle of this breeding ground without seeing or hearing a single Roseate Tern & had begun to think they had deserted Mushkeget when one appeared and circled over me. I at once lay down & watched it. After flying about for a long time it made a bee-line for a distant sand-hill and pitched down 400 yds. or more from me. I started at once for the spot but went only half the distance when I found that I had at last got into the midst of a number of Roseate Terns. They rose on all sides of me and dove down past my head like so many angry bees uttering the cloth-tearing note incessantly.

I abandoned following up the first bird and lying down

in the grass watched them around me. After a little while
big or two of them began to hover over a little knoll
covered with tall & very rank beach grass and finally all
dropped nearly together or, rather, one after the other in quick
succession, into the thickest part of the grass. I ran to the spot
and found a veritable cluster of nests in hollow burrows under
the grass, very differently ^{placed} from ^{any} the Wilson's Terns nests. I had
seen. Most of these nests held only one egg but one had three
eggs, one of which was on the point of hatching. I took this
set of three but left the others for tomorrow.

I now had to start for the house. On the way passed
many nests of Wilson's Tern. Saw four or five Night Herons
flying about over the bay alighting on the mud flats.
Savanna Sparrows singing.

Saw only one Laughing Gull at the N. E. end of the island
but this one evidently had a nest there.

1890

July 3 Bearly most of the morning with one light shower. Afternoon clear. Wind S. E. all day blowing fresh at times.

Breakfast at 7 a.m. and then out on the sand-hills making directly for the breeding ground of the Roseate Terns at the N. E. end of the island. Took four steel traps with light springs and jaws wound with cotton. On reaching the place where I found the colony of Roseate Terns last evening I set two traps in their nests and two beyond in their nests which proved to be Wilson's Terns. For I caught both the birds and after examining them let them go. They flew directly out to sea being evidently much frightened although very little hurt.

The Roseate Terns were apparently more intelligent or suspicious for I failed to catch any of them although I tried the traps in two places getting all four in a colony of about a dozen pairs that I found nesting on the top of a high, isolated sand knoll. I identified the birds absolutely with my glass counting them as they dropped into the grass. There was not a single Wilson's Tern among them. This colony was very compact covering a space of only a few square yards some of the nests being within 12 inches of one another. I also found a third colony on a low knoll in the hollow just back of the ridge all of the big nests which it comprised containing only one egg each. Three nests of the large colony held two eggs each but none more than two. All of these nests were more or less concealed by the beach grass and some were in deep holes dug between two clumps or under the roots of a single clump.

Returned to the house at 1 P.M. and immediately after dinner set sail for Edgartown. The wind was strong

and fair and it took us less than one & one-half hours to make the run across. We saw only one tit on the way. As we passed through the tide rips we put out a line for blue fish and caught five small ones.

After getting into the harbor we landed on the beach above Katama and I made another search for eggs of the Piping Plover. The birds were very numerous but after spending an hour or more searching for their nests I gave it up in disgust, concluding that they must have young out although I saw none of the latter. Least Terns were numerous along the beach and there were a good many Spotted Sandpipers. There were also several pairs of Wilson's Terns evidently breeding.

Reached the town at P. M. In the evening heard a Whippoorwill hying in the distance.

1890

July 6 Clear and warm with pleasant S. W. breeze.

Returned to Falmouth the night of the 4th. Yesterday afternoon Faxon came down to pass the Sunday with us. He took a walk in the evening past the swamp behind the Howards' but there was no sound from the "Killer". He was silent, also, on the night of the 4th and has doubtless either left the place or been killed for on examining the nest this morning Faxon & I found it empty & evidently deserted. I first photographed and then dug it up to-day and all.

From this swamp we retraced our steps to the house where we left the nest and then walked along the beach nearly to Falmouth Heights examining two little ponds bordered narrowly by marsh. Nothing about them save a few Savannah Sparrows.

After dinner drove on to the W. Falmouth marshes. Very hot and dusty, few birds singing. Reaching the inlet we found the tide down and the terns collected on a bar far out from the sand-hills. Walked out and had a good view of them. The majority Wilson's with ten or a dozen Roseates among them. Heard a Lesser Yellow-legs whistling & called the bird overhead but it was flying very high and kept on towards the S.

On the way out of the marshes heard a White-eyed Vireo scolding & soon discovered a pair of these birds in a thicket by the roadside. They evidently had young.

Next to Long Pond. Linn's whistling in the fields? Meadow Larks & Grass Finches numerous. A Parula singing in a white cedar swamp. Prairie Warblers & Red-eyes in the oak woods. Near the crest of the hill over the pond we stopped for a moment and distinctly heard a Veery calling below us on the edge of the water. A little further on a 2 Ruffed Grouse ran across the road followed closely by a

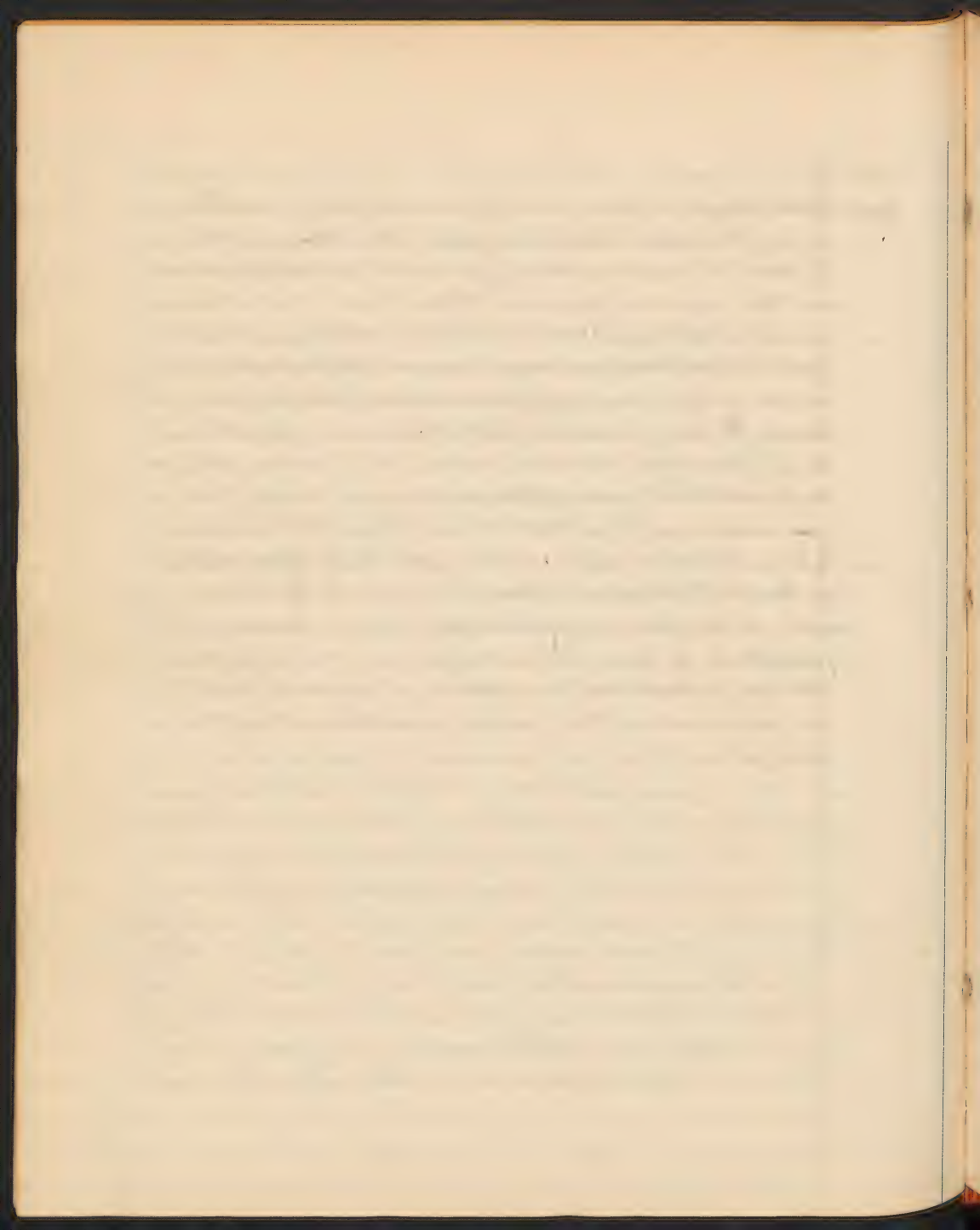
brood of five or six young as large as Robins. She made a perfect melody of sounds some of which resembled the hawking of Nuthatches, others the call of the Fla. Gullinink. As we were watching her a Yellow-billed Cuckoo sang in the oaks near us.

As we were descending the hill beyond we heard the first Hermit Thrush, a fine performer. Just after reaching the main road we came into a perfect colony of these Thrushes as many as five males being in full song around us at one time. I went in pursuit of one but found him shy. After following him about for some time I caught sight of what I supposed to be he but after firing four shots with my pistol and at last bringing down my bird (the first shot wounded it badly) I found I had killed a ♀ that had recently finished incubating. As I was plucking my throat with cotton a fine adult Cooper's Hawk sailed over my head within 20 yds. or less.

We heard Hermits at intervals all the way from here to Zetickat. Robins were also singing freely and Cat-birds were in fairly good song also. In some pitch pine woods we heard two Pine Warblers singing. Also heard D. virens, Geothlypis trichas, D. discolor and an occasional Field Sparrow. The Brown Thrashers are usually silent but Robins and Grass Finches were singing freely at sunset. It was a delightful evening, the air very clear and still and very fragrant with the scent of pines, sweet fern, wild grape blossoms and perhaps a dozen other things that we could not identify.

1890 Mass.

July 15 Martha's Vineyard. - I came to Edgartown last night and this morning started for Muskeget with Capt. Fred. Pease in a large cat-boat. The wind was strong from the S.W. where we set sail and there was some fog which thickened and shut down after we left Cape Poge. We ran our distance out but failed to hit Muskeget. As we advanced the water deepened and we got into an ugly swell which threatened to swamp the boat. Pease concluded that we had passed to the S. of Muskeget and were running out to sea so we turned about and started back. After about an hour the fog lifted & we made Cape Poge much to our relief. It turned out that we had run inside instead of outside of Muskeget. Had we trusted to the Larks we should have found the island easily as they were flying continually past us in what proved to be its true direction where we were nearest to it. We had a hard beat home reaching town about 6 P.M. Saw no Petrels & nothing, in fact, except Larks. Caught a blue fish.



1890 Mass.

Martha's Vineyard, Mass.

Cape Pogue Pond

July 16 Martha's Vineyard. Morning foggy. Rest of day clear with strong S.W. wind in P.M. Very hot at noon.

Spent the morning getting my canoe ready and started for Cape Pogue pond at 3 P.M. running down to the inlet before a strong wind and through a choppy sea. On the point of the beach saw several young Terns nearly full grown. As I approached they scuttled back into the grass. Stood across to the E. side of the pond. As I was in the plumage of "S. forsteri" with black bill & white forehead passed near me. On a sand spit were three Herring Gulls, four Ring-billed Gulls (one immature with gray head) and a number of Terns. I sailed almost within gunshot before they flew.

After crossing the pond and having a look at the S.E. side I returned and landed on the narrow beach that separates it from the Sound on the W. side. Here I drew my canoe above high-water mark and made ready for the night cooking my supper on an alcohol lamp and after sunset lying on the leeward side of the canoe on the warm dry sand. It was a perfect evening, clear and still with the stars bright overhead. The Terns on the edge of whose domain I was camping were much disturbed at my presence at first but after an hour or so they ceased to notice me and settled on their eggs within a few yards of where I lay or plunged in the water for fish squally near on the water side. After sunset the whole colony flew up & down the beach restlessly for half an hour or more collecting in small flocks & screaming incessantly. They were also active long after dark for I heard their cries overhead at frequent intervals and occasionally saw one dimly by starlight flying along the shore or hovering over the water. The Ring-billed Gulls became very active & noisy with nightfall and I heard them frequently through the night.

In the twilight a Night Heron alighted on the shore near
me and fished for half an hour or more giving me
a very good chance to watch him through my glass.
I looked closely for phosphorescent light from his breast but
could detect no signs of it.

1890

Martha's Vineyard, Mass.
Cape Pogue Pond.

July 17 Cloudy most of the day with dense fog. Two heavy thunder showers late in the afternoon the sky clearing somewhat at sunset and the wind settling in the N.W. and blowing half a gale all night.

I rose early and after getting breakfast started out with my kodak to photograph our Tern's nests. The sun shone brightly at intervals for the first time and I got a number of pictures. Most of the Tern's nests found on the 29th June were empty to-day. Either they have been robbed or the eggs have hatched. I looked in vain for young ones. There were a good many Bonapartes about the beach to-day and some of them acted as if they had nests or young but probably their sympathies were attracted purely by the alarm of the breeding Wilson's Terns. The Least Terns have evidently deserted this beach although I cannot come to fish in the bay.

I spent most of the morning writing my notes sitting in the canoe with the Terns flying about me and Piping Plover flitting from place to place along the beach. After dinner I put the canoe in the water and sailed across to a point where I had seen a tent hoping to get some drinking water there. The occupant of the tent proved to be an actor from New York who was camping alone. He proved very entertaining and I spent an hour or more talking with him and inspecting his camp etc. A Yellow-winged Gull was singing on the bluff behind his tent and a number of Gulls (*arcticus* and *atricollis*), doubtless the same birds seen yesterday, were sitting on the sand spit. My new acquaintance called the larger ones Gulls and the smaller ones "Gullies" and said they were his weathercocks for they always sat facing the wind.

As I sailed back over the pond the wind freshened to almost a gale. I landed at my old camping place

and made ready for the night which promised to
be stormy but after a dash or two of rain the sky
cleared and the stars began to twinkle overhead. The
wind, however, blew strong from the N. W. all night
drowning sounds so effectually that I heard only
the occasional note of a Night Heron or Piping Plover.

Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts.
Cape Poge Pond to Great South Pond.

1890

July 18 Clear and warm. Wind N. E. to E. very blizzy at times.
Rose at 6 A. M. & after getting breakfast made another
tour of the colonies of Terns. Found a young bird nearly
full grown but unable to fly hiding among the beach grass
and took several photographs of him. A pair of Piping Plover
evidently with young followed me about one of them
fluttering and coting about on the sand, imitating the
struggles of a wounded bird so graphically that a number
of the Sympathetic Terns hovered overhead.

Packing all my things into the canoe I started for
a tour of inspection of the pond. I paddled nearly up
to the light-house following the shore closely. Saw a
good many Piping Plover, one pair accompanied by young
two-thirds grown which scuttled back into the beach grass
as I approached. I landed & tried to find one of them
but failed. They looked whiter than the old birds & seemed
to have much down still remaining among the growing
feathers. I also saw two Sheldrake (Jaegers) which were
lying on the dry sand near the shore. They allowed
me to get within 25 yds. before they flew. One had
a crippled wing apparently for it flapped along 100
yds or more without getting fairly on wing & finally,
on reaching the water, down.

Near the light-house I saw a single Bank Swallow
& a small flock of Least Sandpipers. I made a quick
run under sail around the E. side of the pond
passing a Greater Yellow-leg which was standing on
a mud flat in the middle of a little pool.

I then sailed directly out of the pond and
started for Edgartown keeping well in shore for
there was a heavy sea running in the open bay.

and most of the waves were white capped. Several came tumbling over the cause but my rubber apron kept the water out and I reached the town without shipping more than a tumbler or so of water.

At 4 P.M. I started on another trip, this time in company with Mr. Mansfield the orthodox druggist of the place. He ran quickly and easily up the harbor before a fresh breeze and passing Katona turned in at the entrance to the fishing ditch a narrow channel $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile long dug across the plains last winter to form a fish way into Great South Pond. Through this ditch we dragged, poled or paddled our boats, according to the depth of water which varied from 2 to 20 inches, disturbing several thin fishers and Night Herons which were perched along the banks. We reached the pond at 7 P.M. and after getting beer milk at a farm house started across or up the pond a little after sunset. The wind, although faint, still favored us and permitting the use of our sails.

It was a delightful evening & there were many interesting birds. Night Heron in great numbers flying about & standing in rows along the shores, flocks of Black Ducks, the young not as yet strong of wing, fluttering out from the beds of tall reeds, Wilson's Great Terns, Ring-billed Gulls, Gull-billed Loons, Red-bellied Loons, and a great bed of large Gulls settled, evidently for the night, on a sand bar near the north shore. I sailed up to these Gulls & started them when to my surprise I found that the greater number were L. marinus several (at least two) fine adult birds among them.

We landed about 2 miles up the pond, disturbing a perfect cloud of Night Herons, and camped on the beach between the pond & the sea.

1890

Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts
Visit Great South Pond.

July 19 Clear and warm with a very heavy Thunder storm early in the afternoon. Wind S.W. to N.W. blowing very strong at times.

Our rest during the night was more or less broken by the outrageous noise made by the Night Herons which were all around us by scores, fishing in the shallow water along the edges of the pond. for the most part unseen in the darkness but occasionally visible against the star-lit heavens as they fled their way low over our camp. On rising early in the morning we found them still engaged in fishing an occupation which they apparently prosecuted at all hours of the day & night for many were still thus employed when we left this place at 11 A.M. I had a fine opportunity to watch some of them at close quarters - in a birch ditch which connected the lagoon with a smaller pond. Creeping to the edge of the bank I lay for an hour or more looking directly down on a dozen or more Herons which were posted along the water's edge within 8 to 20 yds. of me. All but two or three were young birds of this year.

Early in the morning we saw a Greater Yellow-leg standing on a sand bar in the pond and heard Flycatchers in small flocks were continually flitting about. At Quinn Lakes & Maryland Yellow-Throats sang in the oak scrub near our camping place. We found the fresh track of a fox which had passed very close within 6 or 8 ft. during the night.

We were about to start out on the pond when a shower drove us to shelter in a summer's shanty. There was a Barn-Swallow's nest which the young had just left on a rafter in this house. The birds must have entered through one or other

of the several holes drilled by Flickers in the walls.
David Fisher came to our shelter just as the storm
ceased. He told us that he had met a man picking
blueberries who said that he saw a "Heath-hen" with
six young about $\frac{1}{2}$ grown yesterday.

At about 11 A.M. we got off and started to go
down the pond but the wind increased to such an
extent that we judged it wiser to return and
accordingly made for the E. end of the pond, I
sailing close hauled, my companion hoving.

I saw many Black Ducks and started another
large flock of Gulls from the Sand Bar. Most of
them were immature massins but there were several

Herring Gulls also, including one fine adult which
had one wing injured in some way and was unable
to fly. I passed within a few yards of a Black Duck
which looked like a wild bird ~~but~~ which was followed
by eight or ten young only a few days old. All of them
young but one were dark plumbeous the exception having
a yellowish white head and neck. The old bird
thrashed about & quacked loudly but did not actually fly.

We started down the herring ditch at 1.30 P.M.
and reached the outlet just as a heavy thunder shower
burst over us. I sat through it in my canoe my companion
taking shelter in the R.R. Station. At the height of
the downpour a least Tern plunged into the water near
me & emerged with a small fish although the surface
was literally churned into foam by the falling rain drops.
A Barn Swallow took refuge under the bank near me.

In the pond we saw many alvins & white perch
the latter dying in great numbers from some epidemic.

Reached Edgartown at 5 P.M.

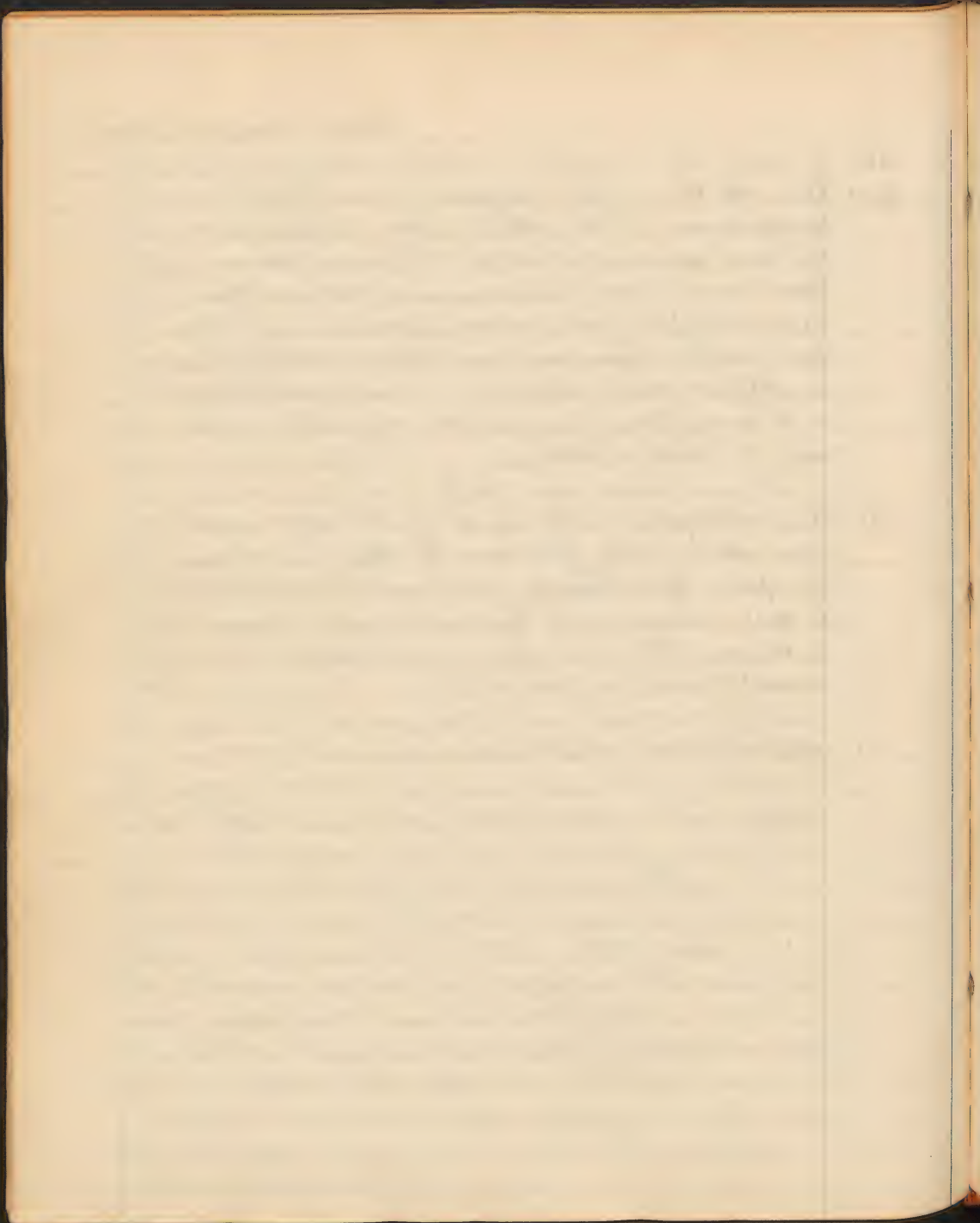
Martha's Vineyard, Mass.

1890

July 20 Clear with thunder storms passing near the town in the afternoon. In the afternoon drove to Katama & the South shore with C. & E. R. S. Sawanna Sparrows, Yellow-wings & Green Finches singing freely on the Plains. A few Barn Swallows followed us at times but most of them seem were sitting with their wings on telegraph wires. Heard one or two Meadows Larks and some Towhees, Bay Sparrows etc. in the scrub near the hotel at Katama.

" 21 Clear with light E. to S. E. wind. In the forenoon took a sail with C. & E. R. S. going down the Bay to & into Cape Poge pond, then returning and going to the head of the harbor. Saw about the usual number of Loons. In one place there were fifty or more collected over a school of fish.

" 22 Returned to Fairweather this noon and on the 23rd to Boston



Muskeget Island, Mass.

1890

July 30 Clear with fog in early forenoon. Wind S.W., strong.

Started for Muskeget with Fred Pease as skipper at 10 a. m. Beat up the harbor to above Katama where we ran into a dense fog and accordingly sailed about the harbor for an hour or two when we ran out into the ocean through the opening. On the beach we saw two or three Megascops asio gambelii which allowed us to pass within close gun range.

Outside the opening we found an ugly sea running but as we approached Muskeget it became smoother. About a mile N. of that island we passed what Pease declared to be the largest flock of terns he ever saw together over the water. There must have been several thousand strong or over a space at least a mile long, all hovering & plunging over a shoal of bluefish. Among them I saw one Short-tailed Tern, an adult in apparently full plumage. It was diving like the rest.

Reached Muskeget at 3 P. M. As we rounded N. E. Point I saw a number of M. gambelii, with many pups, feeding on the beach. Shortly after landing I started out going to the part of the island where I found the Roseate Terns breeding during my last visit. To-day the Terns of both species were all or nearly all in the air constantly which probably was due to the fact that most of their young were hatched. I saw certainly four times as many all told as during my last visit but the Roseate Terns seemed much less numerous than then, perhaps because they are now more generally dispersed. The air as far as the eye could reach over the land was simply filled with clouds of birds & the noise was distracting. It affected Pease's nerves so much that he said to go back to the beach & I found my own nerves giving way more than once. The Wilson's Terns were bolder than the Roseates to-day and dove at my hand incessantly. I could not more than eight or ten live young of all

but one or two out of the nest hiding in the grass where they were very hard to see. There were dead young everywhere most of them in the down lying dead & shriveled in the nests but a few nearly full grown. I saw five in one little opening. What kills them? There were a few eggs in places but not one twentieth of what I saw during my last trip. There were also a few young on wing, perhaps five or six seen in all. Doubtless there were thousands of his young hidden among the grass & ivy. I spent most of my time searching for young of the Roseate Tern but do not think that I found one. At least I found nothing that differed from young *S. hirundo*.

Heard one laughing Gull and saw an adult Phalarope. Heard his beach grass on a dry part of the island. There were a Meadow Lark & one or two Song Sparrows singing near the house.

The Terns were flying about all night long. During the afternoon saw many coming in from the sea with fish but could not trace them often to their young. Saw one come over the grass near me with a small fish in its bill, drop it & after a moment fly off without the fish. Went to the spot and found a young Wilson's Tern nearly full grown. The Roseates were also bringing in fish but I did not succeed in watching any of them down.

July 31

Clear with a gale of wind from the S.W. in the afternoon.

It looked so much like a storm in the early morning that we decided to start for home directly after breakfast. Got off at 9 A.M. As we came around N.E. Point saw a flock of 9 bottle-head Plover circling & whirling over the beach. Had a rather light breeze across but as we neared Cape Poge it began to blow mainly. We had a wet time beating up the bay & reached home at 1 P.M.

1890

- July 31 A gale from the S.W. all the afternoon but after sunset only a fresh breeze. After dinner got my canoe ready and at 6 P.M. started for the South Beach. I paddled about a mile along the shore, hearing Savanna Sparrows & Yellow-rumps singing at intervals & seeing a fine Spotted Sandpiper, when Mr. Bailey wanted me in a Cassin's bird boat & offered to tow me to the beach on a rope which I gladly accepted. Bordered near the beach to see the reef which was very fine. Then, shortly after the moon rose, I paddled up to the head of the bay near Katama and went ashore for the night. As I started the birds heard Least Terns in the air constantly & occasionally made one out diving. I also heard them at intervals during the entire night. A few Night Herons came about my canoe at intervals, & I heard a Greater Yellow-leg about day break.

- Aug 1 Cloudy with occasional short intervals of sunshine, and a heavy thunder shower preceded by a gale of wind at about 6 A.M. Wind N.E. to E. most of the day.
- At day break heard Greater Yellow-legs and Upland Plover calling, Night Herons quacking, and the shrill cry of Terns also many small waders. Just after rising (about 7 A.M.) a heavy thunder shower passed over the wind upsetting the canoe. Immediately after the shower there was a short period of dead calm during which I heard a Cuckoo, a Maryland Yellow-throat & several Towhees singing in the oak scrub across the bay near Katama.
- As the tide rose numerous waders began flying along the shore many alighting near me. There were great numbers of Red-breasted Snipe, Turnstones, Least & Semipalmated Sandpipers, Sandlings, and Ring-necked and

Spiny Plover and a Bonaparte's Sandpiper and Black-bellied
Loon besides Greater Yellow-legs & Upland Loon occasionally
whistling over the plains towards Kotana. Early in the
forenoon I packed the canoe and started down the harbor
paddling along the shore of the beach. The waders just
mentioned were stretched along the water's edge in lines
and little clusters as far as the eye could reach. Most
of them were feeding but some were asleep standing on one
or both legs with bills buried in feathers of the back. In
the same space I have never seen more large flocks at
once. The Snipe were almost or quite as numerous as the
Pup. I saw two Numenius hudsonicus flying together
over the water.

Banded near the beacon and spent the afternoon & night
on a strip of bare, white sand where many Least Terns
were breeding. Found four nests 4, 2, 2, & 1 eggs respectively,
there being a toddling little chick, which the parents fed
at frequent intervals, near the nest with an egg. Photographed
all the nests and spent much time watching the birds
through the glass but did not take any of the eggs.
After an hour or two the birds ceased to mind my
presence as long as I kept still and I could watch
at my ease all four sitting on their eggs within fifty
yards of my position.

The night was cool with strong E. wind the moon
paling out occasionally through drifting clouds. A thunder
thrust passed over the sea to the S. The distant claps
of thunder mingling with incessant roar of the surf
on the beach. The Least Terns were perfect, silent after
it got dark except when I moved about where they
would start as quickly as in the daytime. No waders
flying after 8 P.M. Some Snipe passed the night near
a few Barbers.

1890

Aug. 2 Clear with light E. to S. E. wind.

Rose at daybreak and after getting breakfast lay quietly on the sand by the side of the canoe, watching the Least Terns and various waders for several hours. There were a number of Red-breasted Loops and Greenstones scattered in little bunches along the water's edge on the harbor side of the beach but not as many as I saw yesterday. As the tide fell the little "Pups" bitook themselves to the great rafts of eel grass on which several Night Herons were also fishing in company with a lot of Herring Gulls. A pair of Scaup Terns which seemed to have young or eggs on the beach came very near me at times and I made them out to be Arctic Terns of which species I have seen very few during this season. They were evidently a solitary pair and there were ~~no~~ Wilson's Terns breeding near them.

The Least Terns were wholly at ease respecting my presence this morning and paid very little attention to me. I had the good fortune to see a pair in sexual union within less than 40 yds. of me (see notes under *S. antillarum*) and watched the mother bird sitting quietly on their eggs as long as I wished.

At about 10 a. m. I packed the canoe and started down the inner shore of the beach towards the opening seeing nothing of particular interest until I reached a small island just inside the opening. Here I found about 100 Terns sitting on a sand-bar with nearly as many more fishing about 200 yds. off. Among them on the sand I counted 11 Short-tailed Terns most of them adults ^{more or less} in full plumage and among the fishing birds seven more. The greater part of the adults were mottled with white but one appeared to be in absolutely

often imperial dress and two or three others had only a little white about the head. I saw only two that I felt sure were young.

When I was within about 40 yds. the flock rose and after circling once or scattered, at the same time a number of Wilson's Terns rose from their nests on the higher central portion of the island. I landed and found about twenty nests, all with eggs, some of them held more than 2 eggs and one two less than that number. They were very similar in position and composition also being placed, without exception, on little sand knolls and surrounded by a few weeds or tufts of beach grass and lined with a little dry grass or seaweed. I did not examine any of the eggs closely. Took a number of photographs of these nests and several of the birds on the bar. Found Beach Terns breeding numerous, quite to the end of the beach.

Starting at 1 P.M. I sailed to Edgartown quickly and very pleasantly, the wind being fair and pleasantly strong. As I passed near base of the grassy hills on Acidguttick I occasionally heard Yellow-wings and Song Sparrows singing.

Spelman arrived at 5 P.M. and we started at once for Great South Pond taking the canoe with us in the wagon. Pipits were singing in the oak scrub along the road and Meadow Larks on the plains where we also saw an Upland Plover flying about. We heard only one Grass Finch sing and no Savanna Sparrows. Barn Swallows numerous.

Reached the pond at sunset and embarked at the landing ditch, Spelman taking an old skiff which we found there. I sailed and he rowed. We reached the place where I camped with Mansfield at about 9 P.M. and landed there to spend the night. Saw only a few herons certainly, not over a dozen or fifteen.

1890

Aug. 3

Morning and early afternoon hazy with thin wreathes of fog driving in over the land before the light S. wind. Late afternoon perfectly clear with sparkling sea and light but steady S. wind.

Rose at 6 A.M. After breakfast walked over the land to the deep cut where I saw so many Night Herons during my last visit. There were only two there this morning. Some 10 gauge shells, recently fired, lying on the bank sufficiently explained the absence of them two birds and the absence of the others! Two Lesser Yellow-legs were flying about whistling and occasionally alighting and we heard the distant call of Upland Plover now & then. There were a few Puffs, Sandpiper & Piping Plover also and an occasional Least or Wilson's Tern but altogether the place proved very disappointing after my experience there a week or two ago. We accordingly decided to go back to the lower end of the pond and thence down the herring ditch to the harbor. As we were pushing off a large flock of Black Ducks appeared, flying down the pond. There were nearly as many Herring, Black-backed Gulls on the sand bar as during my first visit.

I had to paddle most of the way back as the wind was ahead. Saw a young Marsh Hawk drop into some reeds and rise with a small frog which it carried off holding it gingerly in one foot.

I paddled and dragged the canoe through the ditch, Spelman having his boat behind and walking. Saw one or two Herons and a Kingfisher. In many places the water had undermined the banks forming little pocket shaped nooks with overhanging roofs. All of these pockets contained numbers of dead ducks and

der-better. In some of them there must have been nearly or
into a peck of these unfortunate creatures which I suppose had
wasted their strength & finally, perished in vain attempts
to climb the overhanging walls. At least I could conceive of
no other cause of their death although it is certainly
curious that the toads did not escape, as they could
have done easily enough, by swimming the narrow ditch,
which in most places had gently inclined banks, and
the better by flying.

On reaching the harbor we lunched and then followed
the beach, Spelman on land I barling the canoe, out
to the nests of the Least Terns that I found
yesterday and the day before. Spelman took a
number of photographs of these nests which I searched
for more, finding one with 2 beautifully marked eggs.
One set of two eggs on which the bird was sitting
yesterday at 10 a.m. had hatched in the interim.

I found first the shells showing about one the
sand and then the young birds squating about
15 yds. apart each at the base of a scant
tuft of beach grass. Spelman photographed them
both.

I hiked back to town late in the afternoon
having a light but steady fair wind. Saw two
Black-birds fishing together off Kalamia.

(Left Subartown for Falmouth on the afternoon
of the 4th and went to Cambridge on the 6th.)

1890

Falmouth, Massachusetts.

June			July		
Munda	24 ²⁰ - 25 ⁵⁰ - 26 ²⁰		1 ¹⁵ - 8 ³⁰		
T. pallasi			8 ¹⁰ 8 ²		
T. fusca			7 ¹⁴		
			8 ¹⁰ (Hemula)		
Galeoscoptes	24 ³ - 25 ⁸ - 26 ⁸		8 ¹⁰		
Harporhynchus	24 ² - 25 ⁴		8 ²		
Parus atri	24 ²		8 ⁸		
Minotilla	25 ³		8 ¹ - 8 ¹		
Parula am	25 ¹ - 25 ¹		8 ¹ - 8 ²		
D. aestiva	24 ⁸ - 25 ²		8 ¹ - 8 ²		
" virens	24 ¹ - 25 ⁴		8 ²		
" discolor	24 ² - 25 ³		8 ⁸		
" pennsylv	24 ¹ - 25 ¹		8 ²		
T. trichas	24 ⁸ - 25 ⁴ - 26 ⁸		8 ²		
S. auricapillus	24 ³ - 25 ⁶		8 ⁴ (Hemula)		
Setophaga	24 ¹ - 25 ²		8 ¹		
D. pinus			8 ²		
V. olivaceus	24 ³ - 25 ⁵		1 ² - 8 ²⁵		
V. morio			8 ¹ (Hemula)		
Empidonax	24 ¹ - 25 ¹				
Progne	24 ³ - 25 ⁴		8 ³		
Hirundo	24 ⁴ - 25 ⁴		1 ² - 8 ¹⁰ - 13 ¹ - 12		
Icthyophaga	24 ⁶ - 25 ¹¹		8 ¹		
Poocetes	24 ² - 25 ⁸ - 26 ¹		8 ¹ - 8 ²		
Passerculus	24 ¹ - 25 ⁸ - 26 ⁷		8 ¹ - 8 ²		
Carpodacus	24 ³ - 25 ³		8 ²		
Spinus tristis	24 ⁸				
A. canadensis	25 ¹⁸ - 25 ¹⁸ - 26 ¹⁰		8 ¹⁰ - 29 ¹		
Melospiza mel.	24 ¹⁵ - 25 ²⁰ - 26 ¹⁰		8 ¹⁰		

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some faint smudges and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. The left edge of the page shows the binding of the book, and the overall tone is a warm, off-white or light beige.

Copied into systematic part

1890

Falmouth, Massachusetts

Spizella pus. June $24\frac{1}{2}$ - $25\frac{2}{3}$ July $26\frac{3}{4}$ - $14\frac{1}{2}$ Aug.
J. ~~ovoid~~ $24\frac{1}{2}$ - $25\frac{10}{12}$ - $26\frac{2}{3}$ $26\frac{3}{4}$ - $(\frac{1}{2})$

Pipilo 24 ^{2*}/_{2 am} 25 ¹⁰/_{*} 66

Dolichomyx? 24' ✓

Molothrus 25 ^{10 adults} (822 ♀) - 26 ^{2 juv} 156 ♀ - 56 6th

$24\frac{5}{8} \times 25\frac{10}{8} \cdot 26\frac{4}{8}$
 $5\frac{6}{8} \times 6\frac{6}{8} \cdot 3\frac{8}{8} \cdot 28\frac{1}{8} \cdot 10\frac{1}{8}$

$24^{20}_{(2*)} - 25^{10}_{*} - 26^{5}_{*} \quad 5^{12} \quad 6$

Leiscatus 24¹⁰ - 25³⁰ - 26²⁰ 5¹⁰

Corvus am. $24^{\frac{1}{2}}$ $25^{\frac{1}{2}}$ δ^2

Antioch 11/10/10

Doc. erythrox. 24¹ [✓] ^{sum} 1. m. a.

C. americanus 25-100 6²*

Chaetura $24^{\frac{6}{10}} - 25^{\frac{10}{10}} - 26^{\frac{10}{10}}$ $5^{\circ} 6'$

Trochilus 6/10/18

Tyrannus $24^6 - 25^4 - 26^2$ 6^2

Con. viridis 24¹/₂ - 25¹/₂ 6¹/₂

E. minimus 25 $\frac{1}{8}$ 6*

Cranioidea 68

Principles.

Boys

24⁴ 25⁴ 26¹

Ardes viridescens 2.5

Nyctea nyctea 2.6' 5.7

Tringoides	21.2	64
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Merops persicus 24^{5c}

Larus atricilla ?

Sterna hi. 24^{10} 25^{10} 6^{20}

S. doucallei 2,425 6¹²

Y-flores

For groups

4 "Kicker" 25 $\frac{1}{8}$



1890

Falmouth, Massachusetts

Circus July 6¹⁸⁹⁰



Copied

1870

Martha's Vineyard, Mass.

Mimus	June 28 ²⁰⁰ _(200x) - 29 ¹² _(2x)	July 1 ² _(2x) - 14 ² _(2x) - 16 ² _(2x) - 17 ² _(2x) - 19 ² _(2x) - 20 ¹⁰ _(2x) - 21 ² _(2x) - 29 ² _(2x) - 30 ² _(2x)	Aug 2 ² _(2x)
Tachycineta	" 28 ⁸⁰ _(40x)		
Harporhynchus	" 28 ⁴⁰⁰		
Sialia	" 28 ⁶		
Parus atricof.	" 28 ⁴ _(3x)		
Miniotilla	" 28 ³ _(2x) - 29 ² _(2x)	July 16 ² in vineyard of digestion 19 ² _(2x) - 20 ² _(2x) - 21 ² _(2x) - 22 ² _(2x) - 29 ² _(2x)	
Parula	" 28 ¹³ _(2x)	" 19 ² _(2x) - 20 ² _(2x) - 21 ² _(2x)	
D. aestiva	" 28 ⁶ _(3x) - 29 ² _(2x)	" 15 ² _(2x) - 19 ² _(2x) - 20 ² _(2x) - 29 ² _(2x) - 30 ² _(2x)	
" discolor	" 28 ¹⁴ _(2x)		
Geothlypis	" 28 ²⁵ _(2x)		
Guthrie's	" 28 ⁶⁰	" 18 ² _(2x) - 19 ² _(2x) - Aug. 1 ² _(2x) - 3 ² _(2x)	
Petrochelidon	" 28 ² _(2x)		
Progne	" 28 ^{6 at} _(2x) - 29 ¹⁰ _(2x)		
Hirundo hor.	" 28 ¹²⁵ _(2x) - 29 ¹⁰ _(2x)	" 15 ² _(2x) - 19 ² _(2x) - 20 ² _(2x) - 29 ² _(2x) - 30 ² _(2x) - Aug. 1 ² _(2x) - 3 ² _(2x)	
Indigocitta	" 28 ²⁰ _(2x) - 29 ² _(2x)	" 16 ² _(2x) - 17 ² _(2x) - 18 ² _(2x) - 19 ² _(2x) - 29 ² _(2x) - 30 ² _(2x) - Aug. 1 ² _(2x) - 3 ² _(2x)	
Cotula riparia	" 29 ³ _(18 nests)	" 18 ² _(2x)	
Hoio olivaceus	" 28 ³⁰ _(2x) - 29 ² _(2x)	" 15 ² _(2x) - 16 ² _(2x) - 19 ² _(2x) - 20 ² _(2x) - 21 ² _(2x) - 29 ² _(2x) - 30 ² _(2x) - Aug. 1 ² _(2x) - 3 ² _(2x)	
Cardinalis	" 28 ³ _(2x)	" 16 ² _(2x)	
Spinus tristis	" 28 ⁷ _(4x)	" 16 ² _(2x) - 20 ² _(2x)	
Poocetes	" 28 ¹⁰⁰ _(60x) - 29 ²⁰ _(2x)	" 16 ² _(2x) - 18 ² _(2x) - 19 ² _(2x) - 20 ² _(2x) - Aug. 1 ² _(2x) - 3 ² _(2x)	
P. passerina	" 28 ³⁰ _(10x) - 29 ¹⁰ _(2x)	" 14 ² _(2x) - 17 ² _(2x) - 18 ² _(2x) - 19 ² _(2x) - 20 ² _(2x) - 31 ² _(2x)	
C. passerina	" 28 ¹⁰ _(2x)	" 17 ² _(2x) - 18 ² _(2x) - 20 ² _(2x) - 31 ² _(2x)	
Spinella soc.	" 28 ⁷⁵ _(30x) - 29 ² _(2x)	" 16 ² _(2x) - 17 ² _(2x) - 18 ² _(2x) - 19 ² _(2x) - 20 ² _(2x) - 29 ² _(2x) - Aug. 1 ² _(2x) - 3 ² _(2x)	
" pusilla	" 28 ⁶ _(2x)	" 18 ² _(2x)	
Melospiza melode	" 28 ²⁰ _(2x) - 29 ⁴ _(2x)	" 16 ² _(2x) - 17 ² _(2x) - 18 ² _(2x) - 19 ² _(2x) - 20 ² _(2x) - 30 ² _(2x) - 31 ² _(2x) - Aug. 1 ² _(2x) - 3 ² _(2x)	
Pipilo ery.	" 28 ³²⁵ _(300x)	" 19 ² _(2x) - Aug. 1 ² _(2x) - 2 ² _(2x)	
Agelaius	" 28 ⁴⁰ _(8x)	" 18 ² _(2x) - 19 ² _(2x)	
Ammodramus aeneus(?)	" 28 ²⁵ _(2x)	" 20 ² _(2x) - Aug. 3 ² _(2x)	
Thryothorus	" 28 ⁴⁰ _(20x) - 29 ² _(2x)	" 16 ² _(2x) - 18 ² _(2x) - 19 ² _(2x) - 20 ² _(2x) - 31 ² _(2x)	
Corvus am.	" 28 ²⁵ _(2x) - 29 ⁴ _(2x)	" 18 ² _(2x) - 19 ² _(2x) - 20 ² _(2x) - 31 ² _(2x) - Aug. 1 ² _(2x) - 3 ² _(2x)	
Cyanocitta	" 28 ⁶ _(2x)		
Ceryle alcyon	" 28 ³ _(2x)	" 15 ² _(2x) - 17 ² _(2x) - 21 ² _(2x) - 31 ² _(2x)	

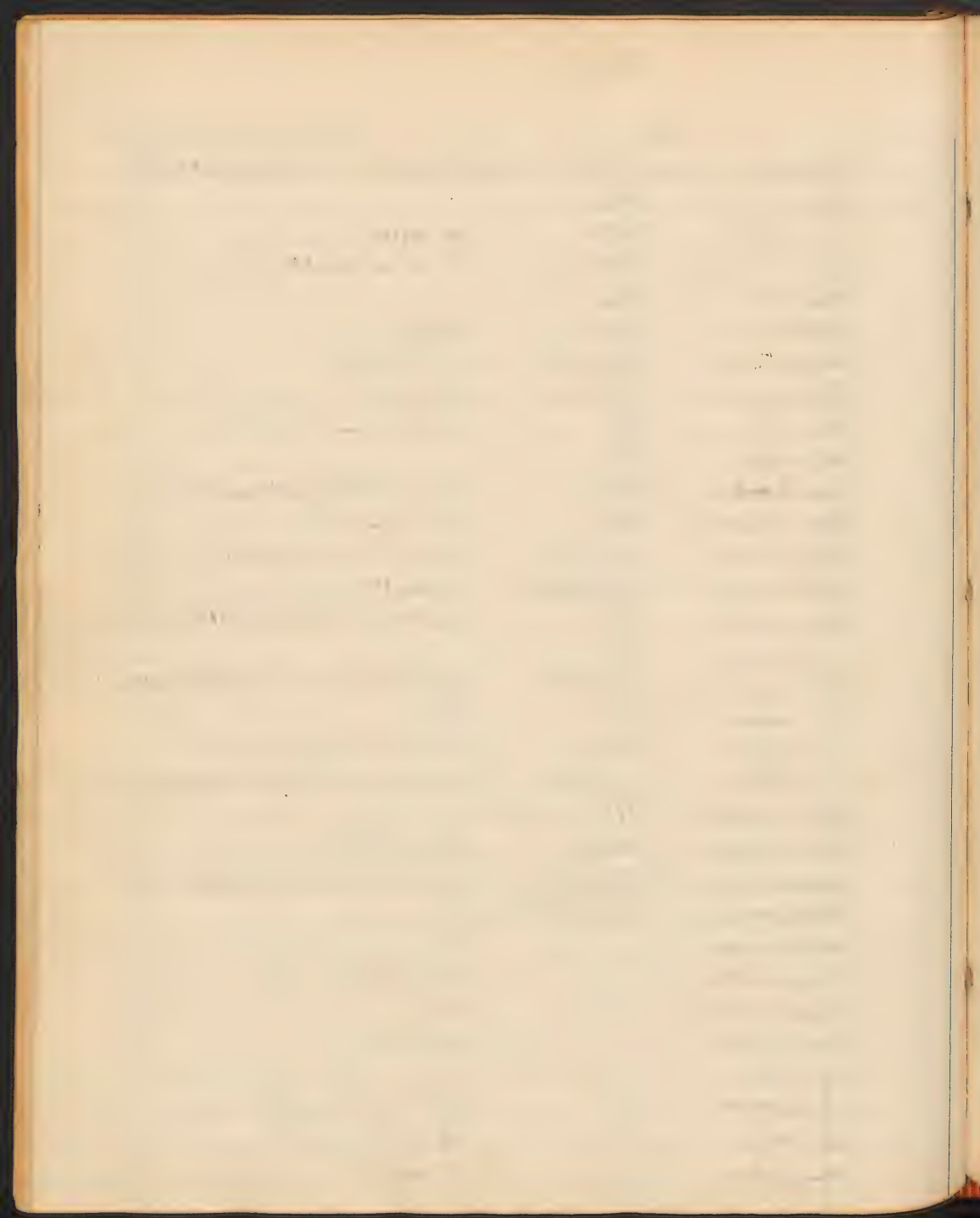


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1890

Martha's Vineyard, Mass.

• <i>Chaetura pel.</i>	June 28 ³⁰ 29 ¹⁰	July 1 ⁰ 4 ¹⁰ 14 ¹⁵ 15 ⁵ 18 ⁵ 19 ² 20 ⁵ 21 ¹⁰ 29 ⁵ Aug 3 ¹⁵
• <i>Coccyzus am.</i>	" 28 ^{1/2}	
• " <i>erythrop.</i>	" 28 ^{4^{am}}	14 ^{1/2} Aug 1 ^{1/2}
• <i>Tyrannus car.</i>	" 28 ⁴⁰ 29 ^{1/2}	16 ² 20 ⁴ 21 ⁵ 30 ⁵ 31 ⁵
• <i>Myiarchus</i>	" 28 ^{1^h}	
• <i>Contopus virens</i>	" 28 ^{8^h}	7 ^{1/2} 17 ^{1/2}
• <i>Colaptes auratus</i>	" 28 ^{3^h} 29 ^{1/2}	18 ¹ 19 ² Aug 3 ^{1/2}
• <i>Passer domesticus</i>	" 28 ⁶⁰ 29 ²⁰	15 ¹⁰ 19 ¹⁰ 20 ¹⁰
• <i>Circus hnd.</i>	" 28 ⁴	18 ² 27 ² 20 ¹ Aug 1 ¹
• <i>Oxyechus virgin.</i>	" 28 ⁴	
• <i>Agelaius maifada</i>	" 28 ²⁰ 29 ⁵	31 ¹⁰ 16 ⁵ 17 ⁴ 18 ²⁰ 19 ¹⁵ 30 ²⁰ Aug 1 ⁵⁰ 2 ²⁰ 3 ¹⁰
• <i>Totanus melanoleucus</i>	" 28 ^{1^{ad}}	18 ¹ 19 ¹ Aug 1 ⁵
• <i>Tringoides mac.</i>	" 28 ¹⁵ 29 ¹⁰	3 ⁵ 15 ² 16 ⁴ 17 ² 18 ¹⁰ 19 ¹⁵ 30 ⁴ 31 ⁴
• <i>Breithornis longi.</i>	" 28 ^{2^h} ^{3^h 4^h 5^h 6^h 7^h 8^h 9^h 10^h 11^h 12^h 13^h 14^h 15^h 16^h 17^h 18^h 19^h 20^h 21^h 22^h 23^h 24^h 25^h 26^h 27^h 28^h 29^h 30^h 31^h}	14 ²⁰ Aug 1 ^{6^h} 2 ^{3^h} 3 ¹
• <i>Sarus a. smithi.</i>	" 29 ^{3^{am}}	3 ³ 15 ^{10^{am}} 16 ^{3^{am}} 17 ⁴ 18 ²⁰ 19 ^{2^{ad}} 20 ¹⁰ Aug 1 ^{1^{am}} 2 ⁵
• " <i>delawarensis</i>	" 28 ^{1^{am}}	
• <i>Sterna hirundo</i>	" 28 ²⁰ 29 ¹⁰⁰	3 ²⁰ 14 ³⁰ 15 ³⁰ 16 ²⁰ 17 ¹⁰⁰ 18 ²⁰ 19 ⁶⁰ 20 ²⁰ 30 ¹⁰ Aug 1 ²⁰ 2 ²⁰
• " <i>macrura</i>	" 29 ^{4^h}	2 ^{2^{ad}}
• " <i>dougalli</i>	" 28 ¹⁰ 29 ¹	3 ¹ 14 ² 15 ³⁰ 16 ⁴ 17 ²⁰ 18 ²⁰ 21 ⁵ Aug 2 ²
• " <i>antillarum</i>	" 28 ¹² 29 ⁴	3 ¹² 14 ² 16 ² 18 ⁵ 18 ⁵ 19 ¹⁵ 20 ⁵ 30 ¹⁰ Aug 1 ²⁰ 2 ¹⁵ 3 ¹⁵
• <i>Belonema velutina</i>	" 29 ^{1^{am}}	
• <i>Mergus serrator</i>	" 29 ^{1^{ad}} 3 ^h	2 ^{3^{am}} 17 ^{2^h} 8 ^{2^h}
• <i>Nyctea nyctea</i>	" 29 ^{3^h} ^{4^h 5^h 6^h 7^h 8^h 9^h 10^h 11^h 12^h 13^h 14^h 15^h 16^h 17^h 18^h 19^h 20^h 21^h 22^h 23^h 24^h 25^h 26^h 27^h 28^h 29^h 30^h 31^h}	14 ⁴ 16 ⁴ 17 ³ 18 ²⁵ 19 ^{5^{ad}} 31 ^{1^h} Aug 1 ⁰ 2 ³
• <i>Botaurus missor</i>	" 30 ^{1^{am}} ^{2^h 3^h 4^h 5^h 6^h 7^h 8^h 9^h 10^h 11^h 12^h 13^h 14^h 15^h 16^h 17^h 18^h 19^h 20^h 21^h 22^h 23^h 24^h 25^h 26^h 27^h 28^h 29^h 30^h 31^h}	17 ¹
• <i>Anthracoceros socij</i>	"	3 ^{1/2}
• <i>Tringa minutilla</i>	"	14 ³⁰ 17 ^{18¹⁰} 19 ¹⁰ 30 ²⁰
• <i>Amphisp. cedrorum</i>	"	14 ²⁰
• <i>Sarus atricilla</i>	"	16 ^{7^{ad}} 17 ²
• <i>Ardea herodias</i>	"	17 ¹
• <i>Sarus marinus</i>	"	18 ^{1^{ad}} 19 ^{3^{am}} Aug 3 ^{1/2}
• <i>Anas obscura</i>	"	18 ^{1^{ad}} 19 ^{2^h} Aug 2 ^{1/2}
• <i>Numenius hnd</i>	"	17 ¹ Aug 1 ¹



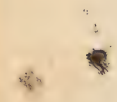
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North's Vineyard, Mass

- *Trachinus* July 20^(100°) 29°
- *Mac. griseus* " 17^{hard at night} 30²⁰ Aug. 1¹⁰⁰ 25°
- *Tringa bon* Aug. 1¹
- *Graculus* Aug. 1³⁰ 25°
- *Ag. semi* Aug. 1³⁰ 25°
- *Ag. vocifer* Aug. 1²⁰
- *Syr. helotica* Aug. 1¹⁰ ^{apple bark} pure white & ^{1 ad 8} ^{under bark} whitish black
- *Colinus* Aug. 1¹⁵
- *Streptopelia* Aug. 1^{40 ad.} 25°
- *Scimus nov* July 30^(100°)
- *Ag. alb* *Scimus nov*
- *Tol. glauca* Aug. 1²⁰

THE HISTORY OF

THE
LIFE
OF
THE
LORD
OF
THE
TREASURY
OF
THE
COMMONS
IN
PARLIAMENT
ASSEMBLED
IN
THE
YEAR
OF
OUR
LORD
1701
BY
JAMES
MACKENZIE
ESQ;
OF
THE
MIDDLE
TEMPLE
COUNSELLOR
AT
LAW
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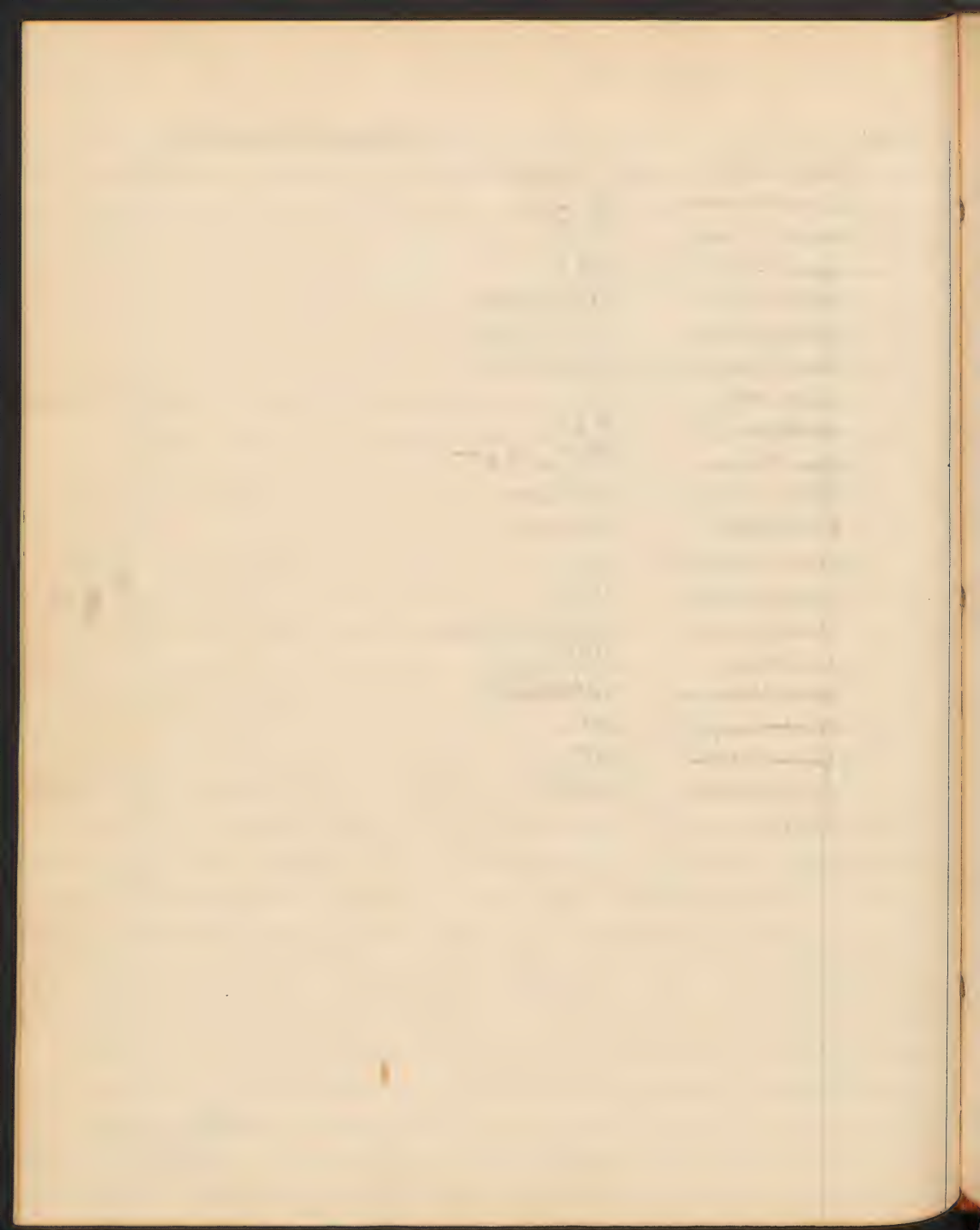


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1896

Winokeg Island, Mass.

<i>Melospiza melodia</i>	July 2 ² . 3 ⁴ . 30 ² . 31 ²
<i>Passerculus savanna</i>	2 ² . 3 ⁴ . 30 ²
<i>Ammodramus cauda</i>	2 ¹⁵ . 31 ^{ad}
<i>Agelaius phoeniceus</i>	2 ² . 3 ¹⁵
<i>Sturnella magna</i>	2 ⁴ . 3 ⁴ . 30 ⁴ . 31 ⁴
<i>Nyctea vivax</i>	2 ⁴ ad. 3 ² ad. 30 ¹ . 31 ¹
<i>Tringoides maculosa</i>	2 ⁶ . 3 ⁶ . 30 ⁴ . 31 ²
<i>Agelaius melode</i>	3 ²
<i>Agelaius serripes</i>	3 ¹ . 30 ⁴
<i>Sterna hirundo</i>	2 ^{30000 birds} . 3 ¹ . 30 ⁵⁰⁰⁰⁰ . 31 ⁵⁰⁰⁰⁰
<i>Sterna forsteri</i>	2 ⁵⁰ . 3 ²⁰⁰ . 30 ¹⁰⁰
<i>Larus atricilla</i>	2 ⁵⁰ . 3 ² . 30 ¹⁴
<i>Larus delawarensis?</i>	3 ¹ imm.
<i>Larus americanus</i>	2 ⁴ . 3 ²
<i>Larus oceanicus</i>	3 ¹ imm. off id. 30 ² imm. off id.
<i>Anas obscura</i>	2 ¹ imm. 30 ¹⁰
<i>Hydrochelidon dominica</i>	30 ¹ forming with 3 ¹ imm.
<i>Macrobrythos griseus</i>	30 ¹⁰
<i>Squatarola bulweri</i>	31 ¹⁰
<i>Tringa minutillula</i>	30 ⁵⁰ . 31 ²⁰
<i>Grus</i>	1



1890.

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Sept. 20; Early morning cloudy with light rain; clearing at 10 A.M. Remainder of day clear and warm.

In company with H. W. Henshaw I reached Bethel last night at 9 o'clock. At daybreak this morning heard a Phoebe in full song in front of hotel. Started for the Lake at 8.45 A.M. in one of Lane's wagons drawn by a pair of wretched, half starved horses.

We reached Poplar Tavern at eleven and dined there. Mrs. Bartlett had only a few new birds, a gray Screech Owl (*Megascops asio*) shot at one of the lumber camps in the Notch last autumn, the third she has had from the same locality, and a Sheldrake, one of twenty five that have appeared in Bear River lately.

Screech Owl
Taken in
Groff's
Notch
Goosander
in Bear River
Navy

At 1 P. M. started again and got to Lakeside a little after sunset. Saw very few birds by the way, only Junco, a few Grass Finches one or two small flocks of Cedar Birds, a few Chipping Sparrows & Song Sparrows. No Robins and no Hawks. Three or four Crows but no Jays.

1847

1. The first of the year was a very cold day, with a heavy frost, and a strong wind from the north. The snow was very deep, and the roads were very slippery. The weather was very disagreeable, and the people were very much distressed.

2. The second of the year was a very warm day, with a heavy rain, and a strong wind from the south. The rain was very much, and the roads were very muddy. The weather was very disagreeable, and the people were very much distressed.

3. The third of the year was a very cold day, with a heavy frost, and a strong wind from the north. The snow was very deep, and the roads were very slippery. The weather was very disagreeable, and the people were very much distressed.

4. The fourth of the year was a very warm day, with a heavy rain, and a strong wind from the south. The rain was very much, and the roads were very muddy. The weather was very disagreeable, and the people were very much distressed.

5. The fifth of the year was a very cold day, with a heavy frost, and a strong wind from the north. The snow was very deep, and the roads were very slippery. The weather was very disagreeable, and the people were very much distressed.

6. The sixth of the year was a very warm day, with a heavy rain, and a strong wind from the south. The rain was very much, and the roads were very muddy. The weather was very disagreeable, and the people were very much distressed.

7. The seventh of the year was a very cold day, with a heavy frost, and a strong wind from the north. The snow was very deep, and the roads were very slippery. The weather was very disagreeable, and the people were very much distressed.

8. The eighth of the year was a very warm day, with a heavy rain, and a strong wind from the south. The rain was very much, and the roads were very muddy. The weather was very disagreeable, and the people were very much distressed.

9. The ninth of the year was a very cold day, with a heavy frost, and a strong wind from the north. The snow was very deep, and the roads were very slippery. The weather was very disagreeable, and the people were very much distressed.

10. The tenth of the year was a very warm day, with a heavy rain, and a strong wind from the south. The rain was very much, and the roads were very muddy. The weather was very disagreeable, and the people were very much distressed.

1890.

Sept. 21; Clear and cool with light N.W. wind. A superb autumn day.

Spent the morning about the house unpacking etc. Henshaw took a short walk and flushed a Woodcock near the lake shore in front of the house. He brought in some specimens of Actra alba, the white fruit of their blood red stems very striking.

After dinner rowed over to the Lake House with H. Saw three Wood Ducks, two of them drakes in apparently full plumage. They were feeding near shore just east of Brown's point: Opposite Peasley's spring saw a Solitary Sandpiper standing on the edge of the water.

Returned late in the afternoon seeing nothing of interest on the way. The water is high but not over much of the grass meadowland. Partridges are said to be very scarce; no one has seen any Wild Pigeons this year. Crocker is credited with having killed two Snipe yesterday

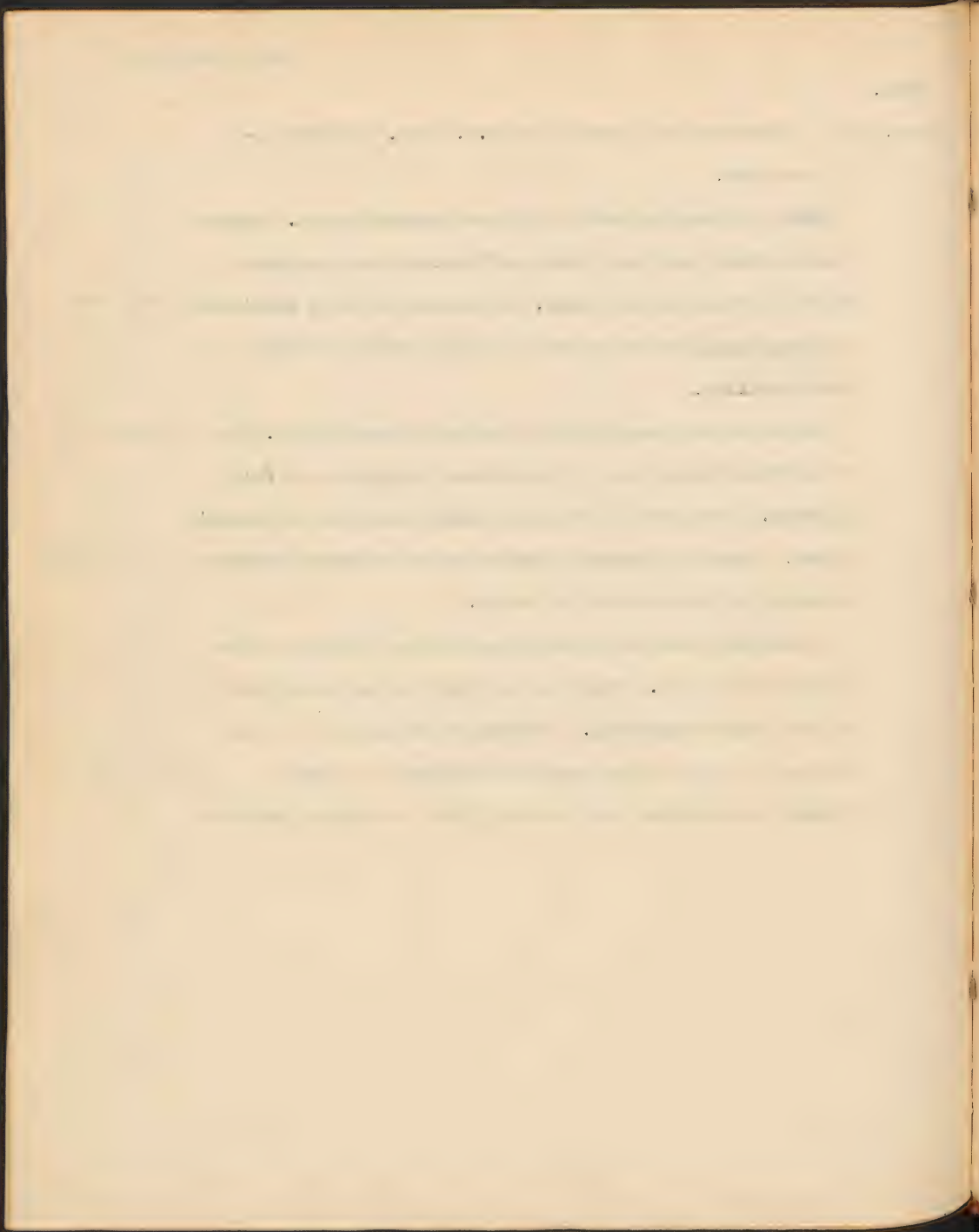
Actra alba

Wood Ducks

Solitary Sandpiper

Partridges scarce

Wild Pigeons



1890.

Sept. 22, Clear and cool with N.W. wind. Started with H. at 9 *Woodcock shooting*
 A. M. We first hunted for the Woodcock seen yesterday.
 Don found him among birches and made a beautiful point. I
 flushed the bird and Henshaw shot it.

We next beat the covers towards and around the Brown
 farm seeing nothing but a very shy Partridge. The ground
 to the westward around Sweat's proved equally disappoint-
 ing and we came in at noon with only the one bird.

After dinner we drove to the bridge over the Swift
 Cambridge on the Andover road and beat the hillsides
 covered with brakes & pasture spruces where I killed some
 Woodcock two years ago. Started five birds of which we
 each bagged one. Don behaved very well but made only two
 good points. Most of the birds were among the brakes and,
 as is usually the case on such ground, they ran a good deal
 and gave the dog much trouble to overtake and find them.

Saw a good many Sparrows and one Pigeon Hawk. The *Pigeon Hawk.*
 Warblers seem to have all left. Flickers are numerous but *Flickers.*
 we neither see nor hear many Jays, and Robins are scarce.

The asters are in full bloom but the golden rods are *Golden Rods.*
 mostly out of flower. Actea alba is conspicuous in damp
 places by the roadside.

1890.

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Sept. 23.

A cold blustering day with high N. wind and great black clouds, some of which sent down brisk showers of rain alternating with ^{Woodcock} brief intervals of sunshine. Starting at 8,30 A.M. Henshaw and I ^{Shooting} drove to Errol where we put up the horse in a barn on the edge of the river and beat the alder thickets on the S. side. They proved unsuitable for Woodcock the bushes being too tall and dense and the ground beneath and especially in the openings being choked with a rank and matted growth of asters, golden rods and long grass, which rose to the height of our shoulders.

Starting nothing here we harnessed the horse and returned about two miles towards Lakeside, finally stopping at a place where there was a large tract of pasture spruces by the roadside.

In these Don found and pointed a Woodcock which I killed by a difficult snap shot. The bird fell among rocks and rolled down into a hole where I just managed to reach its bill with my finger tips.

We then drove another mile homeward and stabled the horse in a barn belonging to Mr. Perrin who told us that Woodcock-"Massachusetts Woodcock"- he called them were very numerous all around his opening. Climbing the hillside behind his house we had no sooner reached the edge of the poplar & birch woods when Don pointed and two birds rose together and went off unshot at. In this cover we started four one of which I shot, H. missing two shots. We then went down in to a deep narrow valley where I killed a Ruffed Grouse by an exceedingly difficult snap shot. Returning to the hillside we started a Woodcock which I shot at & probably killed as we found a great many feathers but no bird.

1890. (Continued.)

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Sept. 23. We next skirted the edge of a great hillside pasture seeing a great number of Sparrows among which were two Lincoln's Finches. *Lincoln's*
Both were flushed from fine dry grass in wet hollows. One flew *Finches*
into some bushes where I shot it, the other escaped into thick spruces & was seen no more.

Descending the hillside we crossed the road and H. went down into the intervale after some Flickers one of which he flushed from the grass & shot. The report of the gun started a Sparrow which *Lincoln's*
flew about 100 yards very much in the manner of a Savannah Sparrow *Finch*
and alighted in the short grass in a mowing field. Upon going to the spot I flushed it and I saw at once that it was a Lincoln's Finch and finally shot it in a brush fence in which it finally took refuge. As I was wrapping it up Don started another from a bunch of grass near me but it made a long flight & escaped.

We finished the day by beating a tract of dense young spruces growing on very wet springy ground where H. killed two Woodcock one *over*
~~at~~ a steady point. Don also pointed a third which rose wild & went off unshot at.

The drive home in the twilight although cold was very pleasant.

1890.

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Sept. 24

Weather very like that of yesterday but even colder and more blustering.

*Woodcock
Shooting*

Got off at the usual time with "old John" and the buckboard, driving to the Sargent's clearing where we spent the forenoon. Started eight Woodcock, two in the lower end of the mixed cover by the lake shore, four in the willows higher up, one in the spruces on the hill above the road and one among the maples on the wood edge nearly up to Pearley White's. We killed the first two and two of the next four, each getting two birds. I missed a shot at the bird in the spruces and H. one at that started among the maples. Don worked remarkably well making no less than seven fine points. The birds flew very fast and several twisted like Snipe.

Started two Lincoln's Finches from fine dry grass in a wet hollow in Sargent's plantation. H. killed one flying I the other in a brush fence where it sought shelter. I also shot a Oven-bird and a Red-eyed Vireo the latter in a cornel where it was feeding on the berries.

*Lincoln's
Finches*

Saw quantities of Flickers, two Bluebirds, a Pigeon Hawk, and a flock of Rusty Blackbirds, besides a great many Sparrows.

Spent the afternoon beating for Snipe in the meadows at the mouth of the Cambridge. The grounds were in good condition but we saw no birds nor indeed any fresh signs. A single Great Blue Heron.

1890.

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Sept. 25.

Clear and much warmer with rather strong S. W. wind, a delightful day without a cloud from sunrise until sunset.

Off with H. at 8.30 A.M. taking the buckboard and old John and driving to Pearley White's. Beat all around the edge of the cover behind the barn and started a large Woodcock three times but failed to get a shot at it. Then followed the wood edge down the hill to the little meadow where we shot the Lincoln's Finches yesterday. There were no Sparrows here to-day but we started a Connecticut Warbler from some mountain maples on the edge of the woods and H. shot it. It is the first that has been taken in this region.

We next crossed the cart path and beat a very extensive tract of alders, maples, poplars and spruces, low springy ground which seemed in perfect condition for Woodcock. We found one bird at which we both shot nearly together but both missed. I killed a beautiful Lincoln's Finch here. It started from the ground in a pasture on the edge of a strip of maples in one of which it alighted sitting perfectly still until I killed it.

We saw a good many Robins and great numbers of Yellowrumps but not half as many Sparrows as yesterday and only four Flickers.

In the afternoon we took old John again and drove to J. Brown's stopping on the way in front of C. Brown's where H. killed a very large Woodcock. It lay in the little isolated clump of maples near the road and I drove it out to H.

At J. Brown's we tried first the alders above the house. Finding nothing there we crossed the road and ascended the hill to the dense spruce cover where I had a good shot at Woodcock last year.

1890. (C. 10-11)

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Sept. 25.

This place must have been alive with birds to-day as we have found the signs and the behaviour of the dog who did nothing but point every few steps. The evergreens were so dense however that we got up only three Woodcock. I had one hard and one very easy shot - missing both birds. He shot at one of them & also missed. On the drive home in the twilight we overtook Charlie Brown who a moment afterward turned into a cart path which leads to his house and immediately shouted to us "Come and kill a Woodcock." I took my gun and hurried to the spot where I found a large Woodcock sitting on the edge of a mud puddle. I flushed it three times in succession but owing to the dim light was unable to see it after it left the ground. It returned to the puddle each time in less than half a minute dropping on the edge of the water as lightly as a big ball of thistle down. Once it strutted a few feet with tail erect and spread like a fan. It would run before us for several yards before taking wing, moving with a fine, winding gait. When flying it made a peculiarly silvery musical whistle different, it seemed to me, from the sound of the wings by day but still evidently made by the wings.

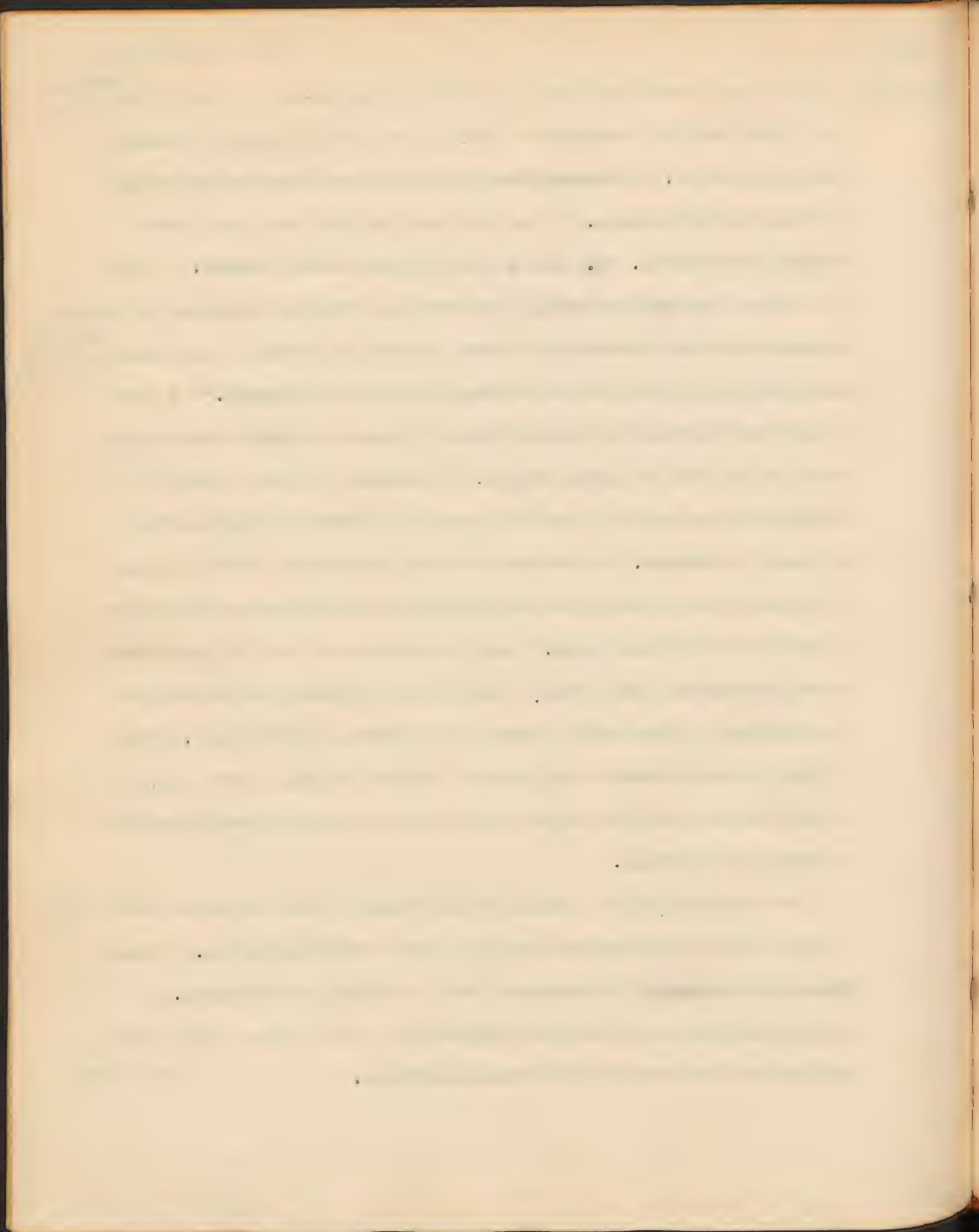
Saw this afternoon a flock of six Flickers and an Osprey, the latter flying high towards the south apparently migrating. Heard - Parus hudsonicus in the spruces where we found the Woodcock. A native brought in two Greater Yellowlegs which he shot early this morning at the mouth of the Cambridge River.

Woodcock
flushing

Woodcock
feeding in
the bog

Flickers

Greater Yellowlegs



1890.

Sept. 26.

Early morning clear and mild with soft S. W. wind. By 10 A. M. clouds began to gather and by 3 P. M. it was raining.

Woodcock
Shooting.

Starting at 8 A. M. Henshaw and I drove directly to Ferrin's and leaving the horse in his barn began at once to look for Woodcock. We tried first the dense thicket of young spruces & arbor vitae in the intervale where we killed two Woodcock & left another on the 23rd. It held two birds this morning both of which we shot. We next beat a cover of poplars and birches growing thinly on a knoll but found nothing. At the farther end I ~~heard~~ ^{heard} a Warbler in some alders uttering, at intervals, a chirp which sounded at once strange and familiar. By "sweeping" a few times I called it into sufficiently plain view to see that it was none of the species of common occurrence here and at once shot it when to my great delight I found that it was an Orange-crown (Helminthophila celata) a bird which as far as I know has never before been taken in this region. Thus on two successive days I have added a new Warbler to the Lake Umbagog fauna: My Orange-crown proved a female. It was in fresh autumn plumage and although hard shot with the Woodcock charge (#10) made a very good skin. It was accompanied by a Kinglet (Regulus calendula).

Orange
crowned
Warbler
Shot.

Following the wood edge along a little farther we came to another knoll similar to the first but with a dense undergrowth of bushes among the young poplars and, on the lower side, a belt of spruces, beneath which the ground was wet and springy. Still lower down the spruces gave way to alders which formed an extensive & tangled Swamp. The entire tract of poplars, spruces and alders covered a space of perhaps ten acres.

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1890. (Continued.)

Sept. 21.

In this place we started at least seven Woodcock of which we *Woodcock*
 killed only three despite the fact that Don pointed nearly every *trailing*
 bird. The cover, however, was very dense and the birds flew like
 bullets. There were also several Grouse here two of them old males *Parkie's*
 which drummed at frequent intervals. Two which we started were as
 wild as our Mass. birds.

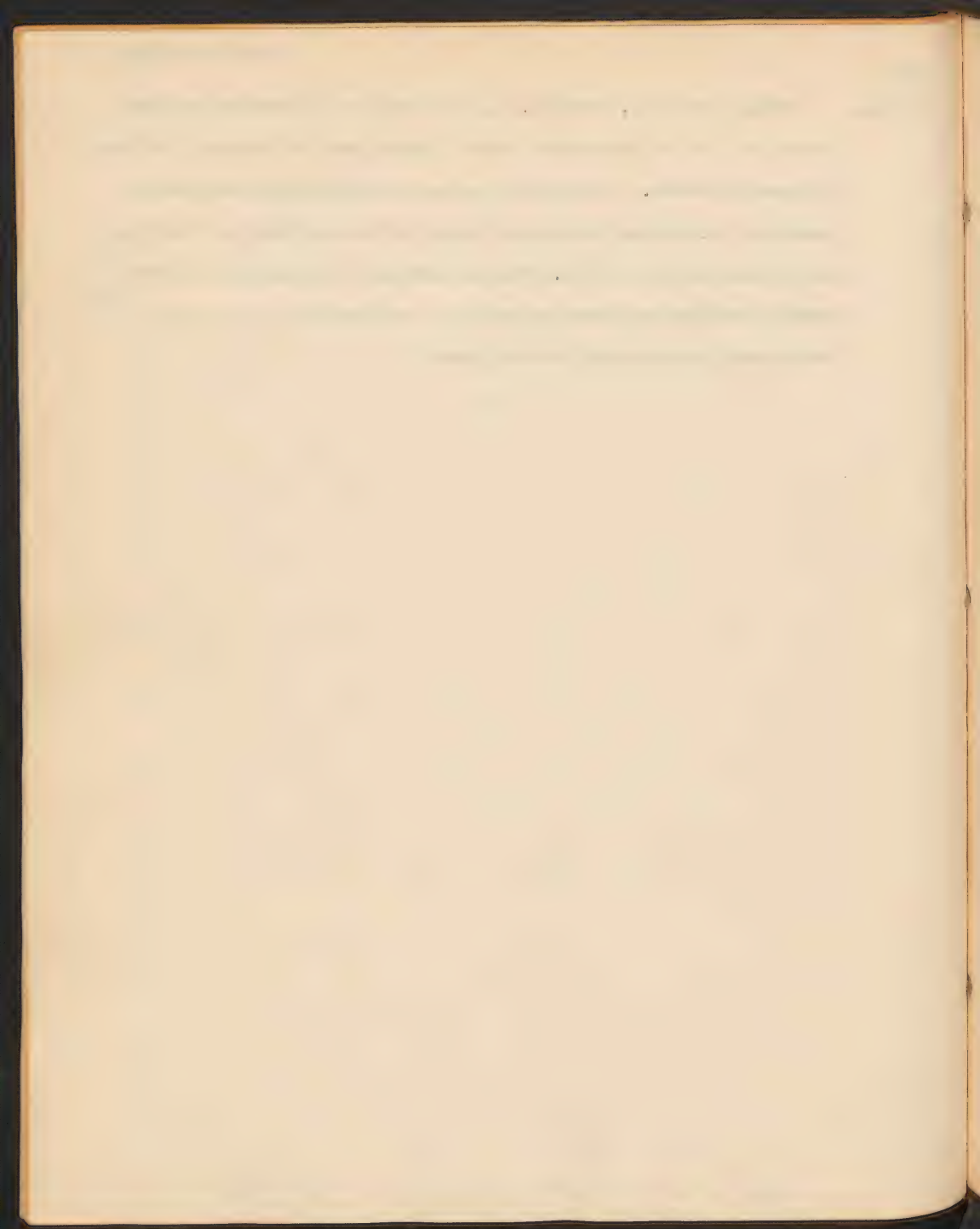
Returning at noon to Ferrin's we ate our lunch on the sunny
 side of his barn and then started out again climbing the hill be-
 hind his house and going over the same ground covered on the 23rd.
 We started nothing on the hill but in the valley beyond Don found
 & pointed two Woodcock one among brakes & spruces the other in
 alders on the bank of a brook. H. shot the first but the second
 escaped us. I had a hard shot at it but missed. H. saw the bird
 alight as he thought but we could not start it a second time.

Near the head of this valley we heard a grouse drumming and start-
 ed another. It now began to rain heavily so we returned to the
 house and drove back to Lakeside. On the way saw a Junco which *albino*
 had the cheeks white and a few white feathers elsewhere in the *Junco*
 plumage. Flickers still rather numerous in the fields along the *Flickers*
 road.

1896.

Sept. 27.

Cloudy and cool. Wind N. W. Jip came in the morning and rowed us over to the Lake House where I spent most of the day getting my canoe in order. I also went up on the hill behind the Abbott place and hunted for Woodcock a little while starting one bird but not getting a shot at him. Coming back down the river I saw five Pectoral Sandpipers circling over the meadows high in air and a ^{Pectoral} Marsh Hawk beating close to the grass.



1880.

Sept. 28. Morning clear; afternoon cloudy. Wind N. to N.E. raw and chilly. Spent the morning about the house. In the afternoon took a sail on the Lake going up as far as Great Island. Although I skirted the shores for some distance I actually did not see or hear a bird of any kind during the entire trip.

After returning I walked along the road as far as the Sargent place. Heard Hermit Thrushes clucking and two White-throated Sparrows singing. The leaves are turning fast and a few are beginning to fall but the woods are still green in most places. *Autumn foliage*

Pearley White's son brought in two Spruce Grouse which he killed on the Mollidgewank road to-day. *Spruce Grouse*

The first part of the book is devoted to a general
introduction of the subject, and to a description of the
materials used in the experiments. The second part
contains a detailed account of the experiments, and
the results obtained. The third part is devoted to a
discussion of the results, and to a comparison of the
experimental results with the theoretical predictions.
The fourth part contains a summary of the results,
and a list of references. The fifth part is devoted to
a discussion of the results, and to a comparison of the
experimental results with the theoretical predictions.
The sixth part contains a summary of the results,
and a list of references. The seventh part is devoted to
a discussion of the results, and to a comparison of the
experimental results with the theoretical predictions.

1890.

Sept. 22.

Cloudless from sunrise to sunset, with little or no wind.

Woodcock
Shooting

Morning and evening sharp, midday - ft. & warm. Spent the morning about the house. In the afternoon had the old horse harnessed and started for the Woodcock cover at the foot of Upton Hill opposite the Strickland place where H. and I found and left several birds on the 25th. Just after passing Brown's I saw an adult White-crowned Sparrow in the road and a few yards further on two more. They flew into the bushes as I passed but after finding a good place to leave the horse I returned and killed ^{two} ~~three~~ birds, both old birds, and one shot. There were two more, one an immature bird, but I could not get a shot at either of them.

White
Crowned
Sparrow

I left the horse at Strickland's and descending the hill to the spruces beat them pretty thoroughly. Don found and pointed a Woodcock soon after we entered the place. It rose behind me giving me an awkward shot which I missed. This was the only bird I saw but the dog started another in a place so thick that I could only hear its wings.

Got back to Lakeside a little after sunset and walked down to the patch of weeds near the landing. Here I started and shot a young White-crowned Sparrow.

White-crowned Sparrow

1890.

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

Sept. 30. A simply perfect day without a cloud; the wind S. W. to W. rather strong but perfectly steady and wonderfully soft and free from the slightest suspicion of chilliness. At midday the sun was rather hot & the ther. must have risen to nearly 70. Lincoln's Sparrow
White-crowned

Jim and Charley went up the Lake this morning to pitch the tents and get the camp ready. I had intended to spend the day in packing but seeing a large number of Sparrows in a patch of weeds on the intervalle in the front of the house I took my gun immediately after breakfast, and went down to have a look at them. One of the first that I started was a fine adult White-crowned Sparrow which I shot in a brush pile but could not find. Soon after this I saw several more White-crowns and shot a Lincoln's Finch. Encouraged by this I beat the weeds carefully many times in succession driving the Sparrows from them to the bushes along the fences and by the lake shore where I could inspect them with comparative ease. Identified positively seven Lincoln's Finches of which I shot four and ten White-crowned Sparrows of which I killed one. All but two of the White-crowns were young birds. One of them sang a confused but very sweet warbling strain not unlike that of a young Song Sparrow. I could have shot most of these ^{young} White-crown Sparrows easily enough had I wished to do so but the old birds were shy.

1890

Oct 1 Cloudless and perfectly calm all day. Sun very hot and
 thus, probably above 70° at noon. A perfect day.

Left Buxton by Steamer at 8 A.M. taking Jim and
 Aldena Brooks. It was slightly foggy on the lake and we
 saw nothing but a few Loons, all young birds. On reaching
 my campfire joined a last year joined Charlie in charge
 of the tents which had been pitched yesterday. All three
 of the men went to work at once on a float for a landing
 which they finished by noon. The afternoon was spent
 in cutting timber for the shed camp the walls of which
 were raised before dark.

I superintended the work and paid some attention,
 also, to the small birds of which there were a great
 many such as Chickadees (both species), Kinglets (both species),
 Violet Thrushes, Yellow-rump Warblers, Blue Jays, Canada
 jays (two), Red-bellied Nuthatches, and a Yellow-bellied
 Woodpecker. In the distance I heard a Hylotomas and
 there was a Kingfisher sounding his rattle on the lake
 shore. Red Squirrels were chattering in the spruces, and
 Wood mice scolding in the wind falls. Towards evening
 the autumn call of Hyla pickeringii rose at intervals
 from various parts of the woods. It was so still that
 the slightest sounds were easily heard at great distances.
 The hammering of Woodpeckers, the splash of fishes, the
 voices of men talking in ordinary tones on the marshes
 at the Outlet; every now and then the distant
 report of a gun.

After nightfall there were no sounds but the
 occasional cry of a loon. The Great Horned Owl
 seems to have deserted this locality for even the
 bright moon which rose at about 9 o'clock did not

I go into
 camp again
 on the point
 just built at
 Mull's Cove

Small birds

Sounds
 at evening.

Night sounds

and then history.

1896

Oct. 2

Clear and warm with light S. W. wind. At daybreak I was awakened by the Loons which indulged in a wild outcry on the lake. I also heard a Flicker calling.

Loons calling
at daybreak

Soon after breakfast the camp was visited by two Canada Jays and a large mixed flock of Chickadees, Kinglets and Red-bellied Nuthatches with which were several Yellow-rumps and a Black-poll Warbler. A very large Gray checked Thrush also came out of the bushes to look at us and at one time there were no less than three Kingfishers above the shore. The Chickadees were singing continually.

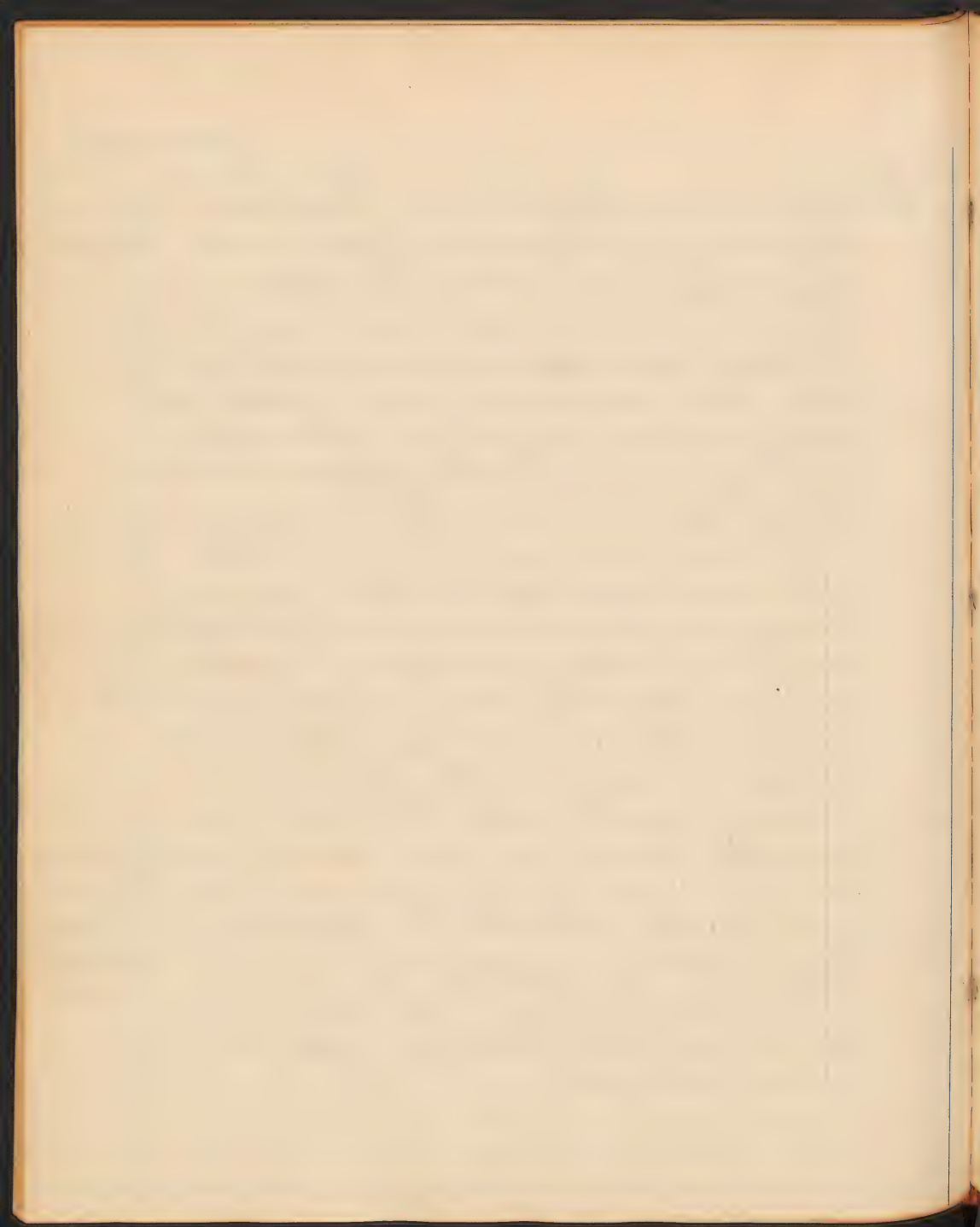
Canada
Jays and
Red-bellied Nuthatches

I visited the camp at Moll's Rock and photographed a fine buck which was hanging in front of the tents and which the party killed with the aid of hounds three days ago. The cook told me that they had killed no Ducks or Partridges as yet. They heard a number of Wilson's Snipe on the Moon Point marsh last night.

Wilson's
Snipe

Spent the remainder of the day about camp superintending my men. There were a great many things to be done and our work was not finished by nightfall. In fact the shed camp was not completed. In the evening as we were sitting around the fire I heard Black Ducks quacking in the marshes at the outlet. I also heard in the woods the same double whistle that I noted last year when spending an evening on Moll's Rock. On that occasion Warren Voys asserted that it was made by a Song-crow (Byrrh canadensis) but I believe it to be the cry of some species of Owl perhaps Nyctale. It is low and soft in tone.

Black Ducks
Whistle note
Same as
Owl heard
last night



1890

Oct. 3

Cloudy with the sun shining dimly at intervals. Nearly dead calm all day with an occasional light air from the S. E.

My three men worked hard all day at the shed camp which was finished by sunset. It is 12 x 12 ft. I spent most of the day overseeing their work but in the morning rowed over to the marshes at the Outlet where I spent about two hours beating for snipe. I have never seen the grounds in such perfect condition before but I did not succeed in starting a single bird although I found their droppings in two places. During the morning the only birds of any kind that I saw on these marshes were two Savannah Sparrows, a Swamp Sparrow, a Titlark and a Horned Lark. The last was flying. It came directly over me and piped a number of times so that I made perfectly sure of its identity. It is strange that there were no waders on the marshes or mud flats at the Outlet. I did not see or hear so much as a Peep. About several of the shallow pools the water and mud was covered with the feathers of Black Ducks and I saw other familiar signs of their recent presence such as torn up roots of aquatic plants etc. They doubtless visit these marshes at night to feed and spend the day in some of the back ponds. The hunters camping on Moll's Rock keep up such an incessant racket with their rifle practice, shooting etc. that it is no wonder the shore birds avoid the marshes opposite.

Otocoris alpe

Black Duck
Siges

Heard a *Hypotaenidia* near our camp and received an early morning visit from a pair of Canada Jays. In the evening *Hylas* were peeping in the woods and mosquitoes were numerous enough to be annoying.

Pileated W.
Canada Jays
Hylas

1898

Oct. 7 Cloudy during forenoon with light, steady rain. Afternoon
clear. 200 wind.

To Balasid Spent the day about camp. Saw only a few small
to meet birds, much fewer than on previous days. In the afternoon
Melvin took the steamer for Balasid where I met J. C. Melvin
in the evening.

1890

Oct. 5

Clear and colder with high N.W. wind the lake white-capped as usual.

Left Lakeside with M. by steamer at 9 A.M. and reached camp an hour later. On the way saw two loons, a Black Duck, and a Pelvic Scoter, the latter in the lake in front of the Hayward place.

After dinner M. and I rowed over to the Outlet and down the Androscooggin to the second bend. Landing on the left bank we beat the meadows for birds. Starting six of which I bagged three (in three shots) and M. two. Saw a large Pectoral sandpiper feeding about in the usual water way.

We then rowed back to near the Outlet and took stations in the grass on the east bank near a pool where feathers & other signs showed that Black Ducks had been feeding lately. We waited here until it was nearly dark but no Ducks came in. As we were about to get into the boat and push off I heard a Snipe coming uttering its hoarse scarp at frequent intervals. Just as it was passing I saw it for an instant against the light in the west and being a rash snipe dropped it dead into the middle of the river.

Just after sunset there was a subdued but general chorus of ^{croaking} ~~frogs~~ ^{Scaphiopus} ~~frogs~~ croaking rolling over the marshes. I have heard them here before in October but never on such a cold windy evening as this.

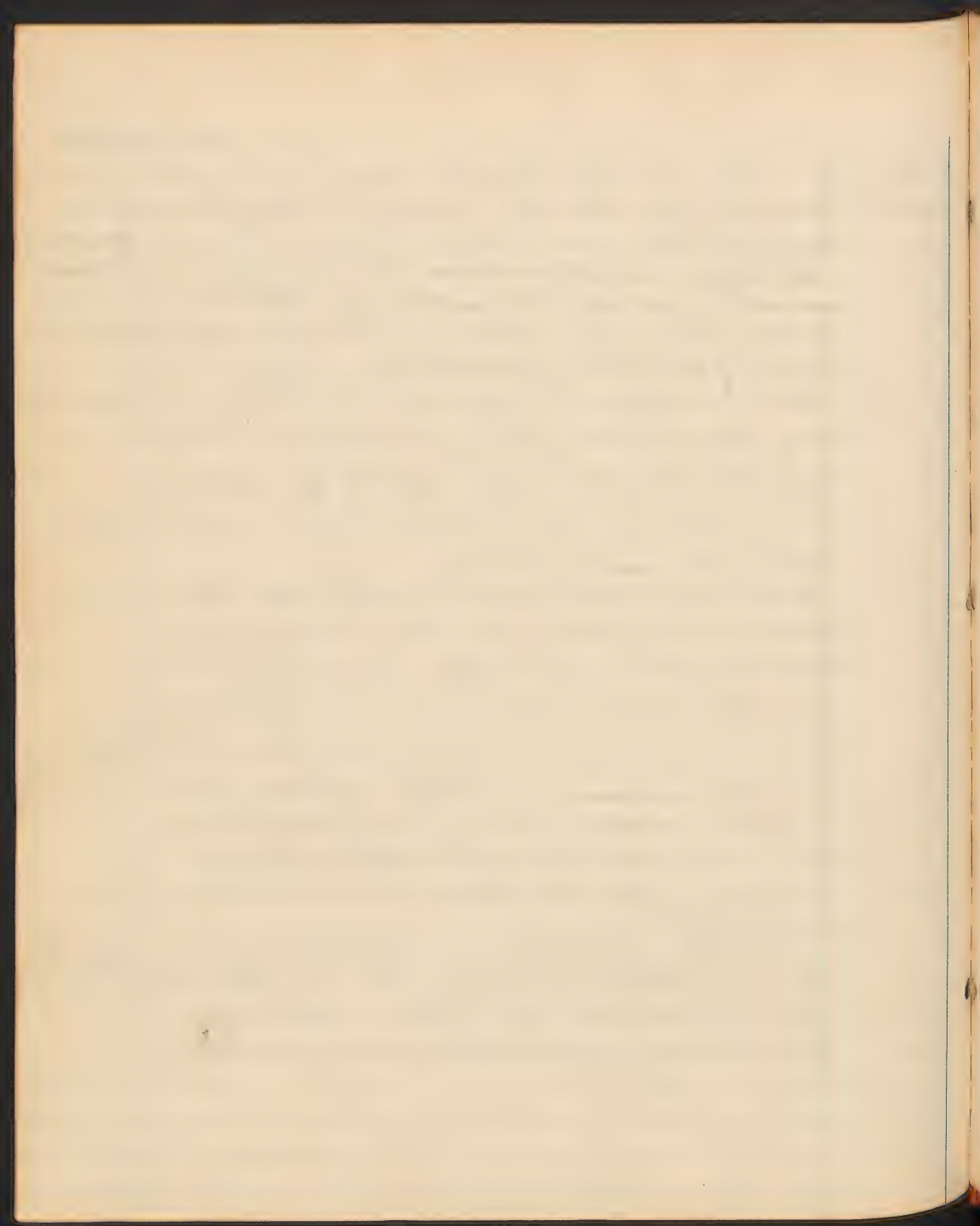
In camp again, with J. C. Melvin

White wing Scoter

Snipe shooting

Pectoral S.

Snipe



1890

Oct. 6

Clear and cold with high N.W. wind, A. blustering, disagreeable day.

We left camp at eleven o'clock, Melvin in my old boat with Bill Sargent I in the new boat with Jim.

As we neared the mouth of the river a flock of 14 Pectoral Sandpipers came whirling over the water. Last is. I fired both barrels into them getting four with the first and one with the second. Melvin killed six with one barrel & missed with the second.

Pectoral
Sandpipers

We then tried the snipe marsh flushing five birds on one little point. We killed two and two went across the river on into Edwards' Pond, the others alighting on the bare slopy bank and after a little following the first. The fifth bird dropped in the reeds where I put it up twice shooting both barrels at it each time and missing it with all four shots. We marked it down within a few rods but we could not flush it again.

Snipe shooting

We lunched at the entrance to Edwards' Pond and then paddled through the pond and out into the lake by way of Nelson Point. Started two black ducks near the end of the island and saw fully 100 Robins in one flock evidently migrants just in from the North. There was a Flicker & a Rusty Blackbird with them.

Black Ducks
100 Robins
at Edwards Pond

Near Richardson's Cove M. flushed & killed another snipe. The report of his gun started them Greater Yellow legs from Nelson Point. I followed them to the outlet while M. went to Black-back & Sandy-birds Cove for Ducks. I found the Yellow-legs on a mud flat on the south side of the Outlet and near them

Greater Yellow

Golden Plover a single Golden Plover and fully 50 Pectoral Sandpiper.

Pectorals The latter were scattered about feeding ~~making~~ a very pretty, animated picture.

I stalked the Yellow-legs and shot one sitting and another as it rose. The third came back past me and also met its fate. This shooting started the Plover and the Pectorals but they soon came back. I shot the Plover first as it sat on the top of a stump.

Golden Plover
killed on
stump.

June 1
Greater Yellow
legs

Then killed about a dozen Pectorals. Soon after this we heard Yellow-legs whistling up river and paddling to the spot found them more all of which I killed. One was so tame that I got within ten feet of it and actually fired a shot at one of the others directly over its head without starting it. After this I heard still another Yellow-leg but we could not find him. We also saw two flocks of Black Duck flocks of which alighted alighted but we failed to get a shot at them.

McKim met us at the mouth of the river. He had had a number of Black Ducks & Goldeneyes but had no shots.

1890

Oct. 7

Cloudy and raw with strong S. E. wind and light rain early in the evening increasing to a steady rain later in the night and clearing to snow towards the next morning.

Jim discovered a flock of Scoters in the Lake off B. Brook cover this morning. Just as we were about starting in pursuit of them the steamer appeared and from it a number of shots were fired at them. Two sportsmen came in from the steamer to make us a call so that we did not get out until nearly ten o'clock. We found a flock of twelve Surf Scoters very near shore just inside of B. Brook point. Brushing both boats with green alders we paddled up within thirty yards of them. There were four old males which kept together & led the others. Nelson fired both barrels at them and missed. I killed two of the gray birds with my first barrel and one with my second but one of the three "came to life" again after the manner of Scoters and taking to diving, escaped. The survivors flew only a few hundred yards and we tried them again. This time the flock was at fully 200 yds. but came towards us. Nelson shot one and I made a double at two of the drakes getting both down at about 60 yds. One fell dead; the other I had to shoot over. We next found a flock of eight old male Surf Scoters but they were so shy that we could not get near them. After lunching on the ledge at the end of the point we rowed into Glassy Cove & found four Surf Scoters were there. Nelson paddled to them & shot down a pair as they rose but one escaped. The others two passed

Surf Scoters.

"Loon" shooting

me at least 70 yds. away and I killed one perfectly
bad, a wonderfully big shot for a 20 gauge gun.

Snip
Shooting

We then moved into the Outlet and tried the
Snip marsh. Mr. flushed and killed a Pectoral.

I started a pair of Black Ducks at about 80 yds.
foolishly shot two charges of ≈ 10 at them of course
further. We found eight Snip of which I shot

Pigeon Hawk

chases &

attempts to

kill a

Wilson's

Snip but

fails to

win it.

them and Mr. two. One bird that escaped us
rose high and was flying in a great circle after
the usual fashion of Snip when a Pigeon Hawk
appeared and pressed it for a minute or
more. It easily outtook but seemed unable to
catch it although the Snip did not doubt more
than they usually do. Several times the Hawk closed
in on it and for an instant the two birds seemed
merged into one. Once the Hawk shot directly
under the Snip and turning sharply upward
seemed to attempt to strike it from beneath but
failed in this also. Finally the Snip pitched
down into the grass and the little Falcon
kept on and far up the chase.

Marsh Hawk
8:30

Saw a fine adult Marsh Hawk beating over the
marsh. Also a small flock of Goldeneyes.

Evening at

Outlet.

At sunset took Halions for Ducks. Mr. near
the mouth of the river, I at a small pond in
the marsh. No Ducks came near me but I
heard several Snip. Mr. got one big shot. I
saw two flocks of seven Black Ducks flying
high towards Moon Point.

1890

Oct. 8

Cloudy with no wind. Damp snow fell steadily all the forenoon ^{Autumnal} covering the ground to a depth of two or three inches & ^{snow storm} loading the branches of the conifers. The brilliant autumn foliage showed to great advantage in contrast with the snow and conifers.

We left camp at about 8 a.m. and paddled over to the Black Ducks mouth of the river where we found a pair of Black Ducks and a flock of seven more there. Neil Sargent paddled M. to within about 70 yds. of the pair when they flew & alighted with the others which proved too shy to approach.

Jim and I kept on down the river and just above Leonard's Pond saw a Wood Duck swimming across. It went in behind a stump from which it peeped out at us at intervals. When we were within 20 yds. it rose and I shot it. Wood Ducks

We next went into Leonard's Pond while M. rounded over Leonard's P. to Moose Pt. He found a flock of eight Mergansers in the pond and running the boat in under the bank at the upper end of the island waited for them to work up to us. They came rapidly and were down in the gut. One saw as before I could get them bunched & I had to shoot. I killed one & wounded another with my first barrel and wounded a third with my second barrel. Both wounded birds dropped in the pond but both flew out before we got near enough to shoot them one. Gooseanders

While in pursuit of the second Merganser we started two large flocks of Wilson's Snipe from the edge of the water. There were fully 30 birds in one flock and ten or twelve in the other. They flew in

Wilson's Snipe
in large
flocks in
Leonard's P.

dense cluster like *Tringa* and soon alighted all together. He paddled carefully up to them and could see a dozen or more swimming about on the bare mud and probing. As they took a second time I killed two at one shot. After this we chased them about for several hours, and I shot them more & more times. They were exceedingly shy often rising 50 yds. off. In every instance they alighted on the edge of the water and made no attempt to conceal themselves. I watched one for fully thirty minutes at a distance of about 20 ft. using my most powerful glass. It was feeding most of the time much in the manner of a sandpiper but occasionally probing with half spread bill. It looked very plump & the light stripes on the back were very conspicuous showing as perfectly straight stripes.

I shot it & found the stomach which was filled with mud which was assumed by stones fragments of water beetles & small worms. I made a few puddings

Robins
on shore
of
Lewis & Clark P.
There were about 50 Robins in the woods & along the water's edge. There was much flying among them chiefly by young birds. All this time the snow was falling thick and fast.

We hunted in the gut building a large fire. At
Moon Pt.
Martin
Pectoral
G. Yellowlegs
and I went to Moon Point, taking stations on the outer beach. M. saw a *Tringa alpina* and a Pectoral. Two Greater Yellow-legs alighted near us and I shot at one at long range as it flew. M. then started them & shot one as they started.

Short-eared Owl
As it was getting dark a Short-eared Owl suddenly glided past me within a few feet turning out over the beach then back over the beach where I shot it. It flew like a great swift & fell broken-winged clicking its bill and making a moaning sound when I picked it up. Saw a few ducks but got no shots.

1890

Oct. 9

Fair with occasional drizzle. Moderate N. to N. W. wind. Left all three men at camp to get in wood & with M. spent the entire day hunting Snipe of which we started 20 & killed 4, M. 5 and S. 4. He found some on the marsh opposite Bernard's Pond, three near the Outlet, and eight in the pond. They lay very well to-day and were in the grass all the snow having melted. Don made a beautiful point on one of them which I saw squinting in an opening in a smooth mossy place.

Snipe
Shooting

We saw a Pigeon Hawk but not a single Duck until just at night when two small flocks of Black Ducks and one single bird came over the marsh.

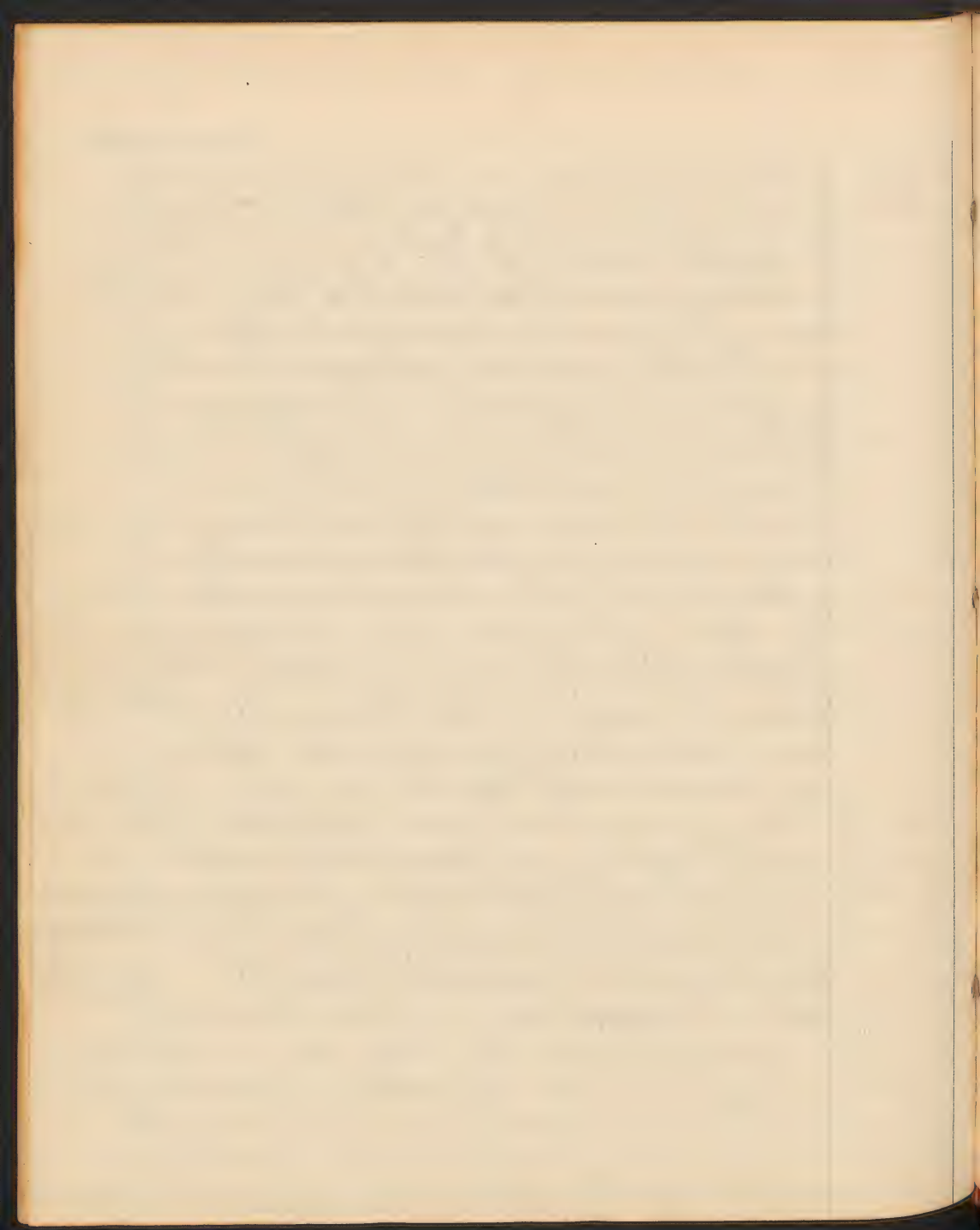
Pigeon Hawk
Black Ducks

There were no Robins to-day and no Rusty Blackbird, of which we saw a number yesterday. Three Song Sparrows & a Flicker were all the small birds seen in Bernard's Pond. On the marsh started a few Savanna & Swamp Sparrow.

Song Sparrows
Savanna "
Swamp "

There were several Hermit Thrushes about the camp this evening & I heard a Crow cawing. Yesterday we saw a Great Blue Heron & to-day a Kingfisher but bird life on the whole is at very low ebb here now. A waterfowl killed a young Semipalmated Plover in Moll's Carry to-day & left it at camp for me.

Hermit Thrushes
Crows
Great Blue Her
Kingfisher
Ring neck Plover



1890

Oct. 10 Cloudy and warm with no wind. Light showers in P.M. and heavy rain after nightfall. A dense fog in the morning lasting until after nine o'clock.

Started off in the fog at 8 A.M. dragging the boats over Moll's Carry and ~~starting~~ taking the Megalloway Riv. He had rowed about a mile when Jim saw a Sheldrake swimming in behind us. I shot it just as it passed.

Up the
Megalloway R.

We landed first at the pond on the left bank just above Pine Hill pond. It found two Wood Ducks there, but they flew before we got ready to stalk them & went into the pond just above Puffin Rock. We went in after them but they were in the grass and rose out of range going past M. at about 60 yds.

Down river
Wood Ducks
in
Pine Hill Pond

As we were passing Bear Brook we saw a large Fox picking his way along the edge of the meadow just inside the road. M. tried to get a shot at him but he disappeared in the bushes before he got near. He avoided his experiment as I was watching him through my glass, sitting down precisely like a dog.

Fox seen at
Bear Brook

On reaching Bottle Brook pond M. and I crept in to the right-hand "leg". There were two Black Ducks there and as I was stalking them a third joined them. I got within about 35 yds. of them and as two came together called to them to put up their heads which they at once did when I fired killing one and bringing down another with a broken wing at my long range with my second barrel. While I was thus engaged the other saw several flocks in other parts of the pond but we got no more shots. The wounded Duck swam across the pond and hid under a log where Don found

Bottle Brook I.
Black Ducks

him.

Partridge.

Returning to the river I was about to join the men when Don struck a Partridge scent and began to "load" it. I followed him and finally flushed the bird among young spruce getting a difficult snap shot but bringing down my bird with a broken wing. He proved to be an old "drummer" of large size.

Snipe

Shooting.

On the way down river we did not fire a shot. Landed at ten o'clock and camped and sent the men around with the boats. Flushed two snipe of which Mr. killed one. Then crossed the river and beat the marsh opposite the pond. Don found and pointed a snipe which I shot. He also made a beautiful point on a wounded Black Duck which he caught in a bed of tall grass.

It was now getting dark so we took stations and waited for Ducks. None came near us but I killed another snipe which came past me when it was so dark that I could see him only over the water.

Pileated W. W. H.

Canada Jays

Tree Finch

Hermits
abundant

30 Robins

Can. Nuthatches

No Crossbills

Picoides
arcticus.

Strange cry

heard near
Pulpit Rock

We saw no less than four Pileated Woodpeckers and at least six Canada Jays besides a number of smaller birds. I distinctly heard a Pine Siskin the only one thus far noted. Hermit Thrushes were abundant everywhere and we saw a flock of about thirty Robins. Red-bellied Nuthatches are scarce this year but I saw several. Have found no Crossbills as yet. Heard at least three Picoides arcticus in the many spruce forests on the shores of Bottle Neck pond. Near Pulpit Rock heard a cry which was new to me. It was apparently made by some bird in the woods on the mountain side.

1890

Oct. 11

Cloudy with frequent heavy showers. Wind N.W. gusty & strong.

Melvin went to Bottle Brook Pond for the day while I stayed in camp skinning birds and writing. He killed one Black Duck and his guide another. They saw a Duck in the pond which they took to be a Mallard. Only a few Black Ducks came in during the day.

About camp I saw a White-bellied Nuthatch and two or three Hermit Thrushes. Three Canada Jays began coming to the camp and made frequent visits during the day, carrying off a quantity of bread. They have been about ever since we came but have not made us regular visits before to-day.

White-bellied
Nuthatch
Canada Jays
about camp

late in the afternoon I launched the ^{gray} ^{Bermier} canoe and had a short sail going nearly to Moose Point. While off the mouth of the river on my return the drop canoe, rudder gave out and I had some difficulty in paddling ashore when Melvin & Targent came along and fixed the rudder for me. Saw several flocks of Black Ducks and heard a Golden Plover whistle.

A sail in
the gray
The drop
under canvas
& gets me
into trouble
Golden Plover

1890

Oct. 12 Cloudy most of the day with occasional brief intervals of sunshine and heavy snow or rain squalls. Wind from the N.W., cold and blustering. Late ice about the camp last night.

M. and I started out at 7 A.M. landing first at the Snipe marsh which we beat hastily. Don found and pointed a bird which I shot. The water has risen more than a foot in the past ten days and the best snipe grounds are now flooded.

Snipe

We then rowed to Sweet Meadow. Not a single Duck there. The fresh track of a large Otter on the mud under the bridge. The meadow dreary and lifeless save for a few Song & Savanna Sparrows.

Otter Tracks
at Sweet M.

We landed at the old place and walked in to Ewok Mt. Pond. no Whistlers seen at the M. and over all the Ducks that we could see. Melvin stalked them and shot one sitting in a bush. The other as it flew. The report of his gun started out a small Duck which I took for a Ruffle-head from the shore below where I was stationed and a large brown Duck which I did not recognize from under the bushes directly in front of me. The latter got out of range before I saw it and alighted near the outlet. I went after but could not find it but it got back to the other end of the pond somehow and was started by Melvin just after I was returned to my first station. Rising high in air it came over me at great speed evidently having made up its mind to leave the pond but I brought it down before it reached the woods and upon getting it in hand found it to be

Ewok Mt. P.

Whistlers

Ruffle-head?

Am. Widgeon.

again you. I Belding's [Meadow]

My pointer "Don" got into trouble with a Porcupine. After eating lunch we started back for the boat. On the way, Don worked off on the track of something and we soon heard him back in the distance. The guides both ran to the spot and found him rolling on the ground in great agony with his nose, lips and the top of his mouth literally bursting with Porcupine quills. M. fortunately had a pair of small tweezers in a combination knife and with them we quickly extracted the quills but one had worked completely through his nose from beneath. He bore the pain with wonderful fortitude whining a little and wagging his tail incessantly.

Gulls Nest bird Curtis Meadow. Mr. Dicks there.
Meadow. Moved back to the bank, near the Mesquero.
Bute a Great Horned Owl flew across the river asternally,
seen. flopping & looking like a Bute. It was
the getting dark as we neared the Outlet & we
Snipe. heard two snipe flying about. Also saw
Black Ducks. them Black Ducks alight. I tried to walk out
to them but they saw me and flew.

Small few small birds in the woods to-day.
Woodland There are almost no Blue jays this year
birds, very and practically no small Woodpeckers. In fact
scarce the woods are dreary and light, although
not half the leaves have as yet fallen.

Great Horned Heard two Great Horned Owls hooting
owls near Mac's Camp as we were on the marsh
hooting after the Ducks. One hooted in a higher key
than the other and had an additional note
Hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo, hoo. They were near together
probably a pair.

1890

Oct. 13

Cloudless and nearly perfectly calm all day. Very cold last night but warm at noon with this blowing around the camp. At sunrise Jim discovered two flocks of Ducks in the Lake off N. Brook Cove, 10 Greater Scaups composing one flock and 6 American Scoters (Butter-bills) the other. He started for them immediately after breakfast and chased them about all the forenoon. I killed three of the Scaups and two old male Butter-bills, within a pair of Butter-bills. The Scaups joined the Scoters, repeatedly swimming and flying with them. They also went inshore once or twice actually landing on the rocks & preening their feathers. Next day Scaups and Scoters are very shy & we had to bush our boats and paddle carefully to get within shot of them.

Cold night;
warm day.

Greater Scaups
Butter-bills

Came back to camp for lunch after which M. started down the lake to the Lake Cove in pursuit of a large flock of Scoters which Jim discovered there. They proved to be velvet Scoters, about thirty in number all females & young. M. killed seven of them and a ♀ half scoter which was with them.

Large flock of
White-winged
Scoters.

I spent an hour or more skinning birds and then started out. We had rowed only a few hundred yards when a flock of 19 velvet Scoters (not the flock M. had been shooting at) came flying up the Lake low over the water in a line at right angles to their course of flight. As they passed me within 30 yds. I made a double shot getting both birds. He followed them but did not get another good chance.

After this we came upon the Scaup Duck again. Greater Scaups

in a little cove close in shore. He followed the path
of the sun and paddled to within 35 yds. of them.

Buffleheads
Red 12
Phalaropes
I got five close together and shot at them to my surprise
getting only one but cutting down another with my
second barrel. They flew out a little way and were
joined by two Buffle heads. They were very wild the
second time but I stopped one of the Buffle heads
and secured it by another shot.

While chasing these birds about we saw a
Phalarope which we followed for more than a mile.
It was very restless alighting for a moment and
then flitting on a hundred yds. or more & pitching
down again. Melvin saw two of these birds. I
think they were Red Phalaropes. The one I have
retained a high sharp, short, shrill whistle (weep).

Holtboell's
Grebe
He also saw two Horned Grebes & what I took
to be a Red-necked Grebe. The latter was very
noisy calling kr-r-uck, kr-ar-r-r, kuu almost
like a Raven. (This cry is diagnostic & characteristic of Holtboell's Grebe)
as I learned by seeing them in the lake

Moon Point
at evening
Black Ducks
Ducks
"Geckling"
in boat
aim of
both at
night.
Went to Moon Point a little after sunset. A
flock of 15 Black Ducks, a pair, and a flock
of some small Ducks passed but all out of
range. There was a great quacking, cawing,
and flushing of Ducks in the North Bay
after it was too dark to see anything out
on the water. From the sound I judged
a number of Black Ducks must have
alighted with a flock of Gecklers in deep
water.

1890

Oct. 14 Cloudy and warm with occasional light showers and steady rain in the evening. Bate's cabin all day.

Just after breakfast a *Picoides arcticus* came about camp and I shot it as it was flying from a Birch stub to the pine at our landing. Charlie saw a ♀ in the same place later.

We spent most of the day on the Lake, Jim and I going to Moon Pt. thence along the S. shore to Glassy Cove down past N. Hook Cove to the Lytle Cove where we met Melvin by appointment at 1 P.M.

We saw three White-winged Scoters flying high, a single very shy Scaup Duck in the Lake, a flock of some thirty Black Ducks in Glassy Cove and a few Sheldrakes. I fired only once during the morning - a ♂, shot at a Sheldrake which I missed. In Glassy Cove saw two Tree Sparrows and a Robin and heard Redpoll Brimlets in the air.

Melvin here killed a young Herring Gull which had a hooker that would weigh at least 1/2 lb. in its throat, the tail sticking out the bird's mouth. It was sitting on a rock. M. also had a Chipping Sparrow which he picked up dead in the Lake. It southered lost its way in the dense fog early this morning & flew in circles until exhausted.

After lunch went to Black Island Cove. I took a station on the beach and M. went in in his boat starting two Sheldrakes which came directly over me within less than 15 ft. I missed the first but got the other with my second load.

While we were eating lunch we built a fire

Picoides arcticus

Shooting trip on the Lake

White-winged Scoters

Black Ducks

Goosander

Tree Sparrows

Redpolls

H. Gull

Swallow

Chipping Sparrow

Chipping Sparrow

Chipping Sparrow

Chipping Sparrow

Chipping Sparrow

Chipping Sparrow

Chipping Sparrow

Chipping Sparrow

Chipping Sparrow

Chipping Sparrow

Chipping Sparrow

Chipping Sparrow

Chipping Sparrow

which attracted the attention of four young Loons
who came within 200 yds. cruising back and
forth and showing great curiosity.

Moose Pt.
at evening
to R. Horn

Foropara

birds

Later in the afternoon we rowed to Moon Pt.
On the way saw a Great Blue Heron and a
Bonaparte's Gull, two small flocks of Mall
Ducks and a small Duck which I think
was a Whistler passed over the point as it
was getting dark but neither of us got a
shot at any of them. The Gulls were not
feeding at all this evening and I heard no
snipe or other waders.

Canada
fays at
camp

The Canada fays came to the camp at
frequent intervals during the day and carried
off quantities of bread.

1890

I. H. ... Maine.

Oct. 15

Alternately cloudy and clear with violent squalls of wind accompanied by big showers of hard or rain. Beautiful cloud effects at times. Air chilly but temperature not really low.

Just after breakfast we saw a large flock of Scoters flying past B. Brook Cove but before we could get ready to pursue them the wind rose to such a degree that we dared not venture out on the broad part of the Lake.

Large flock
of Scoters
in water.

We accordingly decided to take a two days trip up the Megalloway and started at about 10 a.m.

Megalloway R.

On the way up to Bottle Brook we saw a number of Sheldrakes and M. had a good shot at one flock but failed to kill any of them. He went up Bear Brook and started a Black Duck there but did not get a shot at it.

Goosanders

Bear Brook

In Bottle Brook Pond we found a flock of 17 Black Ducks. They were feeding in the middle arm and M. kept out on the left hand point while I took the right hand. The flock came over to my side and I stalked them by creeping out along a long, shallow ditch which extends nearly to the water's edge through the marsh. I got within about 40 yds. when they began to swim out into the pond.

Bottle Brook P.

Black Ducks

I shot one barrel at four or five that were swimming. I shot a man together killing one and wounding another which with my second barrel I dropped a single bird.

partial
albino Black
Duck.

The wounded Duck flew down the arm to the river bank then turned to the right into the woods where Don found it in a hole under the roots of an upturned tree. It proved to be a partial albino, a beautiful bird mottled on the back & wings with pure white.

After eating lunch we started up river. Near the
A fine old Northern steamship landing I saw a beautiful Shrike, very
Shrike white indeed and evidently in unusually high
 plumage. After shooting at it several times I
 plum finally secured it. A little way further on we
Bluebirds saw another a young, brown bird. There were
some Bluebirds, also, among the flocks on this
interval, and while we were chasing the Shrike
Hummingbird five Shrikebirds started up river and then came
down past us.

Above the steamship landing we saw nothing
Goosanders save a pair of Shrikebirds, two Black Ducks and
Tree Sparrows a few Tree Sparrows. The river was very beautiful
and we had a fine sunset. Reached the Brown
Farm before dark, indeed in time to hunt
high spent on a half mile or more of alders & spruces near
Brown Farm. The house for Woodcock of which we found no
We look signs.
in vain for
Woodcock
there

1890
Oct. 16

Clear and much warmer with soft S. W. wind, quite the mildest day, in fact, that we have had for two weeks or more.

As we left the Brown Farm at about 8 o'clock the morning was simply perfect, the river calm, the air wonderfully clear, the sun warm. For the first mile or two we saw nothing more interesting than a muskrat swimming across the stream. On reaching one of the "cut ups" Melvin pulled his boat across which we kept on around the loop. As we rounded a bend we saw a Mink dart back from a rock, when he had been sitting in the sun, and disappear in a hole under the bank. He soon peeped out again from another hole and I shot at his head but failed to kill him and we saw him no more. The bank was fairly honeycombed with holes and run ways which were pervaded with the strong odor peculiar to minks & weasels. As we were looking in these holes a Sharp-shinned Hawk came sailing past within a few yards of the boat. I shot both barrels at him but failed to get him.

Muskra

Mink

Sharp-shin
Hawk

On reaching the lower landing we went on shore on the right bank and beat a large alder cove for Woodcock. Found no signs of them here but a little below in a springy piece of low alders intermixed with young larches we started two of which M. killed one and I the other. I saw my bird on the ground ahead of the dog. It was not squawking but was standing

2 Woodcock

Shot near

Brown Landing

Mugalloway
River

in a rather erect position perfectly motionless.

Whole Back. He next crossed the river and went in to the lower Pond. Whole Back pond but found no Ducks there.

after eating lunch we paddled down river to Bottle Brook Pond. M. went out on the left-hand point, I taking the right-hand one. In the right hand arm I started out a single Black Duck which I overlooked before showing myself. Near the end of the point I caught the glimmer of a white breast on an old snag and directing my glass to the spot made out four Hooded Mergansers sitting on a log among thimbles. There was a good chance to stalk them under cover of the bushes but they must have heard me for when I got within shot of the log and jumped over the bank they were gone and I discovered them swimming up the middle of the pond towards M's station. For a long time they cruised back and forth in the open water, diving a good deal for food. At length they swam in towards my ambush and passed within about 50 yds. I shot one ball into them but had no chance to fire the other owing to the bushes which prevented me from seeing them fly. I then ran out and found one dead and one wounded bird. The latter was at once and I killed it.

A Singing Shrew While sitting in the bushes I heard a low, musical warble which seemed to come from the ground at my feet.

It was repeated many times and persisted on steadily until at length I saw the author a tiny Shrew emerge from a hole and scuttle over the leaves warbling as it ran. It certainly was a Shrew & not a Mouse. Melvin shot at & missed a Black Duck in Bear Brook.

Bear Brook

1890

L. E.

Oct. 17 Cloudy and warm with no wind. Rained heavily from day break to dark.

Melvin left me this morning and started for home. I spent the day at camp skinning birds etc. The Canada Jays came at frequent intervals in spite of the pouring rain. Their plumage did not appear wet or drooped in the least. I saw a Fox Sparrow also visited the camp and pecked at some meal and bread crumbs that the cook had thrown out for the jays.

Melvin goes home

Canada Jays out in heavy rain

Fox Sparrow

" 18 Cloudy, mild and dead calm with occasional light sprinkles of rain.

Spent most of the day about camp. A Fox Sparrow, presumably the same seen yesterday, was pecking at the crumbs and meal again this morning. The Canada Jays came, also, of course and I heard two Parus hudsonicus the first since the day we pitched camp.

Fox Sparrow

Parus hudsonicus

Later in the afternoon I rowed over to Pine Point and called on a Mr. Oggood who is camping there. As it was getting dark I crossed the Lake to Moon Pt.

I visit Oggood's Camp on Pine Point.

There were eight Snow Buntings feeding on the seeds of grasses along the shore & I heard a Swamp sparrow in the marsh which is now flooded. Five or six Black Ducks came in and alighted in the grass. One of them quacked almost incessantly for ten or fifteen minutes making a great racket for the night was very still.

Snow Buntings

Swamp Sparrow

Black Ducks

Nearly an hour after dark and it was very dark to night - as the men were eating supper in front of their tent a Partridge suddenly rose from within the circle of light of their lantern not 15 yds. away. It flew a long distance back into the woods & we did not try to follow it.

Partridge visits our camp an hour after dark.

Oct. 19 Cloudy with high S. E. wind and heavy rain in the evening.
I explored the morning about camp. In the afternoon I
Pine Point sailed the canoe over to Pine Point first going with
with the me in the boat. Landed and explored the point
view of for a camping site for next year. In the rocky
making a Cove saw a Spotted Sandpiper, the only one noted
camping place here.

I had intended to go to Moon Pt. for the
evening shooting but the weather looked so
threatening that I decided to return to camp.

Exciting Had an exciting sail across for the wind
saw across came in strong gusts. Soon after we landed
lower it began blowing a gale which continued all
night with heavy rain.

Oct. 20 Cloudy all day with occasional light showers and high N. wind. Warm in the early morning (42°) getting colder through the day. Saddle Back & Spangled Hens were capped.

At breakfast time Jim looked the Lake over carefully with the glass from our observatory in the tall pine in front of the camp but no Ducks were in sight. About noon however, two flocks appeared "Sea Ducks" in the Lake off B. Brook Cove. The turned out to be a flock of about 25 White-winged Scoters, all adult Whites & Scoters males and a flock of about a dozen Old Squaws Old Squaws eight of which were old drakes. Jim paddled over after them in the afternoon but the Scoters rose at fully 100 yds. and the Old Squaws at fully 30 yds. I shot both birds at the latter without effect.

In the forenoon I sailed my canoe for two hours Sailing on or more beating up to the Outlet, running down the Lake river to Mulls Cove and then back to camp. a gale of The wind blew a gale as I came in and although wind I had only the small sail and that reefed boom the boom snapped in two just before I made the wharf. At the Outlet I heard Greater Yellowlegs, Gr. Yellowlegs whistling and sailed past a Black Duck which it came was feeding among some hay submerged grass. Black Duck latter was unusually tame for not only did it not notice me at all but a little later the flame passed within 100 yds. of it without starting it.

While chasing the "Sea Ducks" in the afternoon Jim and I saw several Red-tailed Hons. They flew about very freely and made a noise between the notes of a Dove & the hoarse

Red-tailed
Hon.

8 a Goose.

Outlet
marshes

The same

Black Duck

shot.

At about 4 P.M. we went to the marshes at the Outlet which are now covered by about 3 ft. of water only the tops of the taller grasses and weeds showing. We found the same Black Duck exactly where I saw him this morning and paddled to within long gunshot. When he was and after flying about 300 yds. alighted near a flock of sixteen other Black Ducks. The latter flew off as we approached but we got within 40 yds. of our single Duck before he rose although we had absolutely no move. I shot him this time as he sprang from the water.

G. L. Heron

Black Ducks

Black Ducks

cannot see

well at

night.

Next paddled through Leonard's Pond where we saw only a Solitary Heron (*A. ludovicianus*) to Moose Pt. Black Ducks where we started a small flock of Black Ducks out of range. Then returned to the marshes at the Outlet. As it was getting dark we saw them Black Ducks alight and paddled to within 40 yds. As they sprang I fired both barrels, getting a bird at the second shot and missing the first. It is evident that Black Ducks cannot see distinctly in the twilight for there were in open water and one only even was the gathering darkness.

White W.

Scoters in

North

Bay.

Mr Sargent went to Rapid River in the day in the hope of getting a deer. He shot only a Partridge but saw a single White winged Loon and a flock of six of the same, all in the North Bay.

1890

Long Island, N.Y.

Oct. 21

Cloudless, the air wonderfully clear. A fitful breeze at times light at others strong and gusty. Water froze in our pails last night to the thickness of window glass but the sun was warm as usual to day and I saw several dragon flies skimming about.

Gold finches
first met by
a warm
day

Soon after breakfast we discovered two flocks of "Sea Ducks" in the lake off B. Brook Cove. The larger flock contained fully twenty five Butter-bills, all but one or two of them females or young, and one White wing. The smaller flock consisted of 13 Old Squaws nine of which were adult males.

"Sea Ducks"
- Butter-bills
- White wing
- Old Squaws

Both flocks were very restless rising every few minutes and flying up and down the lake sometimes closing in together and nearly always halting in the same place.

As soon as we felt reasonably sure that the wind was not going to blow very hard we pushed the boat and started out after them.

Four Old Squaws
bagged

We tried the Old Squaws first. They rose fully one hundred yards off but flew towards us giving us a long cross shot. I dropped three with my first barrel and two with my second but one of the wounded ones afterwards rose and got off.

A few moments later a Red Throated Loon came flying over the boat rather high. I fired at and brought him down with a broken wing but he rose so quickly and persistently that we finally gave him up.

Red Throats
Diver then

We next tried the large flock of Butter-bills and got within good shot of them. They

Butter-bills

rose and flew across our bows when I shot down
five with the first barrel and then with the
second getting all but one of the total eight. Four
were killed outright.

This practically ended the day's sport. We
tried the Oldsquaws twice afterwards but they
were too shy to permit another approach.

Before we could get to the flock of Button-bills
which we found off Black Island the wind
rose and we had to go ashore. After waiting
an hour or more we crossed to Black Island
Cove but the Gulls had flown up the Baker
he started four Huddrals from under the
ice of the island and two of them alighted
out in the water. I landed and by waving
a small bush covered with scarlet leaves told
them in within 20 yds. Rising to my feet
I started them and tried a double shot
but got only my first bird.

We then went to the flooded meadows
at the Outlet. Saw only two Black Ducks which
rose out of range. None appeared to be flying
about at sunset.

Bill Sargent went over the Carry to Middle Den
and saw eleven Partridges of which he shot only
two. They were very wild flying before I
could get right at them.

This morning before we left camp a fine
adult Bald Eagle alighted on a tall fern
near camp and flew again just as I
was about to shoot at him with a rifle.

1890

Oct. 22

Cloudless and nearly dead calm. Very warm at noon but the coldest night we have had thus far this time, 27° at daybreak and the ground frozen hard.

There was a dense fog hanging over the lake when I started out at 8 a.m. but it soon cleared rolling up from the West like a great curtain. We crossed to Gaspy Cove and skinned the Shorn to B. Brook Cove where we made out a bird swimming in the lake and paddling over to shoot him. It proved to be the Red-throated Loon that I shot down yesterday, its wing being wounded.

He landed on the point just as the fog was lifting. Jim was searching the lake with the glass when a Sharp-shinned Hawk started out over the water directly over his head. I had a good shot at it and fired both barrels but apparently without touching it. At the first shot it mounted straight up, turned, and flew back into the woods.

We then returned to camp and rowed up to Pine Pt. where we landed and eat lunch. After lunch we went up the North Bay. There were two Old Squaws out in the middle and we paddled our brushed boat within 20 yds of them. I shot at one on the water and at the other as it rose but unaccountably failed to hit either of them. They flew a long distance & when we followed them rose far out of range and disappeared down the lake.

We next tried to paddle to five gray Loons which were cruising about in deep water swimming in a cluster like Ducks but they scattered & dove before

Cold night

followed by

warm day

Foggy morning

Red-throated

Loon

Sharp-shinned

Hawk

Old Squaws

North Bay

we got within range. There were two others in sight at the same time.

Black Ducks

Black Ducks are very scarce and I fear most of them have left us. He saw only two to-day.

Robins

There are a few Robins hibernating still and I

Marsh Hawk

saw a Marsh Hawk at Moss Point. The water is very high and the meadows entirely submerged.

Oct. 23

A dense fog in the morning throwing the Lake until past ten o'clock. After that dead calm and hot sun for an hour, then fast gathering clouds and strong S. E. wind all the afternoon.

Sailing on

the Lake

Spent the day about camp tending a sail in my canoe in the afternoon.

1890

Oct. 24

Cloudy and chilly with raw S. E. to E. E. wind, gusts at times strong.

Early this morning Jim discovered a flock of Ducks Gooseanders in the lake near Black Island. They kept well out fish- in deep water and we supposed them to be Scoters deep water but they proved to be Sheldrakes. At one time they 500 yds. from worked in close to shore and I landed on the back shore. side of the point and came very near getting at them at times but they soon swam out into the lake, again although there was a heavy sea running, and began diving in deep water, 400 to 500 yds. from land. At times all would be under water at once but usually several remained on watch while the others were below. There were 20 birds in the flock and all appeared to be females or young males. They frequently "bunched" but usually swam in small clusters with single birds scattered between. They kept diving in nearly one place for one or more but finally came in to some rocks where they clambered out and preened their feathers. Some of them standing erect, others with the body nearly horizontal. One clambered to the top of a rock 4 or 5 ft. above the water where it kept a keen lookout. I do not remember ever seeing Sheldrake fish in deep, open water before. The wind rose to such a degree that we turned to camp about ten o'clock. I spent the remainder of the day sailing about on the lake in my canoe.

As I was eating breakfast this morning a Cooper's Hawk skimmed past the fire close Cooper's Hawk

to the ground and alighted for a moment in
a birch by the shore. At noon ~~also~~, a young
Herring Gull alighted on the water just off our
landing and spent nearly half-an-hour trying
to swallow a dead pickled which was too large
for him. He tore it to pieces about the head when
it would begin to sink the moment he let it
go. Each time he would recover it by plunging
his head and neck under water. At length he
missed his aim and the fish drifted far
beyond his reach for he rose on wing at once to
a height of ten or twelve feet, closed his wings
and plunged down head first going quite out
of sight excepting the tip of his tail but he
came up without his fish. He took his
disappointment very coolly and floated on the
waves for several minutes, plunging his head
under them and scattering the water over his
back at the same time thrusting the surface
with his wings. He was so tame that one of
my men rowed past him within ten yards
last evening and I sailed my canoe within
20 yards of him before he flew.

Herring
Gull
tries
vain to
swallow
a large
pickled

1890

Oct 28

A gray day the sun shining feebly at times. Wind N. E. to N. light. Ther. 40° at sunrise.

At 10 a. M. started for Bottle Brook Pond but near the mouth of the Megalloway we met Beavitt, a trapper, who told us that there were no ducks up the river whereas he had seen nearly 100 Black Ducks in the Sweet & Curtis meadows this morning. We accordingly changed our plans, turned around and went to Sweet Meadows. It proved to be fairly swarming with Black Ducks which were scattered about one to one and a half a space that we could do nothing with them. I landed and tried to stalk some of them but there was them in among the grass and I made so much noise that several of them heard them land and flew. We then paddled down into one of the coves but were soon discovered and a general episode of ducks began. One old drake seemed to make it his special business to alarm all the rest for he flew up and down the meadow several times quacking incessantly. Flocks after flock rose and went out over the woods many of them probably not being aware of the previous nature of the danger. After they were all gone I landed and concealed myself while Jim went to Curtis meadow with the boat to drive them back. I waited two hours & more

without getting a shot. During this time only seven ducks alighted in the meadow. They were all nervous and suspicious and would not go to feeding. As I was lying concealed a number of small birds came about; four juncos, a Cuthbert, some Chickadees and two Hermit Thrushes. I could hear a Vitta canadensis in the hummocks on the hill.

At about 4 P.M. Jim returned and we started for the little pond under Ensl Hall. On reaching it we found it fairly alive with ducks representing no less than four species. Near the edge at the inlet about 20 Mallard Ducks were "tipping up" in the shallow water, while four Whistlers, six Sheldrakes, and at least three Buffle-heads were scattered about on every part of the pond diving for food or floating asleep well out from the shore. The breeze had all died away and the surface was agitated only by the ripples made by the water fowl. I watched the beautiful birds for over an hour and was glad that none of them tempted me to shoot. I did indeed covet one of the drake Whistlers but they kept out of range. A ♀ Whistler passed me within 20 ft. making short dives along the water's edge & a Buffle head dove many times within 20 yards of my ambush. One of the Whistler drakes went to sleep and floated for a long time motionless with head buried in the capular feathers. Heard a Barred Owl hooting over this pond. Reached camp at dark without having fired a shot all day.

Small
Woodland
birds
Ensl Hall

alive with
ducks
Black Ducks
Whistlers
Goosanders
Buffle heads

Surrey
Care

1890

Oct. 26

Dead calm all day the sun shining feebly through thin clouds or haze cold last night, therm. falling to 28°.

Left camp at 8 a.m. and rowed directly to Sweet Meadow. Sweet Meadow
On the way did not see or hear a bird of any kind, not even a Chickadee. Entering the meadow we found the water frozen everywhere among the grass. Eleven Black Ducks congregated in the usual place but they soon saw us and went out most of them going over the brick ridge to Great Hill pond. Black Ducks
Some Tree Sparrows were twittering in the meadow and I heard several Chantrelles in the air. A Shrike making its peculiar hoarse jarring cry among the stubs. A Blue Jay screaming in the woods. Just as we landed the Heron flew across the meadow and perching on the top of a tall stub began singing sweetly and continuously. Its song was very like that of a Brown Thrasher but a little lower and more broken. I have rarely heard one to such advantage before. I finally shot the bird with much reluctance. Tree Sparrows

Next crossed the ridge to Great Hill pond. Among Great Hill Pond
junc in a hollow with "Don" I picked my way slowly and carefully through the swamp to the west end of the pond. As I was on my way in I heard & saw two small flocks of Black Ducks rise and go on, apparently of their own accord for there was nothing to alarm them. In reaching my objective point I passed through the alders and found precisely the same birds that I left in the pond.

Errol Hill Pond.

Last night viz. four Whistlers, four Buffle heads
and four Gulldeaks. Black Ducks were also
quacking near me but they soon flew and went
out into the woods.

For more than two hours I sat quietly among
the alders watching the birds just mentioned.
I hoped to get a shot at one of the Whistler
drakes but they kept out of range of the
shore the whole time. For more than an
hour two of the Buffle heads were diving
within 40 yds. of me and once a Gulldeak
swam past within ten yards making a great
plashing and spluttering as it forced its way
partly under and partly above water through
a dense bed of frost blighted pickweed.
At length there was a whistle of wings high
overhead at first light and distant in the
distance, then louder and shriller, changing
finally to a rushing sound like that of a
gale blowing through pines when a flock
of fully thirty Black Ducks came hurtling
down on lit wings in a half circle striking
the water all together with such force as to
send it high above their heads. It was a
superb sight, the great birds rushing down
at meteoric speed, their wings held stiffly,
their necks stretched out, their feet dropped
with the webs wide spread. The noise they
made in the perfectly still air was enough
to upset the strongest eurons for a moment.
They alighted a little to my left while six-
others which followed them dropped in

Black
Ducks
descend
from high
in air &
alight in
pond.

Continued

Lake Umbagog, Maine.

1890 about an equal distance to the right both
(Oct 26) flocks came out of range but the smaller soon
came past my station strong out in single
file on their way to join the others. I
rose and when two ducks together fired killing
both and cutting down a third with my
left barrel when the harriers rose. Sometimes
one of the Buffleheads got mixed up in
the melee for I found it floating dead
with a shot through its side when I came
to fetch out my birds. One of the Black
Ducks was only wing-broken and crossing
the pond landed on the south shore
where the dog found and caught it
thirty yards or more from the water away
from mossy logs on a steep hillside.

None of the diving Ducks left the pond
at my shots but all except one of the
Whistlers drakes flew to the other end. This
drake must have been under water when
I fired for he remained floating off my
hiding place perhaps 125 yds. I put in
a third round shell but overshot him
when he rose in a spiral until above
the hill and went out. The dog came
soon after and scared out all the other
birds.

The Buffleheads and some of the Whistlers
soon returned and I sent Jim around the
pond to try to drive them to my end
which he was given a single Black Duck
came in and I shot it as it was

Great Hill Pond

swimming past my ambush. Jim failed to slant the Beffle heads much so I went around the pond and tried to stalk them. Got within long range as they were diving under a steep hillside and when all three were under water made a run for the shore. One came to the surface. When I stopped, saw me and flew when I knocked it down with a broken wing. Another then came up and I killed it. The third went off unhit at. The wounded one swam across the pond but would not go ashore so I decided it useless to follow it.

While sitting quietly among the alders I heard another Shrew make long a number of times (see Oct. 15). It came past me within ten feet jumping from one bunch of grass to the next occasionally swimming a small pool, singing continuously the while. Its song was very like a bird's, perhaps a young Song Sparrow's, but further I should call it a warbling whisper for it was very slight indeed but nevertheless liquid and musical throughout a succession of many notes rising and falling the whole lasting at least half a minute. The creature was very small and dark brown in color. It was positively a shrew and not a mouse.

About sunset heard a Brown Creeper sing four or five times nearly as loudly and well as in spring. Back to camp by 5³⁰. Will Sargent started a pair of deer in the woods near camp & fired four shots at them in the sun but missed them every time.

1896

Oct. 27 Cloudy with heavy snow squalls in the afternoon and high N. wind.

At sunrise Jim discovered a small flock of "Sea Ducks" in the Lake near McCallum Island and as soon as we could despatch breakfast and get the boat ready we went in pursuit of them. They proved to be Butter-bills, fifteen in number, all brown birds. We got within less than 30 yds. of them without apparently attracting their attention for they were bathing and playing up to the last moment when they suddenly took wing. I fired both barrels (of the Fox Hg. gun) as they passed shooting down five and wounding another which we afterwards secured after a long chase. The ten survivors went only a few hundred yards before realighting and we were getting up to them a second time with every prospect of another good shot when the Ptarmigan appeared on the scene, whistled, and started them. As they went down into the Lytle Cove and as the N. wind was fast getting up an ugly sea we returned to camp.

The remainder of the forenoon was spent in taking down the tents and packing the smaller things ready for the Ptarmigan which came at about 2 P.M. and took us all down to Lakeside.

There was a tremendous sea running in the afternoon and we saw no Ducks save a few Mergansers flying. Also saw a Brown Eagle

We breakfasted
in the
tent
to Lakeside

Oct. 28 Cloudy and cold with raging N.W. to W. wind
and frequent snow squalls.

Spent the day in the hotel and
made no observations on birds.

1890

Seaside

Oct. 29

Early morning clear and cold, the ground frozen hard, the Lake perfectly calm. As the sun rose higher it became very warm but by eleven the sky clouded over and a raw E. wind sprang up.

After breakfast took my gun and Don and beat some of the Woodcock coveys near Seaside. I saw no Woodcock but Don found and pointed a Grouse in the woods E. of the Thomas Landing. The bird was wild and I think "true" but I could not find it. Mr. Sweet tells me that his dog started a Woodcock among poplars on a knoll behind Seaside on the 23rd inst. He saw what was doubtless the same bird in the same place about a week before this date.

There were exceedingly few small birds about this morning. A few tree sparrows in the weed patches on the water-side, two juncos in the barn yard, two creepers, several Kinglets (*Callositta*) and Chickadees (*parus atricapillus*), a male Hairy Woodpecker, a Red-bellied Nuthatch and three Robins in the woods that I traversed. The woods are now wholly leafless, the fields fast turning brown, and winter evidently very near at hand.

Mr. Sweet tells me that several flocks of Geese have alighted in the Lake near his house within the past week. They have all come in after dark and started north before sunrise and morning. He had a long shot at one which gave our fireman

Woodcock

all gone.

The last one

seen on

the 23rd

by Sweet

Small birds

Woods leafless

Canada Geese

alight in

Lake

one morning at daybreak and wounded one
 of them which left the others and flew
 low and feebly but out of sight over the
 woods. He has not known so many Geese
 to alight in the Lake for many years.
 Curiously enough neither he nor anyone else
 has seen any Geese in the Strath of Balla
 between Bardside and Great Island this
 autumn. Indeed Mr. Ince has seen only
 two Ducks in this part of the Strath since
 Sept. 1st. He tells me that for the first four
 years after he bought his present farm
 (1870-1874) Sheldrake, Whistlers, Wargans and
 a good many Black Ducks used to resort
 daily in autumn to the coo between his
 place and Sargents. He often saw several
 hundred in this coo at one time and
 killed a great many in the course of each
 autumn. During those years the evening
 flights through the narrow coo were very
 heavy and he has known them go on to
 kill twenty birds there in a single evening.

Two Ducks
 & no Scoters
 seen near
 & beside this
 autumn.

Wm. Ince

Testimony

as to

abundance

of water

found in

Strath of

1870-1874

1890

Oct. 30

Cloudy with frequent snow squalls and strong N. W. wind. A bleak, raw day, the mountains white with snow nearly to their bases.

Started for Bethel at 10 a. m. but got no further than Upton hill when my driver, Mrs. King, became anxious about his other wagon which, drawn by a pair of horses, was to have started immediately after us. He waited for it awhile and then King went back on foot. As he did not return I drove our horses into Abbotts barn and spent two hours or more walking about the place. Saw two very large flocks of Juncos, - at least fifty in one flock, - whisking restlessly from place to place.

King finally returned with the missing wagon which had been overturned, fortunately, without injury to any of its occupants. It was now past one o'clock so we dined at Abbotts & after more delays finally started again at three o'clock reaching Bethel at about eight. Saw several flocks of Juncos on the way but nothing else.

On the 31st I went through to Cambridge by cars.

Return to

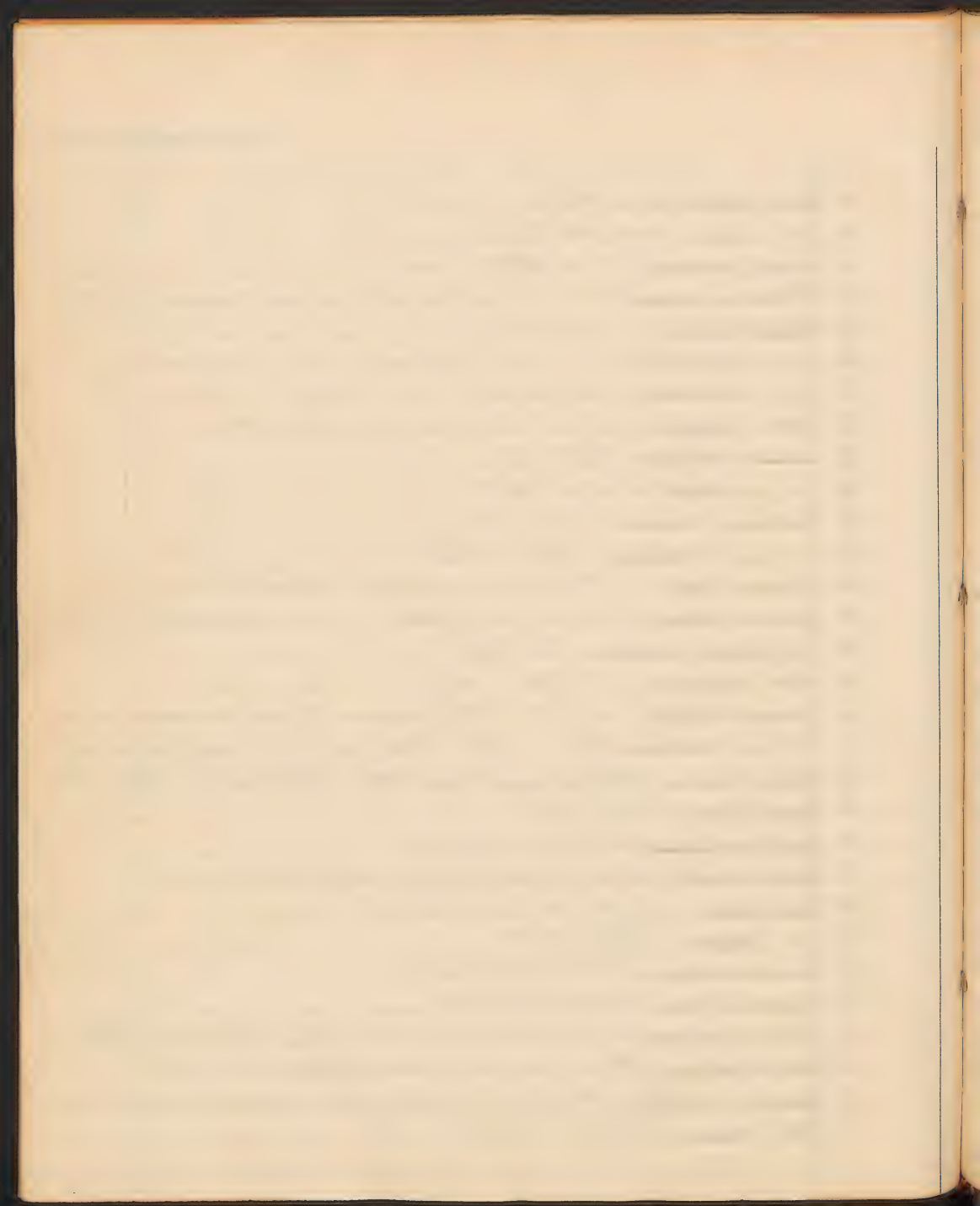
Bethel & Co

Cambridge, Mass.

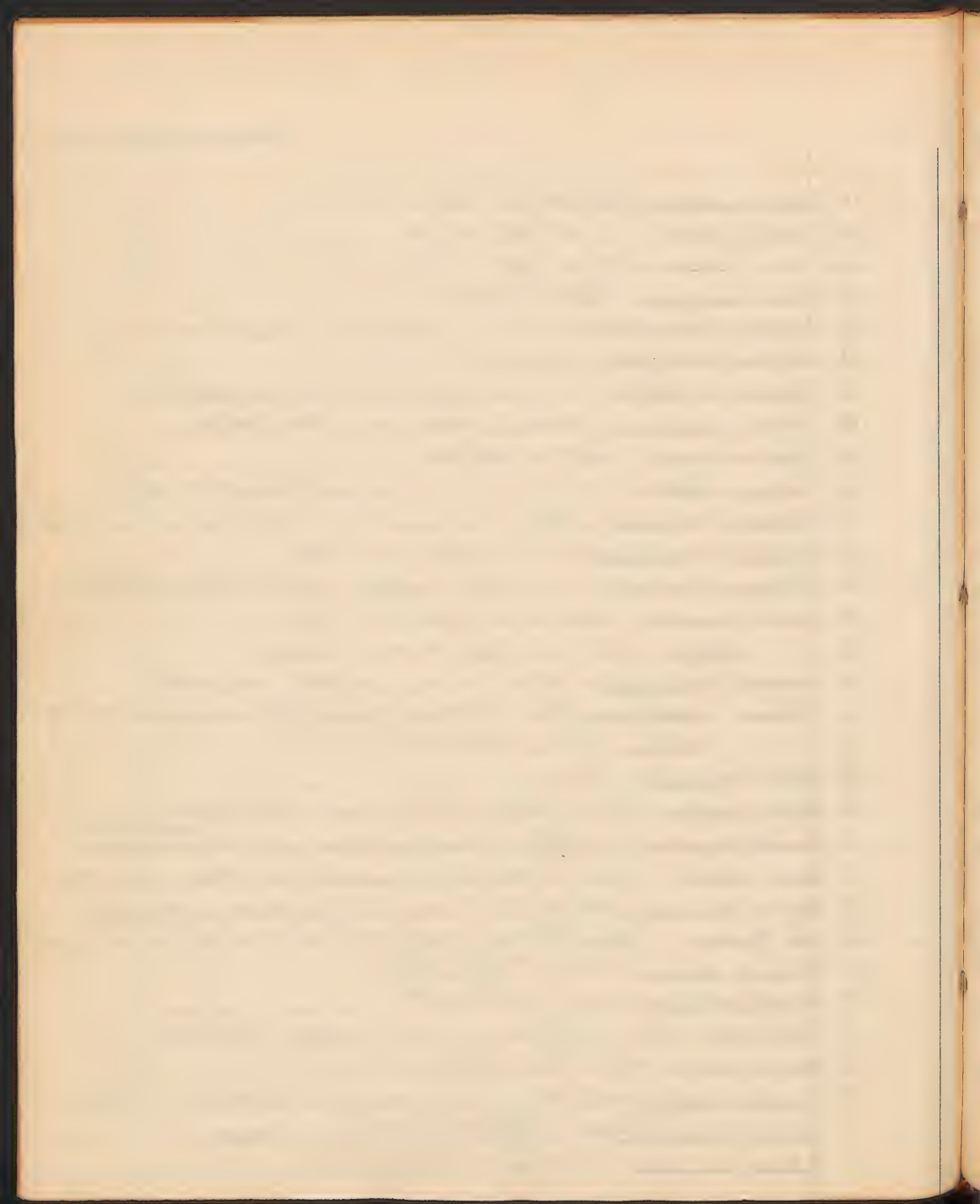
1. Merula migratoria - Sept. 22 - Oct. 29
2. Turdus pallasi - Sept. 22 - Oct. 28
3. " swainsoni " 25'
4. " aliciæ - Oct. 2 - One seen distinctly, a very large bird
5. Sialia sialis - Sept. 24³ - Oct. 15² - 16¹ (Oct. later at Megalloway Settlement)
6. Anthus hyemalis - Sept. 23. Oct. 3.
7. Cuthia americana Sept. 26. Oct. 29. (A ♂ in nearly full song Oct. 26)
8. Regulus satrapa Sept. 22 - Oct. 29. Abundant
9. " calendula " 23 - " 10 - Common. Several ♂♂ singing
10. Tamus atricapillus " 22 - " 29 Not half as numerous as usual
11. " hudsonicus " 10 - " 25 " nearly " " " "
12. Sitta carolinensis " 25 " 16. In all big birds seen
13. " canadensis " 22 " 29. Less numerous than usual
14. Anthus ludovicianus " 25 - " 13 - Much less " " " No large flocks. Several in flocks
15. Helminthophila celata - Shot a ♀ in alder swamp in Carol, N.W.
16. Parula americana - Oct. 3 adult ♂ in full song
17. Dendroica coronata Sept. 10 - Oct. 15
18. " strata " 30¹ " 2¹
19. Spizella agilis " 30 a young ♂ shot by H.W. Henshaw in thicket
20. Arremonops trichas " 30 - Oct. 10
21. Pinus aureocapillus " 24¹
22. Otocoris alpestris - Oct. 3 - One flying over marshes at Outlet. Possibly seen
23. Ampelis cedrorum Sept. 20¹ - 22^{heard}
24. Lanius borealis Oct. 15^{1st} - 26^{1st}
25. Vireo olivaceus Sept. 24^{1st} - 25^{1st}
26. " solitarius " 22^{1st} - 25^{1st}
27. Picthrophenax nivalis Oct. 18^{1st} - 26^{1st}
28. Carpodacus purpureus Sept. 21 - Oct. 10 not numerous.
29. Loxia lenis Oct. 22. A single bird calling in spruce near camp.
30. Urethya imaria " 14 heard " in the air but distinctly.



31. Spirinus tristis Sept. 22 - Oct. 10.
32. " pinus Heard distinctly Oct. 10
33. Passerculus grammurus Sept. 20 - Oct. 5. Pastures
34. Passerculus savanna " 21 - " 18. Mud patches on farms & marshes about lake.
35. Melospiza meloda " 21 - " 16
36. " palustris " 21 " 18 Mud patches on farms & lake marshes
37. " lincolni " 23^{4th shot} - 24^{2nd shot} - 25^{1st shot} - 30^{7th shot}.
38. Turdus hyemalis " 20 - Oct. 30. (Several large flocks on Oct. 12)
39. Spizella monticola Oct. 14 29
40. " socialis Sept 20. Oct. 14.
41. Zonotrichia albicollis " 24 - " 24
42. " leucophrys " 29^{3rd juv} - 30^{2nd juv}
43. Passerella iliaca Oct. 17 - 21. A single bird in flocks at camp.
44. Passerina cyanea Sept. 25. No in flock & flocks in pasture.
45. Scolecophagus ferrugineus " 24 - Oct. 8
46. Corvus americanus " 20 - " 15
47. Cyanocitta cristata " 20 - " 26. One seen this year. (Shot 16 seen in the woods.)
48. Perisoreus canadensis Oct. 1 - " 26. Four constantly about camp. Seen elsewhere.
49. Sayornis fuscus. Sept. 20 a ♂ in full song at Port Huron. Sept. 27 one seen near Lake Huron.
50. Ceryle alcyon - Oct 1 - 22
51. Hyphantornis plicatus Oct. 1st - 2nd - 3rd - 10th - 22nd.
52. Colaptes auratus Sept 21st - 23rd - 24th - 25th - 26th - 27th. Oct. 2nd - 6th - 8th - 9th
53. Peis villosus " 22 - Oct. 29. Bay beach
54. " pubescens Oct. 3 - " 26
55. Pisides arcticus " 10th - 14th - 15th - 16th - 25th
56. Spizopneustes varius Sept. 25th - Oct. 1st - 2nd
57. Bubo virginianus " 21 - Oct. 25. A pair hooting in region near battle.
58. Ovis accipitrinus Oct. 8. Shot one in evening twilight at Moon Pt.
59. Syrnium nebulosum Oct. 25 - one hooting in Balsam Swamp at Earl Hill pond.
60. Puteo borealis Sept. 23rd - Oct. 16th



61. Falco columbarius Sept. 22¹ - 24¹ - Oct. 6¹ 7¹ - 9¹
62. Accipiter cooperii " 25¹ - 26¹ - Oct. 24¹
63. " fuscus Oct. 16¹ - 22¹
64. Circus hudsonius Sept. 27 - Oct. 22
65. Haliaeetus leucophthalmus " 23 - " 27. Only five in all, then ad, two young.
66. Pandion carolinensis - Sept. 25¹
67. Bonasa n. togata " 23 - Oct. 29. Very scarce; 90% adult birds
68. Parus canadensis Numerous, perhaps more so than last year.
69. Phoebastria minor Sept. 21 - Oct. 16
70. Gallinago delicata " 20 - " 13. Bulk passed between Sept. 28; Oct. 10.
71. Charadrius virginicus - Oct. 6 a single young bird shot. Oct. 11 heard in evening twilight.
72. Aegialitis semipalmata Oct. 9 a young bird shot.
73. Phalaropus fulicarius (?) Oct. 13. Two seen flying about over the middle of lake.
74. Tringa maculata Sept. 22² - 27² Oct. 5¹ 6¹⁰⁰ 7¹ 8²
75. " alpina Oct. 8. one shot at Moon Point.
76. Greenites semipalmatus Oct. 6. One seen; very tame - edis. prostrate.
77. Soturnus melanocircus Sept. 25 - Oct. 30. A flock of 50 or more reported about Oct. 15
78. " asturinus Sept. 4¹ - Oct. 4¹ 10¹
79. Actitis macularia Oct. 14¹
80. Ardea herodias Sept. 24 - Oct. 20 Not common this autumn.
81. Burriola canadensis Oct. 13⁽⁸⁾ flying. Several flocks spent night in lake near Baldwins in latter half of Oct.
82. Anas obscura - Sept. 22 - Oct. 26. Numerous but less so than in 1888 & 1889.
83. Marca americana Oct. 12. Shot a young ♂ in Earl Hill pond, a solitary bird.
84. Anas sponsa Sept. 21⁽²⁺⁸⁾ Oct. 8¹ 10² said to have been abundant in past
85. Clangula americana Oct. 8² 12⁽²⁾ 25⁽²⁺⁸⁾ 26⁽²⁺⁸⁾
86. Bucephala albeola Oct. 13²² 25⁽³⁾ 26⁽³⁾
87. Fulix marila Oct. 10⁽²⁺⁸⁾ Flock in lake associating with cormorants.
88. Harelda glacialis Oct. 20⁽⁴⁺⁸⁾ 21^(9ad 8) 22⁽²⁾
89. Melanitta chlorina Oct. 5¹ 24. Two flocks, 30 & 19, in lake Oct. 15⁽³⁰⁾ 14⁽²⁵⁾ 21⁽⁶⁾
90. Melanitta corniculata Oct. 7^(4ad 8) 13¹ 2 in flock of Melanitta
91. Uedunia americana Oct. 13^(4ad 8) 21^(5 ad 8) 27^(16 ad 8)





Game Birds and Water Fowl killed at L. Umbagog, Maine

	<u>1890</u> <u>September</u>						<u>October</u>																	<u>By H. Brewster</u>		
	22	23	24	25	26		5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	20	21	22	26	27	Totals		
<u>Ruffed Grouse</u>		1										1													2	
<u>Woodcock</u>	1	2	2		4													1							10	
<u>Wilson's Snipe</u>							4		3	5	4	2		1											19	
<u>Golden Plover</u>							1																		1	
<u>Greater Yellowlegs</u>							6		1																7	Small bird
<u>Grass Bird (Hirundo)</u>							18		1																19	5-8
<u>Black Duck</u>												2					3		2			4			11	
<u>Wood "</u>									1																1	
<u>Bald pate "</u>														1											1	
<u>Greater Scaup "</u>															5										5	
<u>Old Squaw "</u>																					4				4	
<u>Ruffed Grouse "</u>																1						2			3	
<u>Velvet Scoter</u>															2										2	
<u>Surf "</u>									5																5	
<u>Am Black "</u>															3						7		6		16	
<u>Hooded Merganser</u>																		2							2	
<u>Goosander</u>									1		1				1						1				4	Larks etc.
<u>Red. thr. Loon</u>																						1			1	5-5

Woodcock 2 2 2 1 3

10 by H. H. Henshaw

<u>Woodcock</u>																		1							1	
<u>Wilson's Snipe</u>							2	3	2	2	5	1													15	
<u>Grass Bird</u>									6	1	2														9	
<u>Black Duck</u>														2											2	
<u>Whistler</u>														1											1	by J. C. Melvin
<u>Velvet Scoter</u>																7									7	
<u>Surf "</u>																1									1	
<u>Am. "</u>																2									2	
<u>Ruffed Grouse</u>																		1							1	

Bexington, Massachusetts

1890

Dec. 12 Clear and cold or rather blustering with high N. W. wind and therm. falling from 32° at sunrise to 22° at sunset.

Starting at 8.30 I drove directly to Bryant's (near the "Barn River") in Bexington where I left the horse and started for the extensive brick and poplar covers to the north of the house. Skirting the eastern edge I walked at a brisk pace, to get my blood started, over the frozen meadow which "Don" beat the borders of the thickets. He had gone only a little way when he flushed a Partridge which was a little wild but which, nevertheless, he should have pointed. I was not near enough to shoot.

On reaching the old rope walk I turned into a little meadow which was covered with long grass and thickets of sheep laurel with mossy mounds or hillocks at intervals. From one of these mounds a Short-eared Owl started within ten feet of me flapping off with the usual light, erratic, moth-like flight. I let it go perhaps thirty yards and then brought it down with a broken wing. It snapped its bill and made a blowing sound when I approached it and when I took it ^{up} by one wing struck at me with its talons but did not attempt to bite. Danielson killed one of these Owls in this meadow about two weeks ago.

Short-eared Owl

Not far from where the Owl rose I came upon a small mound of Quail droppings perfectly fresh and evidently made last night. "Don" sniffed at them capably and then drew straight across the meadow and out into a weed field where,

the birds had evidently breakfasted. Their scent led straight across the field and came to an end on the further side. I afterwards found their tracks made in the moss during the snow, yesterday, on an oak ridge near the field. But did not succeed in starting the bevy.

Turning into the cover opposite the rope walk I spent an hour or more beating it in different directions. During this time "Dow" found and pointed four Grouse. The first was wild and went off unshot at. I had an easy shot at the second as it rose from the edge of an opening and killed it before it had gone ten yards. The third flushed fully 40 yds. off and among thick brush and my charge did us more harm than to splinter the tops of some of the branches. The fourth bird lay very hard among or rather under a bed of matted, prostrate grass in a little circular opening surrounded on every side by the densest possible cover. The dog pointed so staunchly that I supposed he had found a bevy of Lark until I stepped in ahead of him where the Partridge burst up through the grass at my feet making a prodigious fluttering and getting under way very slowly and clumsily. I had to shoot at within ten paces or lose the chance and my bird, when I killed him up, proved to be badly mangled, a great pity for he was a fine young cock with an unusually red tail.

While in this swamp I had a long shot at a Red-tailed Hawk which came scolding past me within fifty yards. I could doubtless

(Continued)

Buxington, Massachusetts

1890

Dec. 12 have killed him with ~~my~~ heavy shot but my charge of us & only cut out a few feathers & he kept on.

After eating a hasty lunch and getting thoroughly chilled by the brief period of inaction I crossed the swamp and climbed the hill to the west starting two very wild Partridges near its base. They flew on ahead and I expected to find them in the big woods beyond the crest of the ridge but failed to do so.

In these woods I saw two Golden-crested Kinglets in one place and in another, among winter pines, a little flock of Chickadees perhaps half-a-dozen in all. These were literally the only small birds that I met with during my tramp but while driving home ~~in~~ later in the afternoon I saw a number of Crows and a flock of about seven or eight Tree Sparrows.

I walked back to Bryant's through "Buxington Lane". The woods had a dreary look in the pale afternoon sun-light, the ground covered with a thin layer of icy-crested snow, the wind whistling and roaring through the tree tops sending down dead twigs by scores, the only really warm, bright color being that of the occasional clusters of barberries along the gray stone walls or those of the black alder on the swamp edges. In the great birch swamp I saw countless tracks of the coney rabbit which must be very numerous there. I also saw one

fox track and what I took for the track
of a skunk (can they be out at this
season?)

